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DEKKER'S

DRAMATIC WORKS

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS DEKKER NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

THE
VIRGIN
MARTIR,
A
TRAGEDIE,
AS IT HATH BIN DIVERS
times publickely Acted with great
Applauſe,
By the ſeruants of his Maieſties Reuels.

Written by { *Phillip Meſſenger* and *Thomas Deker.* }

LONDON,
Printed by *B. A.* for *Thomas Iones.* 1622.

[The three later Editions of 1631, 1651, and 1661, have been collated with the firſt, and have ſupplied ſome important corrections of the text.]

The Actors names.

Diocleſian, *Maximinus*, } Emperours of Rome.
A King of *Pontus*.
A King of *Epire*.
A King of *Macedon*.
Sapritius, Governour of *Cæſaria*.
Theophilus, a zealous perſecutor of the Chriſtians.
Sempronius, Captain of *Sapritius* Guards.
Antoninus, ſonne to *Sapritius*.
Macrinus, friend to *Antoninus*.
Harpax, an euill ſpirit, following *Theophilus* in the ſhape of a Secretary.
Artemia, daughter to *Diocleſian*.
Caliſte, *Chriſteta*. } Daughters to *Theophilus*.
Dorothea, The Virgin-Martyr.
Angelo, a good ſpirit, ſeruing *Dorothea* in the habit of a Page.
A Brittiſh-Slave.
Hercius, a Whoremaſter, *Spungius*, a Drunkard. } Seruants to *Dorothea*.
A Prieſt to *Iupiter*.
Officers and Executioners.

THE

Virgin Martir.

Actus primus. Scene 1.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. COme to *Cæſarea* to night?
Harpax. Moſt true Sir.
Theophilus. The Emperour in perſon?
Harpax. Do I live?
Theo. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange the marches of great Princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are ſtep by ſtep obſerv'd; and loud tongu'd Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And were it poſſible ſo great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be ſo near;
The Governour cannot be ſo unfriended
Among the many that attend his perſon,
But by ſome ſecret means, he ſhould have notice
Of *Cæſars* purpoſe in this; then excuſe me
If I appear incredulous.

Harpax. At your pleaſure.
Theoph. Yet when I call to mind you never fail'd me
In things more difficult, but have diſcovered
Deeds that were done thouſand leagues diſtant from me,
When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor ſecret Vaults,
No nor the power they ſerve, could keep theſe Chriſtians
Or from my reach or puniſhment, but thy Magick
Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore.
It is not poſſible thy powerfull art
Should meet a check, or fail.

Enter a Prieſt with the image of Iupiter, Caliſte, Chriſteta.

Harp. Look on theſe veſtals,
The holy pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
Your chaſt fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A ſervice to a Maſter not unthankfull,
I could ſay this, in ſpite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reaſon,
(Which is the ſtrength of Nature) quite forſaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themſelves
To this new found Religion. This I croſs'd,
Diſcover'd their intentions, taught you to uſe
With gentle words and mild perſwaſions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats, and ſo reclaim'd them:
And whereas they with torments ſhould have dy'd,
(Hels furies to me had they undergone it) *aſide.*
They are now votaries in great *Iupiters* temple,
And by his Prieſt inſtructed, grown familiar
With all the Myſteries, nay, the moſt abſtruſe ones
Belonging to his Deity.
Theoph. 'Twas a benefit
For which I ever owe you. Hayl *Ioves Flamen*:

Have theſe my daughters reconcil'd themſelves
(Abandoning for ever the Chriſtian way)
To your opinion?
Prieſt. And are conſtant in it:
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgement;
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and anſwer all
They can object againſt us.
Theoph. My dear daughters.
Caliſte. We dare diſpute againſt this new ſprung ſect
In private or in publick.
Har. My beſt Lady,
Perſever in it.
Chriſteta. And what we maintain,
We will ſeal with our bloods.
Harp. Brave reſolution:
I ev'n grow fat to ſee my labors proſper.
Theoph. I young again: to your devotions.
Har. Do ———
My prayers be preſent with you. *Exeunt Prieſt and*
Theoph. Oh my *Harpax.* *daughters.*
Thou engine of my wiſhes, thou that ſteeld'ſt
My bloody reſolutions, thou that arm'ſt
My eyes 'gainſt womaniſh tears and ſoft compaſſion,
Inſtructing me without a ſigh to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers breaſts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame:
Old men as beaſts, in beaſts skins torn by dogs:
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I unſatisfied think their torments eaſie.
Har. And in that, juſt, not cruell.
Theo. Were all ſcepters
That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offered me, all Crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all, thus ſpit at them,
So I to all poſterities might be cal'd
The ſtrongeſt champion of the Pagan gods,

And rooter out of Chriſtians.
Har. Oh mine own,
Mine own dear Lord, to further this great work
I ever live thy ſlave.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theo. No more, the Governour,
Sapr. Keep the Ports cloſe, and let the guards be doubl'd,
Diſarm the Chriſtians, call it death in any
To wear a ſword, or in his houſe to have one.
Semp. I ſhall be carefull Sir.
Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuſe to offer ſacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture,
Grub up this growing miſchief by the roots;
And know, when we are mercifull to them,
We to our ſelves are cruell.
Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height.
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they ſhall find no favour.
Theop. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great maſter, who this night in perſon
Comes here to thank you.
Sap. Who, the Emperour?
Har. To clear your doubts, he does return in triumph,
Kings lackying by his triumphant Chariot;
And in this glorious victory, my Lord,
You have an ample ſhare: for know your ſon,
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath fleſhd his maiden ſword, and dy'd
His ſnowy Plumes ſo deep in enemies blood,
That beſides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.
Sap. I would know

No mean in thine, could this be true.
Har. My head anſwer the forfeit.
Sap. Of his victory
There was ſome rumour, but it was aſsured,
The army paſs'd a full dayes journey higher
Into the Country.
Har. It was ſo determin'd;
But for the further honor of your ſon,
And to obſerve the government of the City,
And with what rigour, or remiſs indulgence
The Chriſtians are purſu'd, he makes his ſtay here:
For proof, his Trumpets ſpeak his near arrivall.
Trumpets afar off.
Sap. Haſte good *Sempronius*, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garriſon ſpeak
Their welcome in loud ſhouts, the City ſhew
Her State and Wealth.
Semp. I am gone. *Exit Sempronius.*
Sapritius. O I am raviſh'd
With this great honour! cheriſh good *Theophilus*
This knowing ſcholler, ſend your fair daughters,
I will preſent them to the Emperour,
And in their ſweet converſion, as a mirror,
Expreſs your zeal and duty. *A leſſen of Cornets.*
Theoph. Fetch them, good *Harpax.*

A *guard brought in by* Sempronius, *ſouldiers leading in three Kings bound*, Antoninus, *and* Macrinus *carrying the Emperors Eagles*, Diocleſian *with a guilt laurel on his head, leading in* Artemia, Sapritius *kiſſes the Emperors hand, then embraces his ſon*, Harpax *brings in* Caliſte *and* Chriſteta, *loud ſhouts.*

Diocle. So, at all parts I find *Cæſarea*
Compleatly govern'd, the licentious ſouldier
Confin'd in modeſt limits, and the people

Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigour ;
The ancient Roman diſcipline reviv'd,
(Which rais'd Rome to her greatneſſe, and proclaim'd her
The glorious Miſtreſſe of the conquer'd world :)
But above all, the ſervice of the gods
So zealouſly obſerv'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy *Dioclefians* honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyal ſervants.
But I ſhall find a time with noble titles
To recompence your merits.

Sap. Mightieſt *Cæſar*,
Whoſe power upon this globe of earth, is equal
To *Ioves* in heaven ; whoſe victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious Kings that ſtir againſt it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophees
Won in the Gyants war ; whoſe conquering ſword
Guided by his ſtrong arm, as deadly kils
As did his thunder ; all that I have done,
Or if my ſtrength were centupl'd could do,
Comes ſhort of what my loyalty muſt challenge.
But if in any thing I have deſerv'd
Great *Cæſars* ſmile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preſerve the honour of thoſe gods)
That make him what he is : my zeal to them
I ever have expreſſed in my fell hate
Againſt the Chriſtian ſect, that with one blow,
Aſcribing all things to an unknown power ;
Would ſtrike down all their temples, and allows them
Nor ſacrifice nor altars.

Diocl. Thou in this
Walk'ſt hand in hand with me, my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this moſt forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæſar*,
If your imperial Majeſty ſtand pleas'd
To ſhowre your favours upon ſuch as are

The boldeſt champions of our religion ;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of ſearching out, and puniſhing ſuch delinquents,
Was by your choiſe committed ; and for proof,
He hath deſerv'd the grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himſelf, or thoſe
Of equall nearneſſe to himſelf, behold
This pair of Virgins.

Dioc. What are theſe ?

Sap. His Daughters.

Art. Now by your ſacred fortune, they are fair ones ;
Exceeding fair ones : would 't were in my power
To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great Lady,
They were moſt happy in your ſervice elſe :
On theſe (when they fell from their fathers faith)
I us'd a Judges power, intreaties failing
(They being ſeduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worſhip ; I put on
The ſcarlet robe of bold authority :
And as they had been ſtrangers to my blood,
Preſented them (in the moſt horrid form)
All kind of tortures, part of which they ſuffered
With Roman conſtancy.

Art. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the Rack ?

Theo. I did ; but muſt
Confeſſe there was a ſtrange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a Judge,
And pittie of a Father ; to help Juſtice
Religion ſtept in, under which ods
Compaſſion fell : yet ſtill I was a Father ;
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worn with ſtripes, ſpent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they would

Be cruel to themſelves, they would take pitty
On my gray hairs. Now note a ſudden change,
Which I with joy remember, thoſe whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrifie, were orecome
By ſeeing of my ſufferings; and ſo won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods: and be aſſur'd,
I that us'd juſtice with a rigorous hand
Upon ſuch beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will uſe no favour where the cauſe commands me,
To any other; but as rocks be deaf
To all intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deſerv'ſt thy place,
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordered
Touching the gods, tis lawfull to deſcend
To human cares, and exerciſe that power
Heaven has confer'd upon me; which that you,
Rebels and traytors to the power of *Rome*,
Should not with all extremities undergoe,
What can you urge to qualifie your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?

Epire. We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yeſterday were Kings,
And had command ore others; we confeſſe
Our Grandſires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their foreſathers had, deſire of freedom.
And if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not onely to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happineſſe,) who can accuſe
The famiſhd mouth if it attempt to feed;
Or ſuch whoſe fettters eat into their freedomes,
If they deſire to ſhake them off.

Pontus. We ſtand
The laſt examples to prove how uncertain
All humane happineſſe is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worſt.

Macedon. That ſpoke which now is higheſt
In Fortunes wheel, muſt, when ſhe turns it next,

Decline as low as we are. This conſider'd,
Taught the Egyptian *Hercules Seſoſtris*
(That had his Chariot drawn by captive Kings)
To free them from that ſlavery; but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meer madneſs:
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, ſince her infant greatneſs, ever us'd
Such as ſhe triumph'd over; age nor ſex
Exempted from her tyranny; ſcepter'd Princes
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their children
In ſcorn train'd up in baſe Mechanick arts
For publick bondmen: in the catalogue
Of thoſe unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is uſefull; ſome muſt ſuffer,
And be ſet up examples to ſtrike terror
In others, though far off: but when a State
Is rais'd to her perfection, and her Baſes
Too firm to ſhrink, or yeeld, we may uſe mercy,
And do't with ſafety, but to whom? Not cowards,
Or ſuch whoſe baſeneſſe ſhames the Conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak *Perſeus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore, Kings
Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
That I with courteſie can uſe my Priſoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: ſuch I found you
Before I made you mine; and ſince you were ſo,
You have not loſt the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune; had you borne your ſelves
Dejectedly, and baſe, no ſlavery
Had been too eaſie for you: but ſuch is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Deſire to make them friends, as I will you.

Epire. Mock us not *Cæſar*.

Diocle. By the Gods I do not.
Unlooſe their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,

Give them their Crowns again.
Pon. We are twice overcome.
By courage and by courteſie.
Mace. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithfull Vaſſals
To *Diocleſian*, and the power of Rome.
Epire. All Kingdomes fall before her.
Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæſar.*
Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I moſt happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious fortune, mixe ſome light diſaſter
With my ſo many joyes to ſeaſon them,
And give them ſweeter reliſh; I am girt round
With true felicity, faithfull ſubjects here,
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends;
But what's the Crown of all, in thee *Artemia*,
My only child, whoſe love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other.
Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I ſtand bound to tender
As a daughter and a ſubject.
Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me *Artemia*;
Ty'd by a fathers care how to beſtow
A jewel of all things to me moſt pretious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joyes of creation, marriage rites;
Which that thou mayſt with greater pleaſure taſte of,
Thou ſhalt not like with mine eyes but thine own;
Amongſt theſe Kings, forgetting they were captives,
Or theſe remembring not they are my ſubiects,
Make choice of any; by *Ioues* dreadful thunder,
My will ſhall rank with thine.
Arte. It is a bounty
The daughters of great Princes ſeldome meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the ſtate,
Or for ſome other politick ends, are forc'd

To match where they affect not: may my life
Deserve this favour.
Diocle. Speak, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.
Artem. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fixe min eyes and look no farther.
But these are baits to take a mean born Lady,
Not her that boldly may call *Cæsar* father,
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no King that lives receive addition;
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Then to mix greatnesse with a Prince, that owes
No worth but that name onely.
Diocle. I commend thee,
'Tis like thy selfe.
Artem. If then of men beneath me
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you?
That have serv'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
Have stood next to you, that have interpos'd
Their brests, as shields of proof to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosome, that have spent their bloud
To crown your brows with Lawrell.
Macrinus. Citherea
Great Queen of love be now propitious to me.
Har. Now mark what I foretold.
Anton. Her eyes on me,
Fair *Venus* son, draw forth a leaden dart,
And that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other;
Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.
Arte. Sir.
Theoph. How he blushes!
Sap. Welcome, foole, thy fortune,
Stand like a block when such an Angell courts thee.
Artem. I am no object to diuert your eye

From the beholding,
Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze vpon
That took not firſt flight from the Eagles aeiry.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reuerence, Lady, I behold you,
And ſhall do euer.
Artem. And it will become you
While thus we ſtand at diſtance; but if loue
(Loue born out of the aſſurance of your virtues)
Teach me to ſtoop ſo low.
Anton. Or rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits
On Majeſty, and with you ſhare my beams,
Nay make you to outſhine me, change the name
Of Subject into Lord; rob you of ſeruice
Thats due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuſe me?
Ant. Refuſe you, Madam, ſuch a worm as I am,
Refuſe what Kings upon their knees would ſue for?
Call it great Lady, by another name,
An humble modeſty, that would not match
A Molehill with *Olimpus.*
Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, *Antoninus,* a prov'd ſouldier
Is fellow to a King.
Anton. If you love valour,
As 't is a Kingly vertue, ſeek it out,
And cheriſh it in a King, there it ſhines brighteſt,
And yeelds the braveſt luſtre. Look on *Epire,*
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not diſgrace him that he was
Orecome by *Cæſar*; it was a victory
To ſtand ſo long againſt him: had you ſeen him,
How in one bloody ſcene he did diſcharge
The parts of a Commander and a ſouldier,

Wiſe in direction, bold in execution ;
You would have ſaid, great *Cæſars* ſelf excepted,
The world yeelds not his equall.
Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountring him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him priſoner.
Epire. 'Tis a truth great Princeſſe,
I'le not detract from valour.
Anto. 'T was meer fortune, courage had no hand in it.
Theoph. Did ever man
Strive ſo againſt his own good.
Sap. Spiritleſſe villain,
How I am tortur'd, by the immortall gods
I now could kill him.
Diocle. Hold *Sapritius*, hold,
On our diſpleaſure hold.
Har. Why this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endur'd,
Your honours tainted in it.
Sap. By heaven it is :
I ſhall think of 't.
Harp. 'T is not to be forgotten.
Artem. Nay kneel not ſir, I am no raviſher,
Not ſo far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour ſafe.
Yet ſay hereafter, that thou haſt neglected
What but ſeen in poſſeſſion of another,
Will run thee mad with envy.
Anton. In her looks
Revenge is written.
Mac. As you love your life ſtudy to appeaſe her.
Anto. Gracious Madam hear me.
Arte. And be again refus'd ?
Anto. The tender of
My life, my ſervice, not, ſince you vouchſafe it,
My love, my heart, my all, and pardon me :
Pardon dread Princeſſe that I made ſome ſcruple
To leave a valley of ſecurity,

To mount up to the hill of Maieſty,
On which, the nearer *Iove* the nearer lightening.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me?
Durſt I preſume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmannered hand, was death? The Fox
When he ſaw firſt the Forreſts King, the Lion,
Was almoſt dead with fear, the ſecond view
Onely a little danted him, the third
He durſt ſalute him boldly: pray you apply this,
And you ſhall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Then duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excus'd.

Arte. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And that he may
Have means and opportunity to do ſo,
Artemia I leave you my ſubſtitute
In fair *Cæſarea.*

Sap. And here as your ſelf
We will obey and ſerve her.

Diocl. Antoninus
So you prove hers, I wiſh no other heir,
Think on't; be careful of your charge *Theophilus*;
Sapritius be you my daughters guardian.
Your company I wiſh, confederate Princes,
In our Dalmatian wars, which finiſhed
With victory I hope, and *Maximinus*
Our brother and copartner in the Empire,
At my requeſt won to confirm as much,
The Kingdomes I took from you wee'l reſtore,
And make you greater then you were before.

Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anto. Oh I am loſt for ever, loſt *Macrinus.*
The anchor of the wretched, hope forſakes me,
And with one blaſt of fortune all my light
Of happineſſe is put out.

Macrin. You are like to thoſe
That are ill onely, cauſe they are too well,
That ſurfeiting in the exceſſe of bleſſings,
Call their abundance want: what could you wiſh,
That is not faln upon you? honour, greatneſſe,
Reſpect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princeſſe, whoſe excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyſon ſtill is poyſon
Though drunk in gold, and all theſe flattering glories
To me, ready to ſtarve, a painted banquet,
And no eſſential food: when I am ſcorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, Greatneſs, or Empire,
That am ſlave to another, who alone
Can give me eaſe or freedome?

Macr. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the ſcornfull *Dorothea*;
Is ſhe (though fair) the ſame day to be nam'd
With beſt *Artemia*? In all their courſes,
Wiſe men propoſe their ends: with ſweet *Artemia*
There comes along pleaſure, ſecurity,
Uſher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With *Dorothea* (though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferiour to yours) arrives
The Emperours frown (which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near:) the Princeſs heavy ſcorn,
Under which you will ſhrink; your fathers fury,
Which to reſiſt even piety forbids;
And but remember, that ſhe ſtands ſuſpected
A favourer of the Chriſtian ſect, ſhe brings
Not danger, but aſſured deſtruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one ſmile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cheriſht, and preferr'd before
All joys in *Dorothea*; therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'ſt thou art moſt wiſe, thou art

Grofsly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and moſt fooliſh.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to ſell his liberty: with *Artemia*
I ſtill muſt live a ſervant; but enjoying
Divineſt *Dorothea*, I ſhall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband: for the danger,
Or call it, if you will, aſſured deſtruction,
I ſlight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
As I dare ſwear thou art, and wilt not take
A Governors place upon thee, be my helper.

Macrin. You know I dare, and will do any thing,
Put me unto the teſt.

Anto. Go then, *Macrinus*,
To *Dorothea*, tell her I have worn,
In all the battels I have fought, her figure;
Her figure in my heart, which, like a Deity,
Hath ſtill protected me: Thou canſt ſpeak well,
And of thy choiceſt language ſpare a little,
To make her underſtand how much I love her,
And how I languiſh for her: Beare her theſe jewels,
Sent in the way of ſacrifice, not ſervice,
As to my goddeſs. All lets throwne behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, ſay, this morning
I mean to viſit her by the name of friendſhip;
No words to contradict this.

Macr. I am yours:
And if my travel this way be ill ſpent,
Judge not my readier will by the event. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primus.

Actus II. Scene I.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spung. TUrn Chriſtian, wud he that firſt tempted me to have my ſhoes walk upon Chriſtian ſoles, had turned me into a Capon; for I am ſure

now, the ſtones of all my pleaſure, in this fleſhly life, are cut off.

Her. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping deſire to ride, heres a Gelding, if he can but ſit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horſe; look elſe.

Her. But thats a kickiſh jade, fellow *Spungius*: have not I as much cauſe to complain as thou haſt? When I was a Pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon truſt for my corvetting; a pox of your chriſtian Coxatrices, they cry like poulterers wives, no mony, no cony.

Spun. Bacchus, the God of brewed wine and ſugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upſie-freeſie tiplers, and ſuper-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head-warden of Vintners hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all victualing-houſes, the ſole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houſes, *Lanzeprezado* to red noſes, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deep ſcarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalion ſtinker, did I make legges to.

Her. Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of loſing a mans years by making theſe Indures; he that will not now and then be *Calabingo*, is worſe then a *Calamoothe*: when I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durſt out-drink a Lord; but your Chriſtian Lords out-bowl me: I was in hope to lead a ſober life, when I was converted, but now amongſt the Chriſtians, I can no ſooner ſtagger out of one Ale-houſe, but I reel into another: they have whole ſtreets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing chambers, jumbled together.

Her. Bawdy *Priapus*, the firſt Schoolmaſter that taught butchers to ſtick pricks in fleſh, and make it ſwell, thou knoweſt was the onely Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but ſince I left him, to follow a ſcurvy Lady, what with her praying, and our faſting,

if now I come to a wench, and offer to uſe her any thing hardly, (telling her, being a Chriſtian ſhe muſt endure,) ſhe preſently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with diſdain as if I were a calves head.

Spun. I ſee no remedy, fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I muſt be half Pagans and half Chriſtians; for we know very fools that are Chriſtians.

Hir. Right: the quarters of Chriſtians are good for nothing, but to feed crows.

Spun. True: Chriſtian Brokers, thou knoweſt are made up of the quarters of Chriſtians; parboil one of theſe rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am reſolved to have an Infidels heart, though in ſhew I carry a Chriſtians face.

Hir. Thy laſt ſhall ſerve my foot, ſo will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Miſtreſs ſent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and Gooſe fellow *Hircius.*

Hir. And Woodcock fellow *Spungius.*

Spun. Upon the poor lean Aſſe fellow, on which I ride to all the alms-women: what thinkeſt thou I have done with all this good cheer.

Hir. Eat it, and be choakt elſe.

Spun. Wud my aſſe, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demi-Pagan, I ſold the victuals, and coyned the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou ſhewedſt thy ſelf a perfect demi-Chriſtian too, to let the poor beg, ſtarve & hang, or die a the pip. Our puling ſnotty-noſe Lady ſent me out likewiſe with a purſe of mony, to relieve and releaſe priſoners; did I ſo, think you?

Spun. Wud thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total Pagan I ſwore they ſhould be hanged firſt; for, ſirra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of letchery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards, and ſo I took ſcuruy common fleſh for the mony.

Spun. And wiſely done; for our Lady ſending it to priſoners, had beſtowed it out upon lowſie knaves, and thou to ſave that labour, caſts it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-peece downward, that white faced Monkey frights me too; I ſtole but a durty pudding, laſt day, out of an almſ-basket, to give my dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith' teeth with it.

Hir. Wirh the durty pudding; ſo he did me once with a cow-turd, which, in knavery, I would have crummed into ones porridge, who was half a pagan too: the ſmug dandiprat ſmels us out, whatſoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he! let him take heed I prove not his back friend: ile make him curſe his ſmelling what I do.

Hir. Tis my Lady ſpoils the boy; for he is ever at her tayle, and ſhe's never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo *with a book and Taper lighted; they ſeeing him, counterfeit devotion.*

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In ſhew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches: where did you waſte your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were ſpeaking in pedlars French I hope.

Hir. We ha not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your Lady
Sent from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied 'em! yes, I'de be loth to have my belly ſo emptie, yet I'm ſure I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the priſoners?

Hir. Went! no, I carried it, and with theſe fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? The Divels way, the way of ſin,
The way of hot damnation, way of luſt:
And you, to waſh away the poor mans bread
In bowls of drunkenneſſe.

Spun. Drunkenneſſe! Yes, yes, I uſe to be drunk; our next neighbours man, called *Chriſtopher*, has often ſeen me drunk, has he not?

Hir. Or me given ſo to the fleſh? my cheeks ſpeak my doings.

Ang. Avant you theeves and hollow hypocrites;
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? Come amiable *Angelo*, beat the flint of your braines.

Spun. And lets ſee what ſparks of wit fly out, to kindle your *Carebruns*.

Ang. Your names even brand you: you are *Spungius* call'd,
And like a Spunge, you ſuck up liquorous wines,
Till your ſoul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any drunkards legs carry him ſo far?

Ang. For blood of grapes you ſold the widdows food,
And ſtaruing them 'tis murder, what's this but hell?
Hircius your name, and Goatiſh is your nature:
You ſnatch the meat out of the priſoners mouth,
To fatten harlots; is not this hell to?
No angell, but the divel waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir. No, better burn him, for I think he is a witch: but ſooth, ſooth him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Chriſtians for my part.

Her. And ſhe-ones for mine, we have 'em ſwim in ſholes hard by.

Spun. We muſt confeſſe, I took too much of the pot, and he of t'other hollow commoditie.

Hir. Yes indeed, we laid lill on both of us, was cofen'd the poor; but 'tis a common thing; many a one that counts himſelf a better Chriſtian then we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray, ſweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady; and if you take us creeping into any of theſe mouſeholes of ſin any more, let cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poiſon'd tails of rats into thoſe skins.

Ang. Will you diſhonour her ſweet charity,
Who ſav'd you from the tree of death and ſhame?

Hir. Wud I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope, ſhe will not bar yeomen ſprats to have their ſwinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Dor. Have you my meſſages (ſent to the poor)
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope neither my fellow nor I am theeves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good hands, Madam, elſe let me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered-fiſh.

Doroth. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms,
Pilfer from heaven, and there are thunderbolts

From thence to beat them ever, do not lie ;
Were you both faithfull true diſtributers ?

Spun. Lie Madam, what grief is it to ſee you turn Swaggerer, and give your poor minded raſcally ſervants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not ; if thoſe wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whiſper but to mine ear, and you ſhall furniſh them.

Hir. Whiſper, nay Lady, for my part, I'le cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more villains with ſo good a Lady ; For if you do———

Spun. Are we Chriſtians ?

Hir. The foul Fiend ſnap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes us for Botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here moſt holy Miſtreſſe.

Dor. Thy voice ſends forth ſuch muſick, that I never
Was raviſhed with a more celeſtiall ſound,
Were every ſervant in the world like thee,
So full of goodneſſe, Angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art ; get thee to reſt,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppreſt.

Ang. No, my dear Lady, I could weary ſtars,
And force the wakefull Moon to loſe her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you :
When at your prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Me thinks I'm ſinging with ſome quire in Heaven,
So bleſt I hold me in your company :
Therefore, my moſt-lov'd Miſtreſſe, do not bid
Your boy ſo ſerviceable to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nye me ſtill then ;
In golden letters down I'le ſet that day,

Which gave thee to me ; little did I hope
To meet ſuch worlds of comfort in thy ſelf,
This little pretty body, when I comming
Forth of the Temple, heard my begger-boy,
My ſweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand ;
And when I took thee home, my moſt chaſte boſom,
Me thought, was fild with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting ſince higher,
On wings of Cherubins, then did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modeſt eye
So likes ſo poor a ſervant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents,
I would leave Kingdomes, were I Queen of ſome,
To dwell with thy good father ; for the ſon
Bewitching me ſo deeply with his preſence,
He that begot him muſt do't ten times more.
I pray thee my ſweet boy, ſhew me thy parents,
Be not aſham'd.

Ang. I am not : I did never
Know who my mother was ; but by yon Pallace,
Fil'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare aſſure you,
And pawn theſe eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven ; and, pretty Miſtreſs,
If your illuſtrious Hour glaſſe ſpend his ſand
No worſe then yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both ſhall meet my father there,
And he ſhall bid you welcome.

Dor. A bleſſed day ;
We all long to be there, but loſe the way. *Exeunt.*

Macrinus *friend to* Antoninus *enters, being met by* Theophilus *and* Harpax.

Theoph. Sun-God of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*

Mac. And thee *Theophilus.*

Theoph. Gladſt thou in ſuch ſcorn ?
I call my wiſh back.

Mac. I'm in haſte.
Theo. One word,
Take the leaſt hand of time up: ſtay.
Mac. Be brief.
Theo. As thought: I prithee tell me, good *Macrinus*,
How health and our fair Princeſſe lay together
This night; for you can tell; Courtiers have flies
That buzze all news unto them.
Mac. She ſlept but ill.
Theo. Double thy courteſie; how does *Antoninus*?
Mac. Ill, well, ſtraight, crooked, I know not how.
Theo. Once more;
Thy head is full of Wind-mils: when does the Princeſſe
Fill a bed full of beauty, and beſtow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night?
Mac. I know not.
Theo. No? thou art the Manuſcript
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his ſecrets.
Honeſt *Macrinus* tell me.
Mac. Fare you well ſir. *Exit.*
Har. Honeſty is ſome Fiend, and frights him hence;
A many Courtiers love it not.
Theo. What peece
Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runs ſo jarringly? The man
Is from himſelf divided; Oh thou, the eye
By which I wonders ſee, tell me, my *Harpax*,
What gad-flie tickles ſo this *Macrinus*,
That up-flinging the tail, he breaks thus from me.
Har. Oh ſir, his brain-pan is a bed of Snakes,
Whoſe ſtings ſhoot through his eye-bals, whoſe poiſonous ſpawn
Ingenders ſuch a fry of ſpeckled villanies,
That unleſſe charms, more ſtrong then Adamant,
Be us'd, the Romane Angels wings ſhall melt,
And *Cæſars* Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by baſe feet; the Lawrel which he wears,

(Returning victor) be inforc't to kiſſe
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To ſo much miſchief, keep a ſteady motion?
His eyes and feet you ſee give ſtrange aſſaults.
Theo. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in ſuch crabb'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what (i' th name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching?
Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, upon which love errands run
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghoſt of women,
The bloudleſſe *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet *Antoninus*
Plays the *Endimion* to this pale fac'd Moon,
Courts her, ſeeks to catch her eyes.
Theop. And what of this?
Har. Theſe are but creeping billows,
Not got to ſhore yet: but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his boſome, and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldeſt women do ſo;) had you inke
Brew'd from the infernal *Styx*, not all that blackneſs
Can make a thing ſo foul as the diſhonours,
Diſgraces, buffettings, and moſt baſe affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, ſtar of Court,
Great *Cæſars* daughter.
Theo. I now conſter thee.
Har. Nay more, a Firmament of clouds being fill'd
With *Ioves* artillery, ſhot down at once,
To paſh your Gods in peeces, cannot give,
With all thoſe thunderbolts, ſo deep a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore,
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if ſhe once blaſt *Antoninus* ſoul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh the example ———
The. Eats through *Cæſareas* heart like liquid poyſon.

Have I invented tortures to tear Chriſtians,
To ſee but which, could all that feel hels torments
Have leave to ſtand aloof here on earths ſtage,
They would be mad till they again deſcended,
Holding the pains moſt horrid of ſuch ſouls,
May-games to thoſe of mine. Has this my hand
Set down a Chriſtians execution
In ſuch dire poſtures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures?
And ſhall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Maſquer*
Strangle me in a dance?

Har. No, on, I do hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures gainſt theſe Chriſtians: On, I hug thee.

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*,
Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdomes,
Pil'd upon Kingdomes; there's a villain Page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffique with; I do ſo hate his ſight,
That ſhould I look on him, I muſt ſink down.

Theo. I will not looſe thee then, her to confound,
None but this head with glories ſhall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine own as I would wiſh thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My truſty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my buſineſſe,
I prithee watch thoſe my ſtill-negligent ſervants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
To th' good of others; elſe will you find them flies,
Not lying ſtill, yet in them no good lies:
Be carefull dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my ſweeteſt Miſtreſſe. *Exit.*

Dor. Now ſir, you may go on.

Mac. I then muſt ſtudy
A new Arithmetick, to ſum up the virtues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become,

There is in him ſo much man, ſo much goodneſſe,
So much of honour, and of all things elſe,
Which makes our being excellent, that from his ſtore,
He can enough lend others; yet much taken from him,
The want ſhall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorneſſe
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted to you for praiſe, than you to him that owes it.

M. If Queens viewing his preſents, paid to the whiteneſſe
Of your chaſt hand alone, ſhould be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous ſhares,
This he counts nothing: could you ſee main armies
Make battels in the quarrell of his valour,
That 'tis the beſt, the trueſt, this were nothing;
The greatneſſe of his State, his fathers voice
And arm, owing *Cæſarea*, he never boaſts of;
The Sun-beams which the Emperour throws upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one ſpot of pride: no deareſt beauty,
All theſe heap'd up together in one ſcale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To ſpeak thus for your friend, you ſir are worthy
Of more then I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whoſe heart, the feathers of this world
Are gaily ſtuck: but all which firſt you named,
And now this laſt, his love to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a ſad meſſenger,

Enter Antoninus.

But himſelf
Being come in perſon, ſhall I hope hear from you,
Muſick more pleaſing.

Ant. Has your ear, *Macrinus,*

Heard none then?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In ſuch a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chaſtity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's proſtrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a ſhame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray ſir pardon.

Ant. Good ſweetneſſe, you now have it, and ſhall go:
Be but ſo mercifull, before your wounding me
With ſuch a mortall weapon, as farewel,
To let me murmure to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue,
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodeſt accent
Fly out, I hate you everlaſtingly.

Ant. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. *Hermes* inſpire thee.

They whiſpering below, enter above Sapritius, *father to* Antoninus, *and Governour of Cæſarea, with him* Artemia *the Princeſſe*, Theophilus, Spungius, *and* Hercius.

Spun. So now, do you ſee? our work is done; the fiſh you angle for is nibling at the hook, and therefore untruſs the Cod-piece point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conſcience fall about our heels.

The. The gold you earn is here, dam up your mouthes, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much damming neither; I know women ſell themſelves daily, and are hacknied out for ſilver, why may not we then betray a ſcurvy Miſtreſſe for gold?

Spun. She ſav'd us from the Gallows, and only

to keep one Proverb from breaking his neck, weel hang her.

The. 'Tis well done, go, go, y'are my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known, more ill-favoured faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Thoſe fellows trouble us.

The. Away, away.

Hir. I to my ſweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot. *Exeunt.*

Ant. Come, let me tune you; glaze not thus your eyes
With ſelf-love of a vowed virginity,
Make every man your glaſs, you ſee our ſex
Do never murther propagation,
We all deſire your ſweet ſociety,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O baſe villain.

Sap. Bridle your rage ſweet Princeſſe.

Ant. Could not my fortunes
(Rear'd higher far then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinks my dear affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth
You are to him lower then any ſlave
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So inſolent, baſe Chriſtian?

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his ſervant, you ſhall boaſt
Y'are equal to a King.

Sap. Confuſion on thee,
For playing thus the lying ſorcereſſe.

Ant. Your mocks are great ones; none beneath the Sun
Will I be ſervant to: on my knees I beg it,
Pity me wondrous maid.

Sap. I curſe thy baſeneſſe.

Theo. Liſten to more.

Dor. Oh kneel not ſir to me.
Ant. This knee is Embleme of an humbled heart:
That heart which tortur'd is with your diſdain,
Juſtly for ſcorning others; even this heart,
To which for pity ſuch a Princeſſe ſues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great *Cæſars* daughter.
Art. Slave thou lieſt.
Ant. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.
Theoph. A very dog.
Ant. Perhaps
'Tis my Religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I nere will ſcrew your conſcience from that power
On which you Chriſtians lean.
Sap. I can no longer,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain: ſirra,
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had ſtruck thee in the womb.
Mac. We are betraied.
Art. Is that your Idol, traitor, which thou kneel'ſt to,
Trampling upon my beauty?
Theo. Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in pieces tear our *Iupiter*
For her? our *Mars* for her? our *Sol* for her?
A whore? a hell-hound, in this globe of brains?
Where a whole world of tortures for ſuch furies
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which ſhould exceed,
Theſe nails ſhall grubbing lie from ſcull to ſcull,
To find one horrider, then all, for you,
You three.
Art. Threaten not, but ſtrike; quick vengeance flies
Into thy boſome, caitiff: here all love dies. *Exeunt.*
Ant. O I am thunder-ſtruck!

We are both ore whelm'd.
Mac. With one high raging billow.
Dor. You a ſouldier,
And ſink beneath the violence of a woman?
Ant. A woman! a wrong'd Princeſſe: from ſuch a ſtar
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,
But tragicall events? My life is now
The ſubject of her tyranny.
Dor. That feare is baſe,
Of death, when that death doth but life diſplace
Out of her houſe of earth; you onely dread
The ſtroke, and not what follows when you are dead,
There's the great fear indeed; come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'l ſcorn their tyrannies.

Enter below Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, *a guard*, Angelo *comes and is cloſe by* Dorothea.

Ar. My fathers nerves put vigour in mine arm,
And I his ſtrength muſt uſe; becauſe I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou ſtrok'ſt my heart,
I'le not inſult on a baſe humbled prey,
By lingring out thy terrors; but with one frown
Kill thee. Hence with 'em to execution;
Seize him, but let even death it ſelf be weary
In torturing her; I'le change thoſe ſmiles to ſhrieks,
Give the fool what ſhe's proud of (Martirdome)
In pieces rack that Bawd to.
Sap. Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods and you are, in my boſome,
Torrents ſo ſtrong, that pitty quite lies drown'd
From ſaving this young man; yet when I ſee
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me,
Saith 't is my ſon, I'm forc'd to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Art. And I deny.
Ant. Sir you diſhonour me,
To ſue for that which I diſclaim to have ;
I ſhall more glory in my ſufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgement, ſince I offer
My blood up to your anger : nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruine :
Preſerve this Temple (builded fair as yours is)
And *Cæſar* never went in a greater triumph,
Then I ſhall to the ſcaffold.
Art. Are you ſo brave, Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let thoſe two
Go curſing along with him.
Dor. No, but pittying,
(For my part I) that you loſe ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my ſins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face ;
The viſage of a hangman frights not me ;
The ſight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are ſcaffoldings by which my ſoul climbs up
To an Eternal habitation.
Theo. *Cæſars* imperiall daughter, hear me ſpeak ;
Let not this Chriſtian *Thing*, in this her pageantry,
Of proud deriding both our gods and *Cæſar*,
Build to her ſelf a Kingdome in her death,
Going laughing from us. No, her bittereſt torment
Shall be, to feel her conſtancy beaten down,
The bravery of her reſolution lie
Battered by the argument, into ſuch pieces,
That ſhe again ſhall (on her belly) creep
To kiſſe the pavements of our Panim gods.
Art. How to be done ?
Theo. I'le ſend my daughters to her,
And they ſhall turn her rocky faith to wax,
Elſe ſpit at me, let me be made your ſlaue,
And meet no *Romans*, but a villains grave.
Art. Thy priſoner let her be then : and *Sapritius*,

Your ſon, and that be yours, death ſhall be ſent
To him that ſuffers them by voice or letters
To greet each other. Rifle her eſtate;
Chriſtians to beggery brought grow deſperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Exeunt.

Ang. O my admired miſtreſs! quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre down upon you: claſp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou ſhalt ſee, after theſe wars,
Thy head wear ſun-beams, and thy feet touch ſtars.

Enter Hircius and Spungius.

Hir. How now *Angelo*, how iſt? how iſt? what thread ſpins that whore, Fortune, upon her wheel now?

Spun. *Comeſta*, *comeſta*, poor knave.

Hir. *Com a porte vou*, *com a porte vou*, my petite garſoone.

Spun. Me partha wee comrade, my half inch of mans fleſh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ang. Too well on your ſides; you are hid in gold
Ore head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the ſign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who wud think, that we comming forth of the arſe, as it were, or fag end of the world, ſhould yet ſee the golden age, when ſo little ſilver is ſtirring.

Hir. Nay, who can ſay any citizen is an aſſe, for lading his own back with money, till his ſoul cracks again, onely to leave his ſon like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any foole take me for a wiſe man now, ſeeing me draw out of the pit of my treaſury, this little god with his belly full of gold?

Spun. And this full of the ſame meat out of my ambrey.

Ang. That gold wilt melt to poyſon.

Spun. Poyſon! wud it wud; whole pintes for healths ſhall down my throat.

Hir. Gold poyſon! there's never a ſhe-thraſher in *Cæſaria*, that lives on the flail of mony, will call it ſo.

Ang. Like ſlaves you ſold your ſouls for golden droſs,
Bewitching her to death, who ſtept between
You and the gallows.

Spun. It was an eaſie matter to ſave us, ſhe being ſo well backt.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out, ſo ſhe did but part us.

Ang. The miſery of that miſtreſs is mine owne,
She begger'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my noſe drop in ſorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoate of her eſtate is unlaced I confeſſe.

Hir. Yes, and the ſmock of her charity is now all to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for ſome good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of ſiluer.

Hir. How! a peece of ſilver! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money, unleſſe I weighed thee, and I weigh thee not a ruſh.

Spun. A peece of ſilver! I never had but two calves in my life, and thoſe my mother left me; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a muſtard-tokens worth of argent.

Hir. And ſo, ſweet Nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu.

Ang. Stay, one word yet; you now are full of gold.

Hir. I would be ſorry my dog were ſo full of the poxe.

Spun. Or any ſow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go, y'are beggars both, you are not worth
That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away boy.

Spun. Page, you do nothing but ſet patches on the ſoles of your jeſts.

Ang. I 'm glad I tri'd your loue, which (ſee) I want not,
So long as this is full.

Both. And ſo long as this . . . ſo long as this.

Hir. *Spungius*, y'are a pick-pocket.

Spun. *Hircius*, thou haſt nimb'd . . . ſo long as, not ſo much money is left, as will buy a louſe.

Hir. Thou art a thiefe, and thou lieſt in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou denieſt it.

Spun. Thou lieſt deeper then the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontſt it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language; all your gold gone?

Spun. Can the Divel creep into ones breeches?

Hir. Yes if his horns once get into the cod-peece.

Ang. Come, ſigh not; I ſo little am in love
With that whoſe loſſe kills you, that ſee 'tis yours,
All yours, divide the heap in equall ſhare,
So you will go along with me to priſon,
And in our Miſtris ſorrows bear a part:
Say, will you?

Both. Will we?

Spun. If ſhe were going to hanging, no gallows ſhould part us.

Hir. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of onions if we do.

Ang. Follow me then, repair your bad deeds paſt;
Happy are men when their beſt deeds are laſt.

Spun. True Maſter *Angelo*; pray ſir lead the way.

exit Ang.

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a Iayle?

Hir. Away and ſhift for our ſelves, ſhe'l do well enough there; for priſoners are more hungry after mutton, then catch-poles after priſoners.

Spun. Let her ſtarve then, if a whole Jayle will not fill her belly. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus III. Scene I.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, *Prieſt*, Caliſte, Chriſteta.

Sap. SIck to the death I fear.
The. I meet your ſorrow,
With my true feeling of it.
Sap. She's a witch,
A ſorcereſſe, *Theophilus*; my ſon
Is charmd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his ſtrange dotage on her. Would when firſt
He ſaw and lov'd her, that the earth had open'd
And ſwallow'd both alive.
The. There's hope left yet.
Sap. Not any, though the Princeſſe were appeas'd,
All title in her love ſurrenderd up;
Yet this coy Chriſtian is ſo tranſported
With her religion, that unleſſe my ſon
(But let him periſh firſt) drinke the ſame potion,
And be of her belief, ſhe'l not vouchſafe

To be his lawfull wife.
Prieſt. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I reſt aſſur'd
The reaſon of theſe holy maids will win her,
You'l find her tractable to any thing
For your content or his.
Theo. If ſhe refuſe it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The Mandrakes ſhrikes, the Baſilisks killing eye,
The dreadfull lightning that does cruſh the bones,
And never ſinge the skin, ſhall not appear
Leſſe fatall to her into than my zeal, made hot
With love vnto my gods ; I have defer'd it,
In hope to draw backe this Apoſtata,
Which will be greater honour then her death,
Unto her fathers faith ; and to that end
Hath brought my daughters hither.
Caliſte. And we doubt not
To do what you deſire.
Sap. Let her be ſent for.
Proſper in your good work, and were I not
To attend the Princeſſe, I would ſee and hear
How you ſucceed.
The. I am commanded too,
Ile bear you company.
Sap. Give them your Ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before highneſſe. *Exit Sap.*
The. Spare no promiſes,
Perſwaſions, or threats, I conjure you ;
If you prevail, tis the moſt glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea *and* Angelo.

Prie. She comes.
Theo. We leave you ;
Be conſtant and be carefull. *Exeunt Theop. & Prieſt.*
Cal. We are ſorry

To meet you under guard.
Dor. But I more griev'd
You are at liberty; ſo well I loue you,
That I could wiſh, for ſuch a cauſe as mine,
You were my fellow priſoners; prithee *Angelo*,
Reach us ſome chairs. Pleaſe you ſit?
Cal. We thank you:
Our viſit is for love, love to your ſafety.
Chriſt. Our conference muſt be private, pray you therefore
Command your boy to leave us.
Dor. You may truſt him
With any ſecret that concerns my life;
Falſhood and he are ſtrangers; had you, Ladies,
Been bleſt with ſuch a ſervant, you had never
Forſook that way (your journey even half ended)
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of looſe laſcivious mirth, he would have ſtirr'd you
To holy mediations; and ſo far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miſerable
And wretched things you were, that for an hour
Of pleaſure here have made a deſperate ſale
Of all your right in happineſſe hereafter.
He muſt not leave me, without him I fall;
In this life he is my ſervant, in the other
A wiſhed companion.
Ang. Tis not in the Divel,
Nor all his wicked arts, to ſhake ſuch goodneſſe.
Dor. But you were ſpeaking, Lady.
Cal. As a friend
And lover of your ſafety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we
Even from the cradle, were brought up together.
Our amity encreaſing with our years,
We cannot ſtand ſuſpected.
Dor. To the purpoſe.
Cal. We come then as good angels, *Dorothea*,

To make you happy, and the means ſo eaſie,
That, be not you an enemy to your ſelf,
Already you enjoy it.
Chriſt. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your perſwaſion.
Cal. But what follow'd, Lady?
Leaving thoſe bleſſings which our gods give freely,
And ſhowr'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to the noblie born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free uſe of theſe without controul,
Check, curb or ſtop, (ſuch is our Laws indulgence,)
All happineſſe forſook us, bonds and fetters
For amorous twins, the rack, and hangmans whips
In place of choiſe delights, our parents curſes
In ſtead of bleſſings, ſcorn, neglect, contempt
Fell thick upon us.
Chri. This conſider'd wiſely,
We made a faire retreat; and (reconcil'd
To our forſaken gods) we live again
In all proſperity.
Cal. by our example,
Bequeathing miſery to ſuch as love it,
Learn to be happy: the Chriſtian yokes to heavy
For ſuch a dainty neck; it was fram'd rather
To be the ſhrine of *Venus*, or a pillar,
More precious then Chryſtal, to ſupport
Our *Cupids* Image; our Religion, Lady,
Is but a varied pleaſure, yours a toil
Slaves would ſhrink under.
Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not
Divels?
Dare any ſay ſo much, or dare I hear it
Without a vertuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a Virgin modeſty,
Or maiden ſilence, when his power is queſtion'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad cauſe to be impudent.
Your gods, your temples, brothel houſes rather,

Or wicked actions of the worſt of men,
Purſu'd and practis'd, your religious rites
O call them rather jugling myſteries,
The baits and nets of hell, your ſouls the prey
For which the Divel angles, your falſe pleaſures
A ſteep deſcent by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful gods,
Your gold, your ſilver, braſſe, or woodden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?
Moſt pittied women, will you ſacrifice
To ſuch, or call them gods or goddeſſes,
Your Parents would diſdain to be the ſame,
Or you your ſelves? O blinded ignorance,
Tell me *Caliſte*, by the truth I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more dear, would you
To have him deifi'd to poſterity,
Deſire your Father an Adulterer,
A Raviſher, almoſt a Parricide,
A vile inceſtuous wretch?

Caliſte. That piety
And duty anſwer for me.

Dor. Or you *Chriſteta*,
To be hereafter regiſtred a goddeſſe,
Give your chaſt body up to the embraces
Of Goatiſh luſt, have it writ on your forehead,
This is the common whore, the proſtitute,
The miſtreſſe in the arts of wantonneſs,
Knows every trick and labyrinth of deſires
That are immodeſt.

Chriſteta. You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you;
Shall I turn ſtrumpet?

Dor. No I think you would not;
Yet *Venus*, whom you worſhip, was a whore;
Flora the Foundreſſe of the publick Stews;
And has for that her ſacrifice: your great god,

Your *Iupiter*, a looſe adulterer,
Inceſtuous with his ſiſter: read but thoſe
That have canoniz'd them, you'l find them worſe
Then, in chaſt language, I can ſpeak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of humane weakneſſe, and had ample ſhare
In mens moſt baſe affections? ſubject to
Unchaſt loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here *Iupiter* to ſerve his luſt turn'd Bull,
The ſhip indeed in which he ſtole *Europa*.
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of *Troy*
As a day-labourer; *Apollo* keeps
Admetus ſheep for bread; the *Lemnian* ſmith
Sweats at the Forge for hire; *Prometheus* here,
With his ſtill growing Liver feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound faſt in hell with adamant chains;
And thouſands more, on whom abuſed errour
Beſtows a deitie: will you then dear ſiſters,
For I would have you ſuch, pay your Devotions
To things of leſſe power then your ſelves?
Caliſte. We worſhip
Their good deeds in their images.
Dor. By whom faſhion'd?
By ſinful men? Ile tell you a ſhort tale,
Nor can you but confeſſe it was a true one.
A King of *Ægypt* being to erect
The Image of *Oſiris*, whom they honour,
Took from the Matrons necks the richeſt Jewels,
And pureſt gold, as the materials
To finiſh up his work; which perfected,
With all ſolemnity he ſet it up,
To be ador'd, and ſerv'd himſelf his idol,
Deſiring it to give him victory
Againſt his enemies: but being overthrown,
Enrag'd againſt his god (theſe are fine gods,
Subiect to humane fury) he took down
The ſenceleſs thing, and melting it again,
He made a baſon, in which Eunuchs waſh'd
His Concubines feet; aud for this ſordid uſe

Some moneths it ſerv'd : his Miſtreſſe proving falſe,
As moſt indeed do ſo, and grace concluded
Between him and the Prieſts, of the ſame baſon
He made his god again : think, think of this,
And then conſider, if all worldly honours,
Or pleaſures that do leave ſharp ſtings behind them,
Have power to win ſuch as have reaſonable ſouls,
To put their truſt in droſſe.

Cal. Oh that I had been born
Without a Father.

Chr. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not ſo ;
You may repair all yet ; the attribute
That ſpeaks his Godhead moſt, is, mercifull,
Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worſhip,
Yet cannot ſtrike without his leave. You weep,
Oh tis a heavenly ſhower, celeſtial balm
To cure your wounded conſcience, let it fall,
Fall thick upon it, and when that is ſpent,
Ile help it with another of my tears :
And may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true ſorrow, never mother had
A birth ſo happy.

Cal. We are caught our ſelves,
That came to take you ; and aſſur'd of conqueſt,
We are your captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
Your victory had been eternal loſſe,
And this your loſſe immortal gain ; fix here,
And you ſhall feel your ſelves inwardly arm'd
Gainſt tortures, death, and hell, but take heed, ſiſters,
That or through weakneſſe, threats, or mild perſwaſions,
Though of a father, you fall not into
A ſecond and a worſt Apoſtacie.

Cal. Never, oh never ; ſteel'd by your example,
We dare the worſt of tyranny.

Chr. Here's our warrant,
You ſhall along, and witneſſe it.
Dor. Be confirm'd then,
And reſt aſſur'd, the more you ſuffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear. *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Arte. *Sapritius*, though your ſon deſerve no pity,
We grieve his ſickneſſe, his contempt of us
We caſt behind us, and look back upon
His ſervice done to *Cæſar*, that weighs down
Our juſt diſpleaſure: if his malady
Have growth from his reſtraint, or that you think
His libertie can cure him, let him have it,
Say we forgive him freely.
Sap. Your grace binds us
Ever your humbleſt Vaſſals.
Art. Uſe all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection: if the Chriſtian,
Whoſe beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know when the cauſe wills, I can
Command my own deſires.
The. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident,
Such eloquence and ſweet perſwaſion dwels
Upon my daughters tongues, that they will work her
To any thing they pleaſe.
Sap. I wiſh they may,
Yet 'tis no eaſie task to undertake,
To alter a perverſe and obſtinate woman. *A ſhout within.*
Art. What means this ſhout. *loud muſick.*
Sap. 'Tis ſeconded with muſick, *Enter Sempronius.*
Triumphant muſick, ha!
Semp. My Lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, having converted,
For ſo report gives out, the Chriſtian Lady,

The Image of great *Iupiter* borne before them,
Sue for acceſſe.
The. My ſoul divin'd as much,
Bleſt be the time when firſt they ſaw this light,
Their mother when ſhe bore them to ſupport
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart
With ſo much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Prieſt with the Image of Iupiter, *Incenſe and Cenſers, followed by* Caliſte, *and* Chriſteta, *leading* Dorothea.

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body, and my mind ;
Let me embrace in you my bliſſe, my comfort ;
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you never had faln off : I am raviſh'd
With the exceſſe of joy, ſpeak happy daughters
The bleſt event.
Cal. We never gain'd ſo much
By any undertaking.
The. O my dear girle,
Our gods reward thee.
Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better ſpent.
Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.
Theo. My beſt *Chriſteta*,
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchſafe your Princely hands.
Art. Moſt willingly :
Do you refuſe it?
Cal. Let us firſt deſerve it.
The. My own child ſtill ; here ſet our god, prepare
The incenſe quickly : come fair *Dorothea*,
I will my ſelf ſupport you, now kneel down,
And pay your vows to *Iupiter*.
Dor. I ſhall do it

Better by their example.
The. They ſhall guide you,
They are familiar with the ſacrifice ;
Forward my twins of comfort, and to teach her
Make a joint offering.
Chri. Thus. *They both ſpit at the Image,*
Cal. And thus. *throw it down, and ſpurn it.*
Har. Profane
And impious, ſtand you now like a Statue ?
Are you the Champion of the Gods ? Where is
Your holy zeal, your anger ?
The. I am blaſted,
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion : I would I had no ſight too ;
Or if my eyes can ſerve to any uſe,
Give me (thou injur'd power) a ſea of tears,
To expiate this madneſſe in my daughters ;
For being themſelves, they would have trembled at
So blaſphemous a deed in any other.
For my ſake, hold a while thy dreadfull thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reaſon
For this accurſed act.
Dor. 'Twas bravely done.
The. Peace damn'd Enchantreſs, peace. I ſhould look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That ſhakes with rage, ſhould much out-ſtrip my tongue,
And ſeal my vengeance on your hearts ; but nature
To you that have faln once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh how durſt you tempt
The anger of great *Iove* ?
Dor. Alack poor *Iove*,
He is no Swaggerer, how ſmug he ſtands,
Hee'l take a kick or any thing.
Sap. Stop her mouth.
Dor. It is the ancientſt godling ; do not fear him,
He would not hurt the thief that ſtole away

Two of his golden locks, indeed he could not;
And ſtill tis the ſame quiet thing.
The. Blaſphemer,
Ingenious cruelty ſhall puniſh this,
Thou art paſt hope: but for you yet dear daughters,
Again bewitcht, the dew of mild forgiveneſſe
May gently fall, provided you deſerve it
With true contrition: be your ſelves again;
Sue to the offended Diety.
Chr. Not to be
The Miſtreſſe of the earth.
Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incenſe to it, much leſſe kneel;
Nor look on it, but with contempt and ſcorn,
To have a thouſand years confer'd upon me,
Of worldly bleſſings: we profeſſe our ſelves
To be like *Dorothea*, Chriſtians,
And owe her for that happineſſe.
The. My ears
Receive in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerfull to make man wretched.
Art. Are theſe they
You brag'd could convert others?
Sap. That want ſtrength
To ſtand themſelves?
Har. Your honour is ingag'd,
The credit of our cauſe depends upon it,
Something you muſt do ſuddenly.
The. And I will.
Har. They merit death, but falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a juſt revenge,
And holy fury in you.
The. Do not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my breſt, wildfire burns here,
Which onely bloud muſt quench: incenſed power,
Which from my infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable beams upon

The ſacrifice (though not allow'd thy Prieſt)
Which I will offer to thee ; and be pleas'd,
(My fierie zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that juſtice, others may ſtile murther.
Come you accurſed, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus look on you,
Leſſe pittifull than tygers to their prey.
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. *kils them.*

Dor. O moſt cruel Butcher.

The. My anger ends not here ; hells dreadfull Porter
Receive into thy ever open gates
Their damned ſouls, and let the furies whips
On them alone be waſted : and when death
Cloſes theſe eies, 'twill be *Elizium* to me,
To hear their ſhreeks and howlings ; make me, *Pluto*,
Thy inſtrument to furniſh thee with ſouls
Of this accurſed ſect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath conſum'd them all.
Exit with Harpax *hugging him.*

Enter Artemia *laughing.*

Art. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Dor. O call him back again,
Call back your hangman, here's one priſoner left
To be the ſubject of his knife.

Art. Not ſo.
We are not ſo near reconcil'd unto thee ;
Thou ſhalt not periſh ſuch an eaſie way :
Be ſhe your charge, *Sapritius*, now, and ſuffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Miſtris,
Theſe Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You ſhall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Spungius, and Hircius, ragged, at ſeverall doors.

Hir. Spungius.

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this totterd world?

Hir. Haſt any money?

Spun. Money! no: the tavern-Ivy clings about my money and kils it. Haſt thou any money?

Hir. No: my money is a mad Bull, and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I ſee then, a Tavern and a Bawdy-houſe have faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the tother has peeping holes within dores; the tavern hath evermore a buſh, the bawdy houſe, ſometimes neither hedge nor buſh. From a tavern a man comes reeling, from a bawdy houſe not able to ſtand. In the tavern, you are couſen'd with paltry wine, in a bawdy houſe by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry, Drawer you rogue; or keep door rotten bawd, without a ſilver whiſtle; we are juſtly plagued therefore for running from our Miſtreſs.

Hir. Thou did'ſt, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pils, and that ſtaid my running.

Spun. Well the thred of my life is drawn through the needle of neceſſity, whoſe eye looking upon my lowſie breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em, which ſo pricks the linings of my body, and thoſe are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff, that I beg on my knees, to have *Atropos* (the tailer to the deſtinies) to take her ſhears, and cut my thred in two, or to heat the Iron gooſe of mortality, and ſo preſs me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was ſome botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off theſe ſhreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler; a Cobler whoſe zeal ſet many a woman upright, the remembrance of whoſe awl, I now having nothing, thruſts ſuch ſcurvy ſtitches into my ſoul, that the heel of my happineſs has gone awry.

Spun. Pitie that ere thou trod'ſt thy ſhooe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot laſt; for all ſowterly wax of comfort melting away, and miſery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to ſue for life, when all my hopes are ſeam-rent, and go wetſhod.

Spun. This ſhews th'art a Coblers ſon, by going through ſtitch: O *Hircius*, wud thou and I were ſo happy to be coblers.

Hir. So would I; for both of us being now weary of our lives, ſhould then be ſure of ſhoomakers ends.

Spun. I ſee the beginning of my end, for I am almoſt ſtarv'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more then famiſh'd.

Spun. All the members of my bodie are in rebellion one againſt another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a Cook, being a conſtable, can appeaſe them, preſenting to my noſe, inſtead of his painted ſtaff, a ſpit full of roſt-meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, why do'ſt not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my mouth ſets out a throat to my hand, why doſt not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, becauſe they look not out, and ſhark for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes ſeeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curſe my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed Colon, ſithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can ſmell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazie rogues, lie ſtill, and had rather do nothing, then run to and fro to purchaſe any thing.

Hir. Why, among ſo many millions of people, ſhould thou and I onely be miſerable totterdemalions, rag-a-muffins, and lowſy deſperates?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I am-an-o, I am-an-as*; conſider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lowſie, beggerly, thou whorſon *Aſſa Fœtida.*

Spun. Worſe; all totterings, all out of frame, thou *Fooliamini.*

Hir. As how *arſnick*: come make the world ſmart.

Sp. Old Honor goes on crutches, beggery rides caroched, honeſt men make feaſts, knaves ſit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, ſouldiers (as we) in rags, beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when all the world ſtumbles, ſhould thou and I walk upright?

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, look who's yonder.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo!* how does my little man? well?

Ang. Yes, and would you did ſo: where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! You ſee every woman almoſt go in her looſe gowne, and why ſhould not we have our cloathes looſe?

Spun. Wud they were looſe?

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawnd to a broker.

Ang. Why pawnd, where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold? we put that into a Scriveners hands, and he has couſen'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee *Angelo*, if thou haſt another purſe, let it be confiſcate and brought to devaſtation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies? I know which way
Your gilt-wing'd pieces flew; I will no more,
Be mockd by you: be ſorry for your riots,
Tame your wild fleſh by labour, eat the bread

Got with hard hands: let ſorrow be your whip
To draw drops of repentance from your heart.
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You ſhall not want, till then, my pitie dies. *Exit.*

Spu. Iſt not a ſhame, that this ſcurvy *Puerilis* ſhould give us leſſons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou knowſt, a long time in the Suburbs of the conſcience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart ſhall take a houſe within the walls of honeſty.

Enter Harpax *aloof.*

Sp. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggery; the ſound of ſcore a pottle of ſack, is worſe than the noiſe of a ſcolding oyſter wench, or two cats incorporating.

Har. This muſt not be, I do not like when conſcience
Thaws; keep her frozen ſtill: how now my maſters?
Dejected, drooping, drown'd in tears, clothes torn,
Lean and ill colour'd, ſighing! What's the whirl-wind
Which raiſeth all theſe miſchiefs? I have ſeen you
Drawn better on't. O! but a ſpirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thruſt
Your ſelves into the ſervice of that Lady,
Who ſhortly now muſt die: where's now her praying?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on ſcurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a ſort of rogues,
And lowſie priſoners?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never proſper'd ſince I did it.

Spun. Had I been a Pagan ſtil, I could not have ſpit white for want of drink; but come to any Vintner now, and bid him truſt me, becauſe I turn'd Chriſtian, and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are rightly ſerv'd; before that peeviſh Lady
Had to do with you, women, wine, and money

Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?
Hir. Oh! thoſe dayes, thoſe dayes.
Har. Beat not your breaſts, tear not your hair in madneſs,
Thoſe dayes ſhall come again (be rul'd by me)
And better, (mark me) better.
Spun. I have ſeen you ſir, as I take it, an attendant on the Lord *Theophilus.*
Har. Yes, yes, in ſhew his ſervant: but hark hither,
Take heed no body liſtens.
Spun. Not a Mouſe ſtirs.
Har. I am a Prince diſguis'd.
Hir. Diſguis'd? how? drunk?
Har. Yes my fine boy, Ile drink too, and be drunk;
I am a Prince, and any man by me,
(Let him but keep my rules) ſhall ſoon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, moſt infinitely rich;
He that ſhall ſerve me, is not ſtarv'd from pleaſures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.
Spun. But that ſir, we are ſo ragged———
Har. You'l ſay, you'd ſerve me.
Hir. Before any maſter under the Zodiack.
Har. For clothes no matter, I have a mind to both.
And one thing I like in you, now that you ſee
The bonefire of your Ladies ſtate burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?
Her. Let her be hang'd.
Spun. And pox'd.
Harp. Why now y'are mine.
Come let my boſome touch you.
Spun. We have bugs ſir.
Har. There's mony, fetch your clothes home, ther's for you.
Hir. Avoid Vermine: give over our miſtreſſe! a man cannot proſper worſe, if he ſerve the Devill.
Har. How? the divel! Ile tell you what now of the Divel;

He's no ſuch horrid creature, cloven footed,
Black, ſaucer-ey'd, his noſtrils breathing fire,
As theſe lying Chriſtians make him.

Both. No!

Har. He's more loving to man, than man to man is.

Hir. Is he ſo! wud we two might come acquainted with him.

Har. You ſhall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything, if you have mony, its ten to one but Ile bring him to ſome Tavern to you, or other.

Sp. Ile beſpeak the beſt room in 'th houſe for him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Wee'l give him no ſuch cauſe.

Har. He hates a Civil Lawyer, as a ſouldier does peace.

Spun. How a Commoner?

Har. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one fooliſh queſtion: does the Divel eat any Mace in's broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feaver takes him, and then he has the knuckles of a Bailiff, boyled to his breakfaſt.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loves a Catchpole, does he not?

Har. As a Bear-ward does a dog. A Catchpole! he has ſworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serieant his heir, and a Yeoman his overſeer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate, will the Porter let him come in, ſir?

Har. Oh he loves Porters of great mens gates, becauſe they are ever ſo near the wicket.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for all his ſtroking their cheeks, lead helliſh lives under him?

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damned before

he hurts any man: do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, ſee if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing!

Har. Call for a delicate rare whore, ſhe's brought you.

Hir. Oh my elbow itches: will the Divel keep the door?

Har. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine divel! ſome watchman I warrant; I wonder who's his Conſtable?

Har. Will you ſwear, roar, ſwagger? he claps you.

Hir. How? ath' chops?

Har. No, ath' ſhoulder, and cries, O my brave boy.
Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. What is his word? hang, hang, tis nothing.
Or ſtab a woman?

Hir. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here's the worſt word he gives you, a pox on't, go on.

Hir. O inveigling raſcal! I am raviſhd.

Har. Go, get your clothes, turn up your glaſs of youth,
And let the ſands run merrily; nor do I care
From what a laviſh hand your money flies,
So you give none away, feed beggars.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Har. And to the ſcrubbing poor.

Hir. Ile ſee 'em hang'd firſt.

Har. One ſervice you muſt do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your miſtreſs *Dorothea*, ere ſhe ſuffers,
Is to be put to tortures, have you hearts
To tear her into ſhreekes, to fetch her ſoul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die.

Hir. Suppoſe this ſhe, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppoſe this ſhe, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there ſir?

Har. No, not for hils of Diamonds; the grand Maſter
Who ſchools her in the Chriſtian diſcipline,
Abhors my company, ſhould I be there,
You'd think all hell broke looſe, we ſhould ſo quarrel.
Plie you this buſineſſe; he her fleſh who ſpares,
Is loſt, and in my love never more ſhares. *Exit.*

Spun. Here's a maſter you rogue.

Hir. Sure he cannot chuſe but have a horrible number of ſervants. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus IV. Scene I.

A bed thruſt out, Antoninus *upon it ſick, with Phyſicians about him,* Sapritius *and* Macrinus.

Sap. O You that are half Gods, lengthen that life
Their dieties lend us, turn ore all the volumes
Of your myſterious *Æſculapian* ſcience,
'T encreaſe the number of this young mans dayes,
And for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee ſhall be, a piece of Roman gold
With *Cæſars* ſtamp, ſuch as he ſends his Captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but ſave him
And as he is half my ſelf be you all mine.

Doct. What art can do, we promiſe, Phyſicks hand
As apt is to deſtroy as to preſerve,
If heaven make not the medicine: all this while
Our skill hath combat held with his diſeaſe;
But tis ſo arm'd, and a deep melancholy,

To be ſuch in part with death, we are in fear
The grave muſt mock our labours.
Mac. I have been
His keeper in this ſickneſſe, with ſuch eyes
As I have ſeen my mother watch ore me,
And from that obſervation, ſure I find,
It is a midwife muſt deliver him.
Sap. Is he with child? a midwife!
Mac. Yes, with child,
And will I fear loſe life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed: ſtand by his pillow
Some little while, and in his broken ſlumbers,
Him ſhall you hear cry out on *Dorothea*,
And when his arms flie open to catch her,
Cloſing together, he falls faſt aſleep,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy form:
Phyſitians but torment him, his diſeaſe
Laughs at their gibriſh language; let him hear
The voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the name,
He ſtarts up with high colour in his face.
She or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Princeſſe ſtrict command barring that happineſs)
To me impoſſible ſeems.
Sap. To me it ſhall not.
Ile be no ſubject to the greateſt *Cæſar*
Was ever crownd with Lawrel, rather then ceaſe
To be a father.
Mac. Silence, ſir, he wakes.
Anto. Thou kilſt me, *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea.*
Mac. Shee's here, I enjoy her.
Anton. Where? why do you mock me?
Age on my head hath ſtuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman; I to buy her beautie,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And ſhe for my acquaintance hazards hers,
Yet for our equal ſufferings, none holds out
A hand of pitie.
Doct. Let him have ſome muſick.

Ant. Hell on your fidling.
Doct. Take again your bed, ſir,
Sleep is a ſoveraign Phyſick.
Ant. Take an aſſes head, ſir,
Confuſion on your fooleries, your charms.
Thou ſtinking gliſter-pipe: where's the god of reſt,
Thy pills, and baſe Apothecary drugs,
Threatned to bring unto me? Out you impoſtors,
Quackſalving, cheating Mountebanks, your skill,
Is to make ſound men ſick, and ſick men kill.
Mac. O be your ſelf, dear friend.
Ant. My ſelf, *Macrinus?*
How can I be my ſelf, when I am mangled
Into a thouſand peeces? here moves my head,
But where's my heart? Where ever, that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, *dragging in* Dorothea *by the hair*, Angelo *attending.*

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd ſorcereſs, call up thy ſpirits,
And (if they can) now let 'em from my hand
Untwine theſe witching hairs.
Ant. I am that ſpirit:
Or if I be not, (were you not my father)
One made of iron ſhould hew that hand in peeces,
That ſo defaces this ſweet monument
Of my loves beauty.
Sap. Art thou ſick?
Ant. To death.
Sap. Wouldſt thou recover?
Ant. Would I live in bliſs?
Sap. And do thine eyes ſhoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?
Ant. It is not in the world.
Sap. Is't here?
Anton. O treaſure, by enchantment lockt
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near?
Sap. Break that enchanted cave, enter, and rifle

The ſpoils thy luſt hunts after; I deſcend
To a baſe office and become thy Pandar
In bringing thee this proud Thing; make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if ſhe deny to give it,
Force it; imagine thou aſſault'ſt a towne
Weak wall: too't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and (unſeen) be witneſſe to this batterie,
How the coy ſtrumpet yeelds.
Doct. Shall the boy ſtay, ſir?
Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are us'd to theſe odd bawdy
Shufflings, and indeed, are thoſe
Little young ſnakes in a Furies head
Will ſting worſe then the great ones;
Let the Pimp ſtay. *Exeunt aſide.*
Dor. O guard me Angels,
What Tragedy muſt begin now?
Ant. When a Tyger
Leaps into a timerous heard, with ravenous Jaws,
Being hunger ſtarv'd, what tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death, I am happy ſo; you hitherto
Have ſtill had goodneſs ſpar'd within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.
Ang. Fear not Miſtreſſe,
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are ſtrong enough for ſuch a ſickly man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpoſe ſir, your eye
Bears danger in it?
Ant. I muſt.
Dor. What?
Sap. Speak it out.
Ant. Climb that ſweet virgin tree.
Sap. Plague a your trees.
Ant. And pluck that fruit which none (I think ever) taſted.
Sap. A ſouldier and ſtand fumbling ſo.
Dor. O kill me, *Kneels.*
And heaven will take it as a ſacrifice,

But if you play the Raviſher, there is
A hell to ſwallow you.
Sap. Let her ſwallow thee.
Ant. Riſe ; for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour ; pleaſures forc'd
Are unripe apples, ſowr, not worth the plucking :
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I ſhould ſeize upon you as my prey,
Which I abhor, as much as the blackeſt ſin
The villany of man did ever act.
Sapritius *breaks in and* Macrinus.
Ang. Die happy for this language.
Sap. Die a ſlave,
A blockiſh ideot.
Mac. Dear ſir, vex him not.
Sap. Yes, and vex thee too ; both I think are geldings :
Cold, phlegmatick baſtard, th'art no brat of mine ;
One ſpark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bone-fire : a tempting whore
(For whom th'art mad) thruſt even into thine arms,
And ſtand'ſt thou puling ? Had a Tailor ſeen her
At this advantage, he, with his croſſe capers,
Had ruffled her by this ; but thou ſhalt curſe
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Shalt tear thy fleſh in peeces, when a ſlave
In hot luſt bathes himſelf, and gluts thoſe pleaſures
Thy niceneſſe durſt not touch. Call out a ſlave,
You Captain of our guard, fetch a ſlave hither.
Ant. What will you do, dear ſir ?
Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would learn
In leſſe then half an hour, to play the whore.

Enter a Slave.

Macr. A ſlave is to me, what now ?
Sap. Thou haſt bones and fleſh

Enough to ply thy labour : from what countrie
Wert thou tane priſoner, here to be our ſlave ?
Slave. From Brittain.
Sap. In the Weſt Ocean ?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. An Iſland ?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. I am fitted ; of all nations
Our Roman ſwords ever conquer'd, none comes near
The Brittain for true whoring : ſirrah fellow,
What wouldſt thou do to gain thy Liberty ?
Sla. Do ! Liberty ! Fight naked with a Lion,
Venture to pluck a ſtandard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion : Liberty ! I'de thus
Beſtride a rampire, and defiance ſpit
I'th face of death, then, when the battering Ram
Were fetching his carreer backward, to paſh
Me with his horns in peeces : to ſhake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodſt thou on this dry ſhore, I on a rock
Ten Pyramedes high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die my ſelf : What is for man to do,
Ile venture on, to be no more a ſlave.
Sap. Thou ſhalt then be no ſlave ; for I will ſet thee
Upon a peece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Brittain : drag that thing aſide,
And raviſh her.
Slave. And raviſh her ! is this your manly ſervice ?
A Divel ſcorns to doo 't ; tis for a beaſt,
A villain, not a man : I am as yet
But half a ſlave ; but when that work is paſt,
A damned whole one, a black ugly ſlave,
The ſlave of all baſe ſlaves ; do't thy ſelf, Roman,
Tis drudgery fit for thee.
Sap. He's bewitch'd too :
Bind him, and with a Baſtinado give him
Upon his naked belly, 200. blows.

Sla. Thou art more ſlave then I. *Exit carried in.*
Dor. That power ſupernal, on whom waits my ſoul,
Is Captain ore my chaſtity.
Ant. Good ſir, give ore,
The more you wrong her, your ſelfe's vex'd the more.
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus down I throw
Thy harlot thus by the hair, nail her to earth.
Call in ten ſlaves, let every one diſcover
What luſt deſires, and furſet here his fill:
Call in ten ſlaves.
Ang. They are come, ſir, at your call.
Sap. Oh oh. *Falls down.*

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Where is the Governour?
Ant. There's my wretched father.
Theo. My Lord *Sapritius*; he's not dead; my Lord:
That Witch there.
Ant. 'Tis no Roman Gods can ſtrike
Theſe fearfull terrors: O thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpoſe of my father.
Dor. I do.
The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou
Haſt done this act infernall.
Dor. Heaven pardon you,
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down
(I can no miracles work) yet from my ſoul,
Pray to thoſe powers I ſerve, he may recover,
The. He ſtirs, help, raiſe him up; my Lord.
Sap. Where am I?
The. One cheek is blaſted.
Sap. Blaſted! Where's the *Lamia*
That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; ſeize on her.
Dor. I'm here, do what you pleaſe.
The. Spurne her too 'th barre.
Dor. Come boy being there, more near to heaven we are.

Sap. Kick harder, go out witch. *Exeunt.*
Ant. O bloody hangman! thine own gods give thee breath,
Each of thy tortors is my feverall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax, Hircius *and* Spungius.

Har. Do you like my fervice now, fay am not I
A maſter worth attendance.
Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the ſoles of your dirtie boots, than wear the richeſt ſute of any infected Lord, whoſe rotten life hangs between the 2. Poles.
Hir. A Lords ſute! I would not give up the cloak of your ſervice, to meet the ſplay-foot eſtate of any left-eyed knight above the Antipodes, becauſe they are unlucky to meet.
Har. This day Ile try your loves to me; 'tis onely
But well to uſe the agility of your arms.
Spun. Or legs, I am luſty at them.
Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.
Spun. Thoul't run into ſome hole.
Hir. If I meet one thats more than my match, and that I cannot ſtand in their hands, I muſt and will creep on my knees.
Har. Hear me, my little teem of villains, hear me,
I cannot teach you fencing with theſe cudgels,
Yet you muſt uſe them; lay them on but ſoundly,
That's all.
Hir. Nay, if we come to malling once, puh.
Spun. But what Wall-nut-tree is it we muſt beat?
Har. Your miſtreſſe.
Hir. How! my miſtreſs! I begin to have a Chriſtians heart, made of ſweet butter; I melt, I cannot ſtrike a woman.
Spun. Nor I, unleſſe ſhe ſcratch; bum my miſtreſſe!
Har. Y'are Coxcombs, ſilly animals.

Hir. Whats that?

Har. Drones, Aſſes, blinded Moles, that dare not thruſt
Your arms out to catch fortune; ſay you fall off.
It muſt be done: you are converted Raſcals,
And that once ſpread abroad, why every ſlave
Will kick you, call you motley Chriſtians,
And half fac'd Chriſtians.

Spun. The guts of my conſcience begin to be of whit-leather.

Hir. I doubt me I ſhall have no ſweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked fingers thruſt into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I deſire no more.

Hir. I deſire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will, as you paſſe along,
Clap you upon your ſhoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man ſhall be can get a nail,
The paring——, nay the dirt under the nail
Of any of you both, to ſay, this dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They ſhall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpoſe, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

Hir. The firſt thing I do, Ile take her ore the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may ſtrike any where.

Har. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where Ile hit her.

Har. Proſper and be mine own; ſtand by I muſt not
To ſee this done, great buſineſſe calls me hence;
He's made can make her curſe his violence. *Exit.*

Spu. Fear it not ſir, her ribs ſhall be baſted.
Hir. Ile come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick thwack thirlery bouncing.

Enter Dorothea *led Priſoner, a guard attending, a hangman with cords in ſome ugly ſhape, ſets up a Pillar in the middle of the ſtage, Sapritius and Theophilus ſit, Angelo by her.*

Sap. According to our Roman cuſtomes, bind
That Chriſtian to a Pillar.
The. Infernal furies,
Could they into my hand thruſt all their whips
To tear thy fleſh, thy ſoul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I ſhould heap on thee,
For wrongs done me: me! for flagitious facts
By thee done to our gods: yet (ſo it ſtand
To great *Cæſarea's* Governours high pleaſure)
Bow but thy knee to *Iupiter*, and offer
Any ſlight ſacrifice, or do but ſwear
By *Cæſars* fortune, and be free.
Sap. Thou ſhalt.
Dor. Not for all *Cæſars* fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds, then are kingdomes in the world,
And all thoſe worlds drawn after him: I defie
Your hangmen; you now ſhew me whither to flie.
Sap. Are her tormentors ready?
Ang. Shrink not dear Miſtreſſe.
Both. My Lord, we are ready for the buſineſſe.
Dor. You two! whom I like foſtred children fed,
And lengthened out your ſtarved life with bread:
You be my hangman! whom, when up the ladder
Death hal'd you to be ſtrangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors?
Both. Yes, we.
Dor. Divine powers pardon you.
Sap. Strike.
ſtrike at her: Angelo *kneeling holds her faſt.*

The. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels.

Sap. Faſter ſlaves.

Spun. Faſter: I am out of breath I am ſure; if I were to beat a buck, I can ſtrike no harder.

Hir. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and in my ſufferings
I fainting in no limb! tyrants ſtrike home
And feaſt your fury full.

The. Theſe dogs are curs, *Come from his ſeat.*
Which ſnarl, yet bite not: ſee my Lord, her face
Hath more bewitching beauty then before:
Proud whore, it ſmiles; cannot an eye ſtart out
With theſe?

Hir. No ſir, nor the bridge of her noſe fall, 'tis full of iron work.

Sap. Lets view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit.

Ang. There fix thine eye ſtill; thy glorious crown muſt come
Not from ſoft pleaſure, but by Martyrdome.
There fix thine eye ſtill, when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roſes ſhall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye ſtill. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax *ſneaking.*

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

The. We are mock'd, theſe bats have power to fell down gyants, yet her skin is not ſcarr'd.

Sap. What rogues are theſe.

The. Cannot theſe force a ſhreeke? *Beats them.*

Spun. O! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

The. Cannot this make her roare.
Beats t'other, he roares.

Sap. Who hir'd theſe ſlaves? What are they?

Spun. We ſerve that noble Gentleman there, he entic'd us to this dry beating: oh for one half pot.

Har. My ſervants! two baſe rogues, and ſometimes ſervants
To her, and for that cauſe forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up theſe.

The. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us! Maſter *Harpax*, what a diuel ſhall we be thus us'd?

Har. What bandogs but you two, wud worry a woman?
Your Miſtreſſe! I but clapt you, you flew on:
Say I ſhould get your lives, each raſcal begger
Would, when he met you, cry out hell hounds, traitors
Spit at you, fling dirt at you, and no woman
Ever endure your ſight: 'tis your beſt courſe
Now (had you ſecret kniues) to ſtab your ſelves,
But ſince you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Har. 'Tis your beſt courſe.

The. Why ſtay they trifling here?
To gallows drag them by the heels; away.

Sp. By the heels! No ſir, we have legs to do us that ſervice.

Hir. I, I, if no woman can endure my ſight, away with me.

Har. Diſpatch them. *Exeunt.*

Spu. The Divel diſpatch thee,

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph; *Theophilus*, See this witch made away too.

The. My ſoul thirſts for it;
Come I my ſelf thy hangmans part could play.

Dor. O haſten me to my Coronation day. *Exit.*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, *ſervants.*

Ant. Is this the place, where virtue is to ſuffer?
And heavenly beauty leaving this baſe earth,

To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it *Macrinus*? *A ſcaffold thruſt forth.*
Mac. By this preparation
You well may reſt aſſur'd, that *Dorothea*
This hour is to die here.
Ant. Then with her dies
The abſtract of all ſweetneſſe that's in woman;
Set me down friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death cloſe up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my laſt leave both of this light, and her:
For ſhe being gone, the glorious ſun himſelf
To me's *Cymerian* darkneſſe.
Mac. Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his ſhafts with death,
And kills inſtead of giving life.
Ant. Nay weep not,
Though tears of friendſhip be a ſoveraign balm,
On me they are caſt away: it is decreed
That I muſt die with her, our clue of life
Was ſpun together.
Mac. Yet ſir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who hearing onely what ſhe ſuffers,
Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To adde to calamitie, an eye-witneſſe
Of her laſt tragick ſcene, which muſt pierce deeper,
And make the wound more deſperate.
Ant. O *Macriuus*,
'Twould linger out my torments elſe, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at, being to die too:
What inſtrument more glorious can I wiſh for,
Then what is made ſharp by my conſtant love,
And true affection; it may be, the duty
And loyal ſervice, with which I purſu'd her,
And ſeald it with my death, will be remembred
Among her bleſſed actions, and what honour
Can I deſire beyond it?

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, *a headſman before her, followed by* Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

See ſhe comes,
How ſweet her innocence appears, more like
To heaven itſelf, then any ſacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joyes hereafter, the ſight makes me doubtfull
In my beleef; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be ſerv'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kind, that to maintain
Their power, deface the maſter-peece of nature,
Which they themſelves come ſhort of: ſhe aſcends,
And every ſtep, raiſes her neerer heaven.
What god ſo ere thou art, that muſt enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundleſſe happineſſe.
Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.
Mac. It was his will,
And we were left to ſerve him, not command him.
Ant. Good ſir be not offended, nor deny
My laſt of pleaſures, in this happy object
That I ſhall ere be bleſt with.
The. Now proud contemner
Of us and of our gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the power thou ſerv'ſt to ſave thee,
Not all the riches of the ſea, increas'd
By violent ſhipwracks, nor the unſearched mines,
Mammons unknown exchequer, ſhall redeem thee:
And therefore having firſt with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleaſures and delights: laſtly, to go
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell;
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the *Elizian* joies thou mightſt have taſted,
Hadſt thou not turn'd Apoſtata to thoſe gods
That ſo reward their ſervants, let deſpair

Prevent the hangmans ſword, and on this ſcaffold
Make thy firſt entrance into hell.
Ant. She ſmiles,
Vnmov'd by *Mors*, as if ſhe were aſſur'd
Death looking on her conſtancy, would forget
The uſe of his ineuitable hand.
The. Derided too? Diſpatch I ſay.
Dor. Thou fool
That glorieſt in having power to rauiſh
A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life to me, not worth a thought;
Or if to be eſteem'd, 'tis that I looſe it
To win a better: even thy malice ſerves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To ſuch a height of happineſſe where I ſhall
Look down with ſcorn on thee and on the world;
Where circl'd with true pleaſures, plac'd aboue
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an eaſie price I bought it.
There's a perpetuall ſpring, perpetuall youth,
No joint benumming cold, nor ſcorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there.
Forget for ſhame your Tempe; burie in
Oblivion, your fain'd *Heſperian* Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require *Hercules* to get it
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there,
Deſerves not to be nam'd. The power I ſerve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elizian ſhades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed then you can fancy yours.
Ant. O take me thither with you.
Dor. Trace my ſteps
And be aſſur'd you ſhall.
Sap With mine own hands
Ile rather ſtop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing feaver.
The. By no means,
Let him go with her; do ſeduc'd young man,

And wait upon thy Saint in death, do, do.
And when you come to that imagin'd place,
That place of all delights, pray you obſerue me,
And meet thoſe curſed things I once called daughters,
Whom I have ſent as harbingers before you,
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfullneſſe to me, that (with care) haſten
Your journey thither, pray ſend me ſome
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boaſt of,

Ant. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy laſt minute, dam thy ſelf?

The. The gates to hell are open.

Do. Know thou tyrant
Thou agent for the divel thy great maſter,
Though thou art moſt unworthy to taſte of it,
I can and will.

Enter Angelo *in the Angels habit.*

Har. O! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me.

The. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

The. *Harpax*, my *Harpax*, ſpeak.

Har. I dare not ſtay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were loſt.
Some whirlwind ſnatch me from this curſed place,
To which compar'd, and with what now I ſuffer,
Hels torments are ſweet ſlumbers. *Exit Harpax.*

Sap. Follow him.

The. He is diſtracted, and I muſt not loſe him.
Thy charms upon my ſervant, curſed witch,
Gives thee a ſhort reprieve: let her not die
Till my return. *Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*

Ant. She minds him not: what object
Is her eye fix'd on?

Mac. I ſee nothing.

Ant. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious miniſter of the power I ſerve,
(For thou art more then mortal) is't for me,
Poor ſinner, thou art pleas'd awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation? and vouchſafeſt
(Though glorified) to take my ſervants hahit;
For put off thy divinity, ſo look'd
My lovely *Angelo.*

Ang. Know I am the ſame,
And ſtill the ſervant to your pietie.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds firſt won me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you ſent them)
To guide your ſteps. I tri'd your charity,
When in a beggars ſhape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked limbs, and after fed
(As you beleev'd) my famiſh'd mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes; for in ſuch habits often
Angels deſire an alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am ſent to carry
Your pure and innocent ſoul to joyes eternall,
Your martyrdome once ſuffer'd; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and reſt aſſur'd,
You ſhall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments: ſince I find ſuch grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languiſheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will perform it.
And in that inſtant when the ſword ſets free
Your happy ſoul, his ſhall have libertie.
Is there ought elſe?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My perſecutor, who in ſcorn deſir'd
To taſte of that moſt ſacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as ſent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear miſtreſs.

Mac. I am amaz'd.
Ant. I feel a holy fire.
That yeelds a comfortable heat within me:
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was;
See I can ſtand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand
With a religious kiſſe.

Enter Sapritius *and* Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.
The. It matters not,
We can diſcharge this work without his help.
But ſee your ſon.
Sap. Villain.
Ant. Sir I beſeech you,
Being ſo near our ends, divorce us not.
The. Ile quickly make a ſeparation of 'em:
Haſt thou ought elſe to ſay?
Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy tardineſſe in ſending me to reſt;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my ſoul
Begins to take her flight: ſtrike, O ſtrike quickly;
And though you are unmov'd to ſee my death
Hereafter, when my ſtory ſhall be read,
As they were preſent now, the hearers ſhall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies.
Her head ſtruck off.
Ant. O take my ſoul along to wait on thine.
Mac. Your ſon ſinks too. *Antoninus ſinks.*
Sap. Already dead!
The. Die all
That are, or favour this accurſed ſect:
I triumph in their ends; and will raiſe up
A hill of their dead carkaſſes, to orelook
The *Pyrenian* hils, but Ile root out
Theſe ſuperſtitious fools, and leave the world

No name of Chriſtian.

Loud muſick: *exit* Angelo, *having firſt laid his hand upon their mouths.*

Sap. Ha, heavenly muſick.

Mac. 'Tis in the air.

The. Illuſions of the Divel,
Wrought by ſome witch of her Religion
That fain would make her death a miracle:
It frights not me. Becauſe he is your ſon,
Let him have buriall, but let her body
Be caſt forth with contempt in ſome high-way,
And be to Vultures, a to dogs and prey. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus V. Scena I.

Enter Theophilus *in his ſtudy. Books about him.*

The. IS't holy-day (O *Cæſar*) that thy ſervant
(Thy Provoſt to ſee execution done
On theſe baſe Chriſtians in *Cæſarea*)
Should now want work? ſleep theſe Idolaters,
That none are ſtirring? As a curious Painter, *Riſes.*
When he has made ſome admirable piece,
Stands off, and with a ſearching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis ſweetned, and then hugs
Himſelf for his rare workmanſhip.—So here *ſits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloudy Lantskips
(Long paſt wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With ſhadows, now I want the ſubſtances. *Book.*
My Muſter-book of Hell-hounds; were the Chriſtians,
(Whoſe names ſtand here) alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hindges. What I have done
Or ſhall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches, no I am carried

With violence of zeal, and ſtreams of ſervice
I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britain*, what
A thouſand wives with brats ſucking their breſts,
Had hot Irons pinch 'em off, and thrown to ſwine;
And then their fleſhy back-parts hewed with hatchets,
Were minc'd and bak'd in pies to feed ſtarv'd Chriſtians.
Ha, ha.
Agen, agen,—*Eaſt-Anglas*,—oh, Eaſt-Angles
Bandogs (kept three dayes hungry) worried
1000. Britiſh Raſcals, ſtyed up, fat
Of purpoſe ſtript naked, and diſarm'd.
I could outſtare a year of ſuns and moons,
To ſit at theſe ſweet bul-baitings, ſo I could
Thereby but one Chriſtian win to fall
In adoration to my *Iupiter*. Twelve hundred
Eyes boar'd with Augurs out: oh! eleven thouſand
Torn by wild beaſts; two hundred ram'd i'th earth
To th' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,
But far enough for reaching; eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Riſe,*
Tuſh, all theſe tortures are but philliping, *Confort.*
Flea-bitings; I, before the deſtinies *Enter Angelo with*
My bottome did wind up, would fleſh my ſelf *a basket*
Once more upon ſome one remarkable *filld with fruit*
Above all theſe; this Chriſtian ſlut was well, *and*
A pretty one: but let ſuch horror follow *flowers.*
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall heare it, her foundation at the found
May feel an earth-quake. How now? *Muſick.*
Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir—ſo great a Roman ſpirit
And does it tremble!
The. How cam'ſt thou in? to whom thy buſineſſe?
Ang. To you:
I had a miſtreſſe late ſent hence by you
Upon a bloudy errand, you entreated
That when ſhe came into that bleſſed Garden
Whither ſhe knew ſhe went, and where (now happy)

She feeds upon all joy, ſhe would ſend to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promiſe ſav'd, are brought by me.
The. Cannot I ſee this Garden?
Ang. Yes if the Maſter
Will give you entrance. *Angelo vaniſheth.*
The. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the moſt bright cheek'd child I ever viewd;
Sweet ſmelling goodly fruit; what flowers are theſe?
In *Diocleſians* Gardens, the moſt beautious,
Compar'd with theſe, are weeds; is it not February?
The ſecond day ſhe died? Froſt, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the beard of Winter; where's the ſun
That guilds this ſummer; pretty ſweet boy, ſay, in what Country
Shall a man find this garden—, my delicate boy, gone! Vaniſhed!
Within there, *Julianus* and *Geta.*—

Enter two ſervants.

Both. My Lord.
The. Are my gates ſhut?
1. And guarded.
The. Saw you not—a boy?
2. Where?
The. Here he entred, a young Lad, 1000 bleſſings danc'd upon his eyes, a ſmooth fac'd glorious Thing, that brought this basket.
1. No ſir. *Exeunt.*
The. Away, but be in reach, if my voice calls you. No! vaniſh'd, and not ſeen! be thou a ſpirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am ſure
This is eſſentiall, and how ere it grows,
Will taſte it. *Eats.*
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Harpax within.*
The. So good, ile have ſome more ſure.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, great lickoriſh fool.

The. What art thou?
Har. A Fiſherman.
The. What doeſt thou catch?
Har. Souls, ſouls, a fiſh call'd ſouls.

Enter a ſervant.

The. *Geta.*
1. My Lord.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *within.*
The. What inſolent ſlave is this dares laugh at me?
Or what iſt the dog grins at ſo?
1. I neither know (my Lord) at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow *Iulianus*, and he is making a Garland for *Iupiter.*
The. *Iupiter*! all within me is not well,
And yet not ſick.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *lowder.*
The. What's thy name ſlave?
Har. Go look. *At one end.*
1. Tis *Harpax* voice.
The. *Harpax?* go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may ſtamp upon him.
Har. Fool, thou lieſt. *At tother end.*
1. Hee's yonder now, my Lord.
The. Watch thou that end,
Whilſt I make good this.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. *At the middle.*
Theoph. Hee's at Barli-break, and the laſt couple are now in hell: *exit ſeruant.*
Search for him. All this ground me thinks is bloudy,
And pav'd with thouſands of thoſe Chriſtians eyes
Whom I have tortur'd, and they ſtare upon me.
What was this apparition? ſure it had
A ſhape Angelical; mine eyes (though dazled
And danted at firſt ſight) tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes they were wings,
And hence he flew; 'tis vaniſhed. *Iupiter*
For all my ſacrifices done to him

Never once gave me ſmile; how can ſtone ſmile,
Muſick.
Or woodden image laugh? ha! I remember
Such muſick gave a welcome to my ear,
When the fair youth came to me: 'tis in the air
Or from ſome better place; a power divine,
Through my dark ignorance on my ſoul does ſhine,
And makes me ſee a conſcience all ſtain'd ore,
Nay drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Chriſtian gore.
Har. Ha, ha, ha. *Within.*
The. Agen? what dainty relliſh on my tongue
This fruit hath left! ſome Angel hath me fed;
If ſo toothfull, I will be banqueted. *Eats another.*

Enter Harpax *in a fearful ſhape, fire flaſhing out of the ſtudy.*

Har. Hold.
The. Not for *Cæſar.*
Har. But for me thou ſhalt.
The. Thou art no twin to him that laſt was here.
You powers, whom my ſoul bids me reverence,
Guard me: what art thou?
Har. I'm thy maſter.
The. Mine.
Har. And thou my everlaſting ſlave: that *Harpax,*
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.
The. Avant.
Har. I will not; caſt thou down
That basket with the things in 't, and fetch up
What thou haſt ſwallowed, and then take a drink
Which I ſhall give thee, and I'm gon.
The. My fruit!
Does this offend thee? ſee.
Har. Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or I'le peece-meal tear thee.
The. Art thou with this affrighted? ſee, here's more. *flowers.*

Har. Fling them away, Ile take thee elſe and hang thee
In a contorted chain of Iſicles
I'th frigid Zone: down with them.
The. At the bottome.
One thing I found not yet, ſee *a croſſe of flowers.*
Har. Oh, I'me tortur'd.
The. Can this do't? hence, thou Fiend infernal, hence.
Har. Claſp *Iupiters* Image, and away with that.
The. At thee ile fling that *Iupiter*; for me thinks
I ſerve a better Maſter: he now checks me
For murthering my two daughters, put on by thee;
By thy damn'd Rhetorick did I hunt the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the axe nor me,
But ſends theſe preſents to me; and ile travel
Ore worlds to find her, and from her white hand
To beg forgiveneſs.
Har. No, ile bind thee here.
The. I ſerve a ſtrength above thine: this ſmall weapon
Me thinks is armour hard enough.
Har. Keep from me. *ſinks a little.*
The. Art poſting to thy center? down, hel-hound, down.
Me haſt thou loſt; that arm which hurls thee hence,
Save me, and ſet me up the ſtrong defence
In the fair Chriſtians quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there;
Nor be thou ſhaken with a *Cæſars* voice,
Though thouſand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a River, that ſhall waſh
Thy bloudy hands clean, and more white then ſnow;
And to that Garden where theſe bleſt things grow,
And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath ſent
That heavenly token to thee; ſpread this brave wing

And ſerve then *Cæſar* a far greater King.
The. It is, it is ſome Angel; vaniſh'd again!
Oh come back, raviſhing boy, bright meſſenger;
Thou haſt (by theſe mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)
Illumined all my ſoul: Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which as they did
Out-dare the bloudieſt, thou bleſt ſpirit that leads me,
Teach me what I muſt do, and to do well,
That my laſt act the beſt may paralell. *Exit.*

Enter Diocleſian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon, *meeting* Artemia; *attendants.*

Art. Glory and Conqueſt ſtill attend upon
Triumphant *Cæſar.*
Dioc. Let thy wiſh (fair daughter)
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence *Maximinus*,
Whoſe power, with mine united, makes one *Cæſar.*
Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds conſider'd in which we ſtand tied,
As love, and Empire, I ſhould ſay, till now
I nere had ſeen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Miſtreſſe.
Art. Sir, you ſhew your ſelf
Both Courtier and Souldier; but take heed,
Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harſh refuſall in my ſervant,
Cannot dart forth ſuch beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter ſuch a powerfull one,
That with a pleaſing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of Ice; love ſtill is love,
His Bow and Arrows are the ſame; great *Iulius*,
That to his ſucceſſors let the name of *Cæſar*,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large Plains of *Pharſalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carkaſſes of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew

No other Lord but him, ſtruck deep in years too,
(And men gray hair'd forget the luſts of youth)
After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
A ſuppliant to the Magick of her eye,
Even in his pride of conqueſt, took him captive;
Nor are you more ſecure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
(But by the gods you are moſt excellent)
Your gravity and diſcretion would orecome me,
And I ſhould be more proud in being a priſoner
To your fair virtues, then of all the honours,
Wealth, title, Empire, that my ſword hath purchas'd.

Dioc. This meets my wiſhes: welcome it, *Artemia*,
With out-ſtretch'd arms, and ſtudy to forget
That *Antoninus* ever was; thy fate
Reſerv'd thee for this better choice, embrace it.

Ep. This happy match brings new nerves to give ſtrength
To our continued league.

Maced. *Hymen* himſelf
Will bleſſe this marriage, which we will ſolemnize
In the preſence of theſe Kings.

Pon. Who reſt moſt happy,
To be eye-witneſſes of a match that brings
Peace to the Empire.

Dioc. We much thank your loves:
But where's *Sapritius* our Governour,
And our moſt zealous Provoſt, good *Theophilus?*
If ever Prince were bleſt in a true ſervant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they, and we, ſtand far ingag'd to cheriſh
His piety and ſervice.

Art. Sir, the Governour
Brooks ſadly his ſons loſſe, although he turn'd
Apoſtata in death; but bold *Theophilus*,
Who, for the ſame cauſe, in my preſence ſeal'd
His holy anger on his daughters hearts.
Having with tortures firſt tried to convert her,

Drag'd the bewitching Chriſtian to the ſcaffold,
And ſaw her looſe her head.
Dio. He is all worthy,
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how ſhe ſuffer'd.
Art. 'Twill be deliver'd
With ſuch contempt and ſcorn (I know his nature)
That rather 'twill beget your highneſſe laughter,
Then the leaſt pitie.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Dioc. To that end I would hear it.
Art. He comes, with him the governour.
Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tenderneſſe;
But yet remembring that you are a father,
I will forget it: good *Theophilus*,
I will ſpeak with you anone: nearer your ear.
to Sapritius.
The. By *Antoninus* ſoul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendſhip,
Without demanding what's the cauſe that moves me,
Receive my ſignet, by the power of this,
Go to my priſons, and releaſe all Chriſtians
That are in fetters there by my command.
Mac. But what ſhall follow?
The. Haſte then to the port,
You there ſhall find two tall ſhips ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor diſtreſſed ſouls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny;
Enquire not whither you are bound, the Diety
That they adore will give you proſperous winds,
And make your voyage ſuch, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travel: leave me here;
There is a ſcene that I muſt act alone.
Haſte good *Macrinus*, and the great God guide you.
Mac. Ile undertak't, there's ſomething prompts me
to it,

'Tis to ſave innocent blood, a Saint-like act;
And to be mercifull, has never been
By mortal men themſelves eſteemed a ſin. *Exit Mac.*
Dioc. You know your charge.
Sap. And will with care obſerve it.
Dioc. For I profeſſe, he is not *Cæſars* friend,
That ſheds a tear for any torture that
A Chriſtian ſuffers: welcome, my beſt ſervant,
My carefull zealous Provoſt, thou haſt toild
To ſatisfie my will, though in extreams,
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling:
Prithee deliver, and for my ſake do it,
Without exceſſe of bitterneſſe, or ſcoffes,
Before my brother and theſe Kings, how took
The Chriſtian her death.
The. And ſuch a preſence
Though every private head in this large room
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crown,
Her ſtory will deſerve, it is ſo full
Of excellency and wonder.
Dioc. Ha! how's this?
The. O mark it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an Embaſſie from heaven
By a wing'd Legate; for the truth delivered,
Both how and what this bleſſed virgin ſuffered:
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will riſe up with reverence; and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
Which lying *Greece* ſo boaſts of; your own Matrons,
Your *Roman* Dames, whoſe figures you yet keep
As holy relicks, in her hiſtory
Will find a ſecond Urn: *Gracchus*, *Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in death deſir'd to follow
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*,
That ſwallow'd burning coles to overtake him,
Though all their ſeveral worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.
Max. Is he mad?

Dioc. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly.
This did no more.
The. They out of deſperation,
Or for vain glory of an after name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous ſons,
As the raſh *Gracchi* were; nor was this Saint
A doting mother, as *Cornelia* was:
This loſt no husband, in whoſe overthrow
Her wealth and honour ſunk, no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but aiming
At an immortall crown, and in his cauſe
Who onely can beſtow it, who ſent down
Legions of miniſtring Angels to bear up
Her ſpotleſs ſoul to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celeſtial muſick, equall to
The motion of the ſpheres, ſhe uncompel'd
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*
You were preſent at her death, did you ere heare
Such raviſhing ſounds?
Sap. Yet you ſaid then it was witchcraft,
And divelliſh illuſions.
The. I then heard it
With ſinfull ears, and belch'd out blaſphemous words
Againſt his Dietie, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.
Dio. Why doſt thou now? Or dar'ſt thou in our hearing?
The. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burſt with rage ſhould they but hear it,
Though hell to aid their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would ſpeak, and ſpeak again, and boldly;
I am a Chriſtian, and the powers you worſhip
But dreams of fools and madmen.
Max. Lay hands on him.
Dioc. Thou twice a child (for doting age ſo makes thee)

Thou could'ſt not elſe, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almoſt paſſed through in the laſt moment,
Deſtroy what ere thou haſt done good or great;
Thy youth did promiſe much, and grown a man,
Thou madeſt it good, and with encreaſe of years
Thy actions ſtill better'd: as the Sun
Thou didſt riſe glorioufly, keptſt a conſtant courſe
In all thy journey, and now in the evening,
When thou ſhouldſt paſs with honour to thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sap. Yet confeſs
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Do, no way is left elſe,
To ſave thy life, *Theophilus*.

Dio. But refuſe it,
Deſtruction as horrid and as ſuddain
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell ſtood open,
And thou wert ſinking thither.

The. Hear me yet,
Hear for my ſervice paſt.

Art. What will he ſay?

The. As ever I deſerv'd your favour, hear me,
And grant one boon, 'tis not for life I ſue for;
Nor is it fit, that I, that nere knew pitie
To any Chriſtian, being one my ſelf,
Should look for any: no, I rather beg
The utmoſt of your cruelty; I ſtand
Accomptable for thouſand Chriſtians deaths;
And were it poſſible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An eaſie pennance, and I ſhould paſſe through
A gentle cleanſing fire; but that denied me,
It being beyond the ſtrength of feeble nature,
My ſute is, you would have no pitie on me:
In mine own houſe there are a thouſand engines

Of ſtudied crueltie, which I did prepare
For miſerable Chriſtians, let me feel,
As the Sicilian did his Brazen Bull,
The horridſt you can find, and I will ſay
In death that you are mercifull.
Dioc. Deſpair not,
In this thou ſhalt prevail; go fetch 'em hither:
Some go for the rack.
Death ſhall put on a thouſand ſhapes at once,
And ſo appear before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy fleſh with burning pinſors torn, ſhall feed
The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'le ſupply
In puniſhing thy mind: fetch all the Chriſtians
That are in hold and here, before his face,
Cut 'em in pieces.
The. 'Tis not in thy power,
It was the firſt good deed I ever did;
They are remov'd out of thy reach; how ere
I was determin'd for my ſins to die,
I firſt took order for their liberty,
And ſtill I dare thy worſt.
Dioc. Bind him I ſay,
Make every artery and ſinew crack,
The ſlave that makes him give the loudeſt ſhrike,
Shall have ten thouſand Drachms: wretch I'le force thee
To curſe the power thou worſhip'ſt.
The. Never, never,
No breath of mine ſhall ever be ſpent on him,
They torment him.
But what ſhall ſpeak his Majeſty or mercy:
I am honour'd in my ſufferings; weak tormentors,
More tortures, more: alas you are unskilfull,
For heavens ſake more, my breaſt is yet untorn:
Here purchaſe the reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool, here are arms yet, and thighs,
Spare no part of me.

Max. He endures beyond
The ſufferance of a man.
Sap. No ſigh nor groan
To witneſſe he has feeling.
Dioc. Harder villains.

Enter Harpax.

Har. Unleſſe that he blaſpheme, he's loſt for ever:
If torments ever could bring forth deſpair,
Let theſe compell him to it: oh me
My ancient enemies again. *falls down.*

Enter Dorothea *in a white Robe, Crowns upon her Robe, a Crown upon her head, lead in by the Angel,* Antoninus, Caliſte, *and* Chriſteta, *following all in white, but leſſe glorious, the Angel with a Crown for him.*

The. Moſt glorious Viſion,
Did ere ſo hard a bed yeeld man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you bleſſed ſpirits, and make haſt
To take that Crown of immortality
You offer to me; death, till this bleſt minute
I never thought thee ſlow pac'd, nor could I
Haſten thee now, for any pain I ſuffer,
But that thou keepſt me from a glorious wreath,
Which, through this ſtormy way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with humility wear it.
Oh now I feel thee, bleſſed ſpirits I come,
And witneſſe for me all theſe wounds and ſcars,
I die a ſouldier in the Chriſtian wars. *dies.*
Sap. I have ſeen thouſands tortur'd, but ne're yet
A conſtancy like this.
Har. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haſte to thy place appointed, curſed fiend,
In ſpite of hell this ſouldier's not thy prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that haſt loſt the day.
Exit Angelo, the divell ſinks with lightning.
Dio. I think the center of the earth be crackt,
Yet I ſtand ſtill unmov'd, and wil go on;
The perſecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence ſhall run.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

FINIS.

Brittannia's Honor:

Brightly Shining in ſeuerall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE,

At his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Honourable Citty of *London*, on Wedneſday, October the 29th. 1628.

At the particular Coſt, and Charges of the Right Worſhipfull, Worthy, and Ancient Society of *Skinners*.

Mart. lib. 7, Ep, 5. *Rurſus Io, Magnos clamat noua-Troia Triumphos.*

Inuented by THO. DEKKER.

Imprinted at *London* by *Nicholas Okes* and *Iohn Norton*. 1628.

To the Right Hono-

rable *Richard Deane* Lord Maior of the moſt Renowned Citty of *London*: And to the two worthy Sheriffes, Mr. *Rowland Backhouſe*, and Mr. *William Acton*.

Honorable Prætor:
Noble Conſuls.

YOu *are* (this Yeare) *the* Subiect *of my Verſe*,
In You *lye hid the* Fires *which heate my Braines*,
To you, my Songs Triumphant I rehearſe:
From you, *a* thankes *brings in a golden Gaines*,
Since You *are then the* Glory *of my Muſe*,
But You, *whom can ſhee for her* Patrons *chuſe?*

Whilſt I reſt,

Deuoted

To your Lordſhip,

And Worſhips

In all ſeruice,

Tho. Dekker.

Brittannia's Honor:

Brightly ſhining in feuerall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE, at his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Honorable Citty of *London*, on Wenſday the 29. of *October*. 1628.

WHat *Honor* can bee greater to a *Kingdome*, than to haue a *Citty* for *beauty*, able to match with the *Faireſt* in the World? A *Citty*, *renowned* Abroad, *admired* at Home. *London*, and her Royall Daughter (*Weſtminſter*) are the *Repreſentatiue* body of the *general State*; for, here our *Kings* and *Queenes* keepe their Courts; heere are our *Princes*, the *Peeres*, *Nobility*, *Gentry*, Lords *Spirituall* and *Temporall*, with the Numerous *Communalty*.

London in Forraine Countries is called the *Queene* of Cities, and the *Queene-mother* ouer her owne. She is her Kings *Chamber-royall*, his *Golden-Key*: His *Store-houſe*; The *Magazine* of *Merchandize*; the *Miſtris* of *Sciences*; a *Nurſe* to all the *Shieres* in *England*.

So famous ſhee is for her *Buildings*, that *Troy* has leap'd out of her own Cinders, to build Her Wals. So *remarkable* for *Priority* and *Power*, that *hers* is the Maſter-wheele of the whole Kingdome: As *that* moues, ſo the *maine* Engine works.

London is *Admirall* ouer the *Nauy royall* of Cities: And as ſhe ſayles, the whole *Fleete* of them keepe their courſe.

Fully to write downe all the *Titles*, *Stiles*, and *Honors* of this our *Metropolis*, would weary a 1000. pennes: *Apollo* ſhall haue a *New* Garland of *Bayes*, to vndertake it.

As thus in State, ſhee her ſelfe is *Glorious*; ſo haue all our Kings held it fit to make her chiefe *Ruler* eminent, and anſwerable to her *greatneſse*. The *Prætorian* Dignity is therefore come from the ancient *Romans*, to inueſt with Robes of Honor, our *Lord Maior* of *London*: Their *Conſuls* are our *Sheriefes*; their *Senators* our *Aldermen*.

The extention of a Lord Maiors power, is euery yeare to bee ſeene both by Land and Water: Downe as low as *Lee* in *Eſſex*: Vp, as high as *Stanes* in *Middleſex*: In both which places, he keepes perſonall Courts. His Houſe is a *Chancery*: He the *Chancellor* to mittigate the fury of Law: Hee the *Moderator* betweene the griping *Rich* and the wrangling *Poore*.

All the *City-Orphans* call him *Father*: All the Widdowes call him their *Champion*. His *Table* lyes ſpread to *Courtiers*, and *Free* to all Gentlemen of faſhion.

More to Proclaime his Greatneſſe, what *Vice-roy* is inſtall'd with louder popular acclamations? What *Deputie* to his Soueraigne goes along with ſuch *Triumphes*? To behold them, *Kings*, *Queenes*, *Princes*, and *Embaſſadors* (from all parts of the World) haue with Admiration, reioyced.

Theſe *Triumphall paſsages* are full of *Magnificence* for State, *Munificence* for Coſt, and *Beneficence* for doing good. For, beſides all the twelue *Companies*, (euery one of which is a gayner by this imployment:) it would puzzle a good memory to reckon vp all thoſe *Trades-men* (with other extraordinary Profeſſions which liue not in the City) who get money by this Action.

Then by this meanes, are euery Yeare added to thoſe that were before, three Faire, Spacious, and Pallacious Houſes, Beautified, Painted, and Adorned.

The Lord Maior of *London* (like a Prince) hath likewiſe his Variety of Noble Recreations: As Hunting, Shooting, Wraſtling, before him, and ſuch like.

Thus hauing (as it were in Lantſchip) a farre off ſhewne you the Toppes onely of our *City-Buildings*; and in a little Picture drawne the Face of her *Authority*, giuing but a glimpſe of her *Prætor* as hee paſſes by; let mee now open a Booke to you, of all thoſe Ceremonies, which this great *Feſtiuall* day hath prouided to Attend vppon him, and doe him Honor.

The firſt Shew, is called a Sea-Confort.

The firſt Salutation being on the Water, is furniſhed with Perſons and Properties fitting the quality of that Element. An Artificiall *Rocke* therefore is queintly contriued: On whoſe higheſt Aſcent ſits *Amphitrite* Queene of the Seas, habited to her State; a Mantle frindg'd with ſiluer croſſing her Body: Her hayre long, and diſheuelled, on her head, a phantaſticke dreſſing made out of a Fiſhes writhen ſhell, interwouen with Pearle, the ſhell is ſiluer, on the top of it ſtands an Artificiall mooving Tortoyſe: On each ſide of her, ſwimme two *Mermaides*. Theſe two intic'd by the variety of ſeuerall inſtruments (ecchoing to one another) haue followed the Sea-Soueraigne, and waite vppon her, as Maides of Honor.

Round about the Rocke are Sea-Nimphes, and in places conuenient for them are beſtowed our three famous Riuers, *Humber*, *Trent*, and *Seuerne*, aptly attired according to the quality of ſuch Marine Perſons, who play vpon Cornets.

Amphitryte is the Speaker. From whom are *deliuered thefe lines.*

HAile *worthy* Prætor, (*Haile Graue* Senators)
The Queene *of* Waues (*leauing Gray* Neptunes *Bowres*)
Waites here (Faire Lord) *to ferue you.* Fames *Report,*
(*So farre as old* Oceanus *Chriſtall Court*)
What Tryumphes Ceremony *forth would Call*
To Swell *the Ioyes of This* Grand Feſtiuall,
Intic'de me with my Mermaydes *and a* Traine
Of Sea-Nymphes *hither. Here* (*this day*) *ſhall Reigne*
Pleaſures in State Maieſticke: *And to lend*
A brighter Splendor to them, do Attend
Three of my Nobleſt Children, Humber, Trent,
And Seuerne (*Glorious made by Puniſhment.*)
The Siluer-footed Thames (*my eldeſt ſonne*)
To Grace your Tryumphes, *by your* Barge *ſhall runne.*
Your Fortunes (*led by a white-handed* Fate
Vp to this High Fame) *I Congratulate*:
Glad am I to behold you Thus Set Round
With Glories. Thus with Acclamations Crownd,
So Circled, and Hembd in, on Euery ſide
With Ecchoing Muſicke, Fiſhes euen take pride
To Swimme along, and liſten, Goe, and Take
The Dignity *ſtayes for you, Whilſt I make*
Smooth way Before you, on This Glaſsy Floore,
Vſhering your glad Arriuall to the Shore.
To Honors Temple *now you haue not farre,*
Hye, and Come backe more Great *than yet you Are.*
On,

And ſo the Cornets playing one to Another, they goe forward. If her *Maieſtie* be pleaſed on the Water, or Land, to Honor Theſe Tryumphes with her Preſence; This following Speech in *French* is then

deliuered to her, with a Booke of the Preſentations, All the Couer, being ſet thicke with *Flowre de Luces* in Gold.

MADAME,

VOicy, maintenant les Quatre Elements qui vos Attendent pour vous faire Honneur. L'eau eſt Couverte de Triomphes flottans, pour Dancer en L'Air: E' L'Air eſt Remply de Mille Echos, & Retentit de la doulce Muſique, que leur voix reſonne, pour Attirer vos oreilles fauorables à les Eſcouter. Puis vous auez ſur la Terre dix mille Mains qui vous Applaudiſſent pour Ioy & Allegreſſe quelles reſſentent de voir voſtre Maieſte dans la Ville. L'Element du Feu, Bruit & Tonne voſtre Bien Venue. Vos Subjects accourent à grand Foulle, rauis de voir les Graces qui ont choiſi leur Throſne ſur voſtre Front. Toutes les Delices d'Amour ſe Iouënt ſur vos paupieres, La Roſe d'Angleterre, & les Fleurs de lis de France S'entrebaiſent ſur le Vermeil de vos Iouës. Soyez Saine comme le printemps, Glorieuſe comme L'Eſte, Autant Fructeuſe que la vigne. Que Seurte guarde, & Enuironne voſtre Chariot le Iour: Et le Sommeil dore Dreſſe & orne voſtre Chambre de Nuict. Viuez longuement: Viuez Heureuze: Viuez aimee, & Cherie. Bonte vous guarde; Vertu vous Couronne; Et les Anges vous guident.

Thus Engliſhed.

ROYALL LADY,

BEhold, the foure *Elements* waite vpon you to do you Honor: *Water* hath prouided Floating Tryumphes to Dance in the *Aire*: In the *Aire* are a Thouſand Ecchoes with Muſick in their Mouthes, to Intice you to heare them: On the Shore ſhall ten thouſand paire of hands giue you Plaudits in the *Citty*: The Element of *Fire*, Thunders aloud your

welcomes. Thronges of Subjects here, are glad to ſee the *Graces* Inthroand on your *Forehead*: All the *Delicacies* of *Loue*, playing on your *Eye-lids*, The *Roſes* of *England*, and the *Lillies* of *France*, Kiſſing one Another on your *Cheekes*. Be you healthfull as the *Spring*; Glorious as *Summer*: Fruitfull as the *Vine*: Safety runne along your *Chariot* by Day; *Golden Slumbers* dreſſe vp your *Chamber* at Night.

Liue long, *Goodneſse* Guard you,
Liue happy, *Vertues* Crowne you,
Liue beloude; *Angels* Guide you.

The ſecond Preſentation, *New Troyes Tree of Honor.*

A *Perſon* in a rich *Romane* Antique Habit, with an ornament of Steeples, Towers, and Turrets on her head, Sits in a queint Arbor, Interwouen with ſeuerall Branches of Flowers.

In her *Left* hand, ſhe holds a golden Truncheon (leaning on the ground) to ſhew that ſhees a *Leader & Conductresse* of a *Mighty People*: Her *Right Hand* (thruſting through the *Arbor*) takes hold of a Tree, out of which ſpread *Twelue Maine* and *Goodly Branches.*

This *Lady* (thus ſitting) Repreſents *London*: The Tree (guarded, and ſupported by her) The 12. *Superior Companies.*

Vpon euery particular *Branch*, is beſtowed the *Armes* of ſome One of the *Twelue*, expreſt in the True Cullors within a faire ſhield. The higheſt *Branch* of all (as ouer-topping the Reſt at *This Time*) bearing the *Armes* of the *Skinners* in a more large and glorious *Eſcuchion.*

Among the *Leaues* in the *Top*, is a *Tablet*, in which is written, in letters of gold, *Viuite Concordes*, *Liue in Loue*: or *Agree in one.*

Ouer the Perſon, Repreſenting *London*, is likewiſe Inſcribed in golden Capitals, This,

Me cunctus Lauro perducit ad aſtra Triumphus.

Each Triumph Crown'd with Bayes,
Mee to the Starres does raize.

In places conuenient, and in a Triangular forme, vnder the twelue branches of the Tree, are ſeated *Minerua*, (Inuentreſſe and Patroneſſe of Artes, Handy-crafts, and Trades) in Ornaments proper to her quality: And not farre from her, is *Bellona* goddeſſe of Warre, in a Martiall habit, on her head a Helme and Plume, in her hands a golden Speare and Shield, with *Meduſaes* head. Heereby intimating, that both *Artes* and *Armes*, are (in a high degree and fulneſſe of honor,) nurc'd vp and maintain'd by and in the City: And, that either of them flouriſh brauely vnder the ſhaddow and protection of the *twelue Branches*, ſhooting forth from that. *New Troy's Tree of Honor.*

Vpon a border of Flowers, incloſing this Tree, are fitly beſtowed the *Armes* of as many of the inferior Companies in leſſe Eſcucheons, as for the quantity of roome, can there be hanſomely placed.

Within the ſame Border, (where leſſe Trees alſo grow) are preſented *Peace*, *Religion*, *Ciuill Gouernment*, *Iuſtice*, *Learning*, *Induſtry*, and cloſe to *Induſtry*, *Honor*. For as all theſe are golden Columnes, to beare vp the *Glories* of the City, ſo is the City an indulgent and carefull Mother, to bring vp them to their Glories. And as theſe twelue *Noble Branches* couer theſe Perſons, (as it were with the wings of Angels,) ſo the Perſons watch day and night to defend the twelue *Branches*.

Theſe Perſons are adorned fitting their ſtate and condition, and hold ſuch properties in their hands, as of right belong vnto them.

1. *Peace* hath a *Doue* on her fiſt, and a Palme-tree Branch in her hand.

2. *Religion* is in a white glittering roabe, with a Coronet of Starres on her head, holding in one hand,

a Booke open, in the other, a golden ladder, (embleme of prayer, by whoſe ſteppes wee climbe to Heauen.)

3. *Ciuill Gouernment* is in a roabe full of eyes, and a Dyall in her hand to expreſſe her Vigilance: For ſhee muſt watch euery houre, and keepe all eyes open, yet all little enough.

4. *Iuſtice* holds a Sword.

5. *Learning* a Booke, and a *Iacobs* Staffe.

6. *Induſtry*, a golden Hammer, and a Sea-mans Compaſſe, as taking paines to get wealth, both by Sea and Land.

7. *Honor* ſits in Scarlet.

The Perſon, in whom is figured *London*, is the *Speaker, who thus ſalutes his Lordſhip.*

TEn thouſand welcomes Greete you on the ſhore,
(My long expected Prætor,*) O before*
You looke on Others, fixe your eyes on Mee,
On Mee, *your ſecond* Mother, (London.) Shee
Whom all Great Brittaines *Cities, ſtile their Queene,*
For ſtill I am, and haue her Darling *beene.*
The Chriſtian World, in Me, *reads* Times *beſt ſtories,*
And Reading, *fals blind at my dazling Glories,*
But now the Snow *of age, couers my head:*
As therefore you, by Mee *haue vp bin bred,*
You (Sir) *muſt* Nurſe *me* now: *With a quicke eye*
View then my Tree *of* Honor, *branching high*
For hundreds of paſt yeares, with 12. *large Stems,*
Twelue *Noble* Companies, *which like* 12. *Iems*
So ſhine, they adde new Sun-beames *to the Day:*
Guard all theſe 12. maine-Boughes; *but you muſt lay*
A ſoft hand, on the Topping-branch, *for there*
(*Thriue the* Roote well) *your Selfe grows al this yeare:*
The leſſer *twigges which lowly runne along*
My tall Trees-Border, *you muſt ſhield from wrong,*
There the poore Bee, (*the ſweating Trades-man*) *flies*
From Flower *to* Flower, *and home with* Honey *hyes.*
With me Minerua, *and* Bellona *come,*

For Artes *and* Armes, *must at your Board haue roome,*
Your Gates will ſpred, the Rich *to entertaine,*
But whilſt the Mighty ones *within remaine,*
And feaſt: Remember *at the fame* Gate *ſtands*
The Poore, *with crying Papers in their hands,*
To watch when Iuſtice *vp the Glaſſe ſhall turne,*
Let thoſe ſands runne, the Poore can neuer mourne.
Place in your eyes two Beacons; to deſcry
Dangers farre off, which ſtrike ere home they flie;
Kiſſe Peace; *let* Order *euer ſteere the Helme,*
Lift-handed Rule, *a* State *does ouer-whelme.*
You are your Soueraignes Gardner *for one yeare,*
The Plot *of* Ground, *y'are truſted with, lies here,*
(*A* Citty,) *and your* care *muſt all bee ſpent,*
To prune and dreſſe the Tree *of* Gouernment.
Lop off Diſorders, Factions, Mutiny,
And Murmurations *againſt thoſe ſit high,*
May your yeares laſt day, end *as this beginnes,*
Sphær'd in the loues of Noble Citizens.

Our third preſentation is call'd, *The Glory of Furres.*

THis is a *Chariot Triumphant*, garniſhed with Trophies of Armors. It is drawne by two *Luzernes*, The Supporters of the Skinners Armes. On the two *Luzernes* ride two Antickes, who dance to a Drum beating before them, there aptly placed. At the vpper end of this Chariot, in the moſt eminent Seate, carrying the proportion of a Throne, are aduanced a *Ruſſian Prince* and *Princeſſe*; richly habited in Furres, to the cuſtome of the Country.

1. Vnder them, ſits an old Lord, Furred vp to his chin in a ſhort cloake.
2. By him, a Lady with Martin skinnes about her necke, and her hands in a Muffe.
3. Then, a *Iudge* in Robes Furred.
4. Then, an Vniuerſity *Doctor*, in his Robes furred.

5. Then, a *Frow* in a ſhort furred Caſſocke, girt to her.

6. Then a *Skipper* in a furred Cap.

In all theſe Perſons, is an implication of the neceſſary, ancient, and general vſe of *Furres*, from the higheſt to the loweſt.

On the Top of this Throne, (at the foure corners) are erected the *Armes* of the *Citty*, in foure Pendants: On the point of the fore front, a large ſquare Banner plaies with the wind, which *Fame* (who is in this Chariot,) holds in her hand, as ſhe ſtands vpright, *Being the Speaker.*

FAme's *turne is now to Speake*; *for who but* Fame
Can with her thouſand tongues abroad Proclaime,
Your this dayes Progreſſe (*riſing like the Sunne,*)
Which through the yearely Zodiacke *on muſt runne.*
Fame *hath brought hither from great* Moſco's *Court,*
(*The ſeauen-mouth'd* Volga, *ſpreading the report,*)
Two Ruſſian *Princes, who to feaſt their eies,*
With the rich Wonders of theſe rarities,
Ride in this glorious Chariot: *How amazde*
They looke, to ſee ſtreetes throng'd, and windowes glaz'd
With beauties, from whoſe eyes ſuch beames are ſent,
Here moues a ſecond ſtarry Firmament.
Much, on them, ſtartling admiration winnes,
To ſee theſe Braue, Graue, Noble Citizens,
So ſtream'd in multitudes, *yet* flowing *in State,*
For all their Orders *are* Proportionate.
Ruſſia, *now enuies* London, *ſeeing* (*here*) *ſpent*
Her richeſt Furres *in graceful ornament,*
More Braue, and more Abounding, than her owne:
A golden Pen he earnes, that can make knowne
The vſe of Furres, *ſo Great, ſo Generall,*
All men, may theſe, their Winter Armors call.
Th'inuention of warme Furres *the* Sunne *did fret,*
For Ruſſians *lap'd in theſe, ſlighted his heate,*
Which ſeene, his fiery Steedes he droue from thence,
And ſo the Muff *has dwelt in cold ere ſince.*

What royalties, adde Furres *to Emperors, Kings,*
Princes, Dukes, Earles, in the diſtinguiſhings,
Of all their feuerall Robes? *The* Furres *worne here,*
Aboue th' old Roman State *make* Ours *appeare:*
The reuerend Iudge, *and all that climbe the trees*
Of ſacred Artes, aſcend to their Degrees,
And by the colours chang'd of Furres *are knowne:*
What Dignity, each Corporation
Puts on by Furres, *witneſſe theſe infinite eyes,*
Thanke then the bringers of theſe Rarities.
I wiſh (Graue Prætor) *that as Hand in Hand,*
Plenty and Bounty bring you ſafe to Land,
So, Health may be chiefe Caruer at that Board,
To which you haſten. Bee as Good a Lord
I'th' eyes of Heauen, as this day you are Great
In Fames *applauſe: Hye to your Honor'd Seate.*

The fourth Preſentation is Called Brittannia's *Watch-Tower.*

THis is a Magnificent Structure, Aduancing it ſelfe from the Platforme, or Ground-worke vpward, with the Bewty of eight Antique Termes, By whoſe ſtrength is ſupported a Foure ſquare Building; The Toppe of which is a Watch-Tower, or Lanthorne, with eight Columnes of ſiluer: And, on the Higheſt poynt of this Watch-Tower, is Aduanced a Banner, bearing the Cullors of the Kingdome.

At foure Corners of the vpper Square, ſtand foure Pendants; In which are the Armes of the foure Companies of which his Lordſhip is Free.

At each end of this Platforme, ſtands a great *Corynthian Brazen Pillar*, on a *Pedeſtall of Marble.*

On the *Capitals* of thoſe Pillars, ſtand two *Angels*, in Poſtures ready to flye: holding Garlands of Victory in one hand, ſtucke with White and Red Roſes, and Branches of Palme in the other.

The Capitals and Baſes of the Pillars are Gold, and

are Emblemes of the two Houſes of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*; once diuided, but now Ioyned into One Glorious Building, to Support this Royal Kingdom, & Conſequently This Citty.

At Night, in place of the *Angels*, are ſet two Great Lights: and ſo is the Watch-Tower at that Time, Filld with lighted Tapers.

Vpon the ſame Square, in foure ſeuerall Places, are Aduanced foure ſtately Pyramides, being Figures, of the foure Kingdomes Embelliſhed with Eſcutcheons.

In the vpper ſeate of all (faſhioned into a *Throne*) is placed *Britannia*, Maieſtically attirde, fitting to her Greatneſſe.

Beneath Her, and round about her, are theſe Perſons: *viz. Magnanimity* with a drawne Sword.

A Shipwright with a Mallet, holding a Scutcheon, in which is drawne a Ship vnder ſayle. Then,

A perſon repreſenting *Victory*, with a Palme Tree.

Prouidence with a Trumpet, ready to Foreſee Dangers, and awaken Men to meete them.

All Theſe haue bene, and ſtill are, Watch-Towers, and Lanthornes, in the Nights of Feare and Trouble, to Guard the Kingdome, and in the Kingdome, This Citty.

In other Eminent places are ſeated ſome of thoſe Kinges of *England* (in Robes Ermynd) whoſe loues and Royall fauors, in former times were Watch-Towers to Grace *London*, ſtucke full with the Beames and Lights of Honors, Titles, Offices, Magiſtracies and Royalties, which they Beſtowed vpon Her.

Edward Confeſſor, called *Londons* Chiefe Ruler, a Port-reue.

Richard I. appointed two Bayliffes ouer *London*.

King *John* gaue the Citty a Lord Maior and two Sheriffes.

Henry 3. added Aldermen.

Theſe were Tender ouer the Renowne of the Citty, and ſtill heaped on her head, Royalties vpon Royalties.

And albeit moſt of our Kinges, haue in moſt of all of the twelue Companies, Entred their Names, as Free of the Societies, thereby to Royallize their Brotherhoods: And that many of our Kinges likewiſe, beſides Princes and Great Perſonages, haue bin Free of *This Company*, whoſe Names I forbeare to ſet downe, becauſe they haue in former yeeres beene fully expreſt: yet no Company, did euer, or can hereafter, receiue ſuch Graces from Kinges, as This *Antient*, and *Honord Corporation* of *Skinners*, hath had, and ſtill haue, In regard that All our Kinges and Princes, ſit in their high Courts of Parliament in Robes Ermynd, (being the richeſt Furre) the workemanſhip of which goes through the *Skinners* fingers, wearing likewiſe vnder their Crownes, *Royall Caps* of Honor Ermynd.

Three of ſuch Crownes, beeing the rich *Armes* of *This Company*, thereby expreſſing aſwell their Honor, as Antiquity.

Britannia deliuers thus much.

SHall the Proud wife of Neptune, *or ſhrill* Fame,
Or Troynouant *herſelfe, Ring out your Name*:
And I be Dumbe, or ſparing, to Sound high,
The Glories of This Day? No, They ſhall Fly
Like Soaring Eagles, to That Curled Maine
Whoſe Head my Rocky Bridle, In does Reyne:
The Great Britannia, *Bred you in her Wombe,*
Heare then a Mothers *Counſell*; *You are Come*
Aboard a Goodly Ship, *where all your State,*
Fame, Honor *and* Renowne (*Imbarqu'd*) *muſt waite*
The voyage of twelue Moones. High Admirall
You are to All That Fleete, *which* Thus *you Call*
To ſayle in This vaſt Ocean. Nor muſt you
Walke Heartleſſe on the Hatches, Theres a New
State-Navigation, to be ſtudied Now,
With an High-rear'd, Vndant-ed Fixed Brow

Be ſure to haue Braue Ordnance, *and Chargd well*;
In this your Ship, Truſt None, For Officers Sell
Their Captaines Truſt; let None but your owne Eyes,
Rule Chart and Compaſſe, There your Safety lyes.
Your Owne Hands ſteere the Helme, But strongly Steere,
And ſpite of ſtormes, be ſtoute when you stand There.
Embleme of Mercy! Your Keene ſword does ſleepe,
But why a Sword, if not to Kill, and Keepe
Vices (*like Slaues*) *in Awe*? Fulneſſe *of* Wine
Is a Fowle Dropſie, That and Lust Entwine:
Pride *a Swolne Timpany*, Sloth, *the Beggars Goute*,
(*In Tradeſmens Hands and Feete, It runnes about,*)
No Cure for this.! Oathes thicke as Small-ſhot flye
From Children, No Defence to Put this by!
You May, you Muſt. I Counſell not, but Reade
A Leſſon of my loue; *By which Loue led*
Ile on, and Bring you to your Honord Chaire,
Whilst Aues (*Round about you*) *Dance i' th' Aire.*

The last Preſentation is called the Sun's Bower.

The vpper part of this, is adorned with ſeuerall Flowers, which interwouen together, dreſſe vp a comely *Greene Arbor*, in which the *Sunne* ſits, with golden Beames about his Face; an Attire glittering like gold; and a mantle bright as his garment, fringed with gold, his haire curled and yellow. About him are plac'd *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumne*, and *Winter*, in proper Habiliments. Beneath theſe, is a Wilderneſſe, in which are many ſorts of ſuch *Beaſts*, whoſe rich Skinnes ſerue for *Furres*: As the *Beare*, *Wolfe*, *Leopard*, *Luzerne*, *Cat-A-Mountaine*, *Foxes*, *Sables*, *Connies*, *Ferrets*, *Squirrels*, *&c.* Of theſe Beaſts, ſome are climbing, ſome ſtanding, ſome grinning, with liuely, naturall poſtures. In a Scrole, hanging on a Bough, This is written in Capitall letters.

Deus ecce Furentibus obſtat.

See, for all ſome Beaſts are fell,
There's one, that can their curſtneſſe quell.

Sol *is the* Speaker.

HEauens bright Orientall Gates I op'd this Morne,
And Hither wheeld my Chariot *to adorne*
Theſe ſplendors with my Beames: nere did the Sun,
In his Cæleſtiall Circle faſter runne
Than Now, to ſee theſe Sights: O how I ioy
To view a Kingdome, and a New-built Troy
So flouriſhing, ſo full, ſo faire, ſo deare
To th' Gods: they leaue Ioue's *Court to reuell here.*
All o're the World, I traueld in one Day,
Yet oft am forc'd to leaue my beaten way,
Frighted with Vproares, Battailes, Maſſacres,
Famines, *and all that Helliſh brood of Warres:*
I meete no Peace *but here. O bleſſed* Land!
That feest fires kindling round, and yet canſt ſtand
Vnburnt for all their flames; O Nation bleſt!
When all thy Neighbours ſhrike, none wound thy breſt.
To Crowne theſe ioyes, with me are come along,
The foure Lords of the yeare, who by a ſtrong
Knit Charme, bring in this goodly Ruſſian *prize,*
As earneſt of a more rich Merchandize:
Halfe of our Race, Time, and my Houres haue runne,
Nor ſhall they giue o're till the Goale be wonne.

The *Sunne* at Night being couered with a vaile of *Darkneſſe*: The Perſon, repreſenting *London*, thus takes leaue.

THE Sunne is mantled in thicke Clouds of Blacke,
And by his hidden Beames, threatens the wracke
Of all theſe Glories: Euery pleaſure dyes
When Rauen-winged Night, from her Caue flyes;

None but theſe Artificiall Starres keepe fire
To Light you Home, theſe burne with a deſire
To lengthen your braue Triumphes ; but their heate
Muſt coole, and dye at length, tho ne're ſo Great.
Peace therefore guide you on : Reſt, charme your eyes,
And Honors waite to cheere you when you Riſe.

Let it be no Oſtentation in *Me* the Inuentor, to ſpeak thus much in praiſe of the workes, that for many yeares, none haue beene able to Match them for curioſity : They are not Vaſt, but Neate, and Comprehend as much Arte for Architecture, as can be beſtowed vpon ſuch little Bodies. The commendations of which muſt liue vppon Mr. *Gerard Chriſmas* the Father, and Mr. *Iohn Chriſmas* the Sonne.

FINIS.

Londons Tempe,

OR

THE FEILD OF HAPPINES.

In which Feild are planted ſeuerall Trees of magnificence, State and Bewty, to celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable *Iames Campebell*, at his Inauguration into the honorable Office of Prætorſhip or Maioralty of *London*, on Thurſday the 29. of October, 1629.

All the particular Inventions for the Pageants, Showes of Triumph, both by Water and Land, being here fully ſet downe. At the ſole Coſt, and liberall Charges of the Right worſhipfull Society of Ironmongers.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

Quando magis dignos licuit ſpectare triumphos.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE *IAMES CAMPEBELL, LORD MAIOR OF THE MOST RENOUNED CITTY* OF *LONDON.*

HONORABLE PRÆTOR,

The Triumphes which theſe few leaues of paper preſent to your vew (albeit their glories are but ſhort liued as glittering onely for a day), boldly ſhew their faces unto the eye of the world, as ſeruants attending on your Lordſhip onely to do you honor.

With much care, coſt, and curioſity, are they brought forth; and with exceeding greatneſſe of love, a free handed bounty of their purſe, a noble and generous alacrity of ſpirit, have your worthy fraternity, and much to be honored brotherhood of *Ironmongers* beſtowed them vpon you.

It much winnes vpon them to have ſuch a cheiſe, and you cannot but be glad to have ſuch a ſociety: by a free election are you *Londons Prætor*; the ſuffrages of commoners call you to your ſeate. A ſucceſſion to the place takes you by the hand, your induſtry hath met with bleſſings, thoſe bleſſings given you ability, and that ability makes you fit for a magiſtrate.

Yet there is a muſicke in your owne boſome whoſe ſtrings being touchd, yeilds as harmonious a ſound to

you as all theiſe, and that is to ſee your ſelfe heire to that patrician dignity with which your father was inueſted. It was an honor to him to weare that robe of ſcarlet ; it is a double glory to you, in ſo ſhort an age to haue his ſword borne before you.

You haue the voyce of ſenators breathing out your welcome, a confluence of grave citizens, adding ſtate to your ſtate. The acclamations of people vſhering you along. Whilſt I (the leaſt part of this triumphant day) ſpend ſuch ſand as I haue, to help to fill up the hour glaſſe, my ſeruice ronning.

Attending on your Lordſhip,

Thomas Dekker.

LONDONS TEMPE.

THERE it poſſible for a man, in the compaſſe of a day, to behold (as the ſunne does) all the citties in the world, as if he went with walking beames about him; that man ſhould neuer ſee in any part of the yeare, any citty ſo magnificently adorned with all ſorts of tryumphes, variety of muſicke, of brauery, of bewty, of feaſtings, of ciuill (yet rich) ceremonies, with gallant Lords and Ladies, and thronges of people, as London is inriched with, on the firſt day that her great Lord (or Lord Maior, for 'tis all one) takes that office upon him.

In former ages, he was not encompaſt with ſuch glories; no ſuch firmaments of ſtarres were to be ſeene in Cheapſide: Thames dranke no ſuch coſtly healthes to London as hee does now. But as Troy-nouant ſpread in fame, ſo our Engliſh kings ſhined vpon her with fauours.

In thoſe home-ſpun times, they had no collars of SS, no mace, ſword, or cap of maintenance; theſe came by degrees, as *additamenta honoris*, additions or enſignes of more honour, conferd by ſeuerall Princes on this Citty: for in the time of Edward Confeſſor, the chiefe Ruler of the Citty was called Reeue,

Greeue, or Portreeue. The next to him in authority; Prouoſt.

Then in the firſt of Richard I. two Bayliffes carried the ſway: this continued till the ninth of King Iohn, who by letters patents gaue the Citizens power yearely to chooſe themſelues a Lord Maior, and two Sheriffes.

Then King Henry the 3. made the firſt aldermen in London (yet the name of Ealdorman was knowne in the Saxons time, for Alwin in the reigne of Edgar was Alderman of all England, that is to ſay Chiefe Iuſtice:) and thoſe Aldermen of London had rule then (as now) ouer the wardes of the cittie, but were euerie year changed, as the ſhreiffes are in theſe dayes.

Then Edward I. ordained that the Lord Maior ſhould, in the kings abſence, ſit in all places within London as chiefe Iuſtice; and that euery Alderman that had bin Lord Maior, ſhould be a Iuſtice of peace for London and Middleſex all his life after.

Then in the reigne of Henry the 7. Sr. John Shaw, goldſmith, being Lord Maior, cauſed the aldermen to ride from the Guildhall to the water ſide, when he went to take his oath at Weſtminſter, (where before they rode by land thither): and at his returne to ride againe to the Guild-hall there to dine; all the kitchens, and other offices there, being built by him: ſince which time the feaſt has there bin kept, for before it was either at Grocers Hall, or the Merchant Taylors.

Thus ſmall rootes grow in time to cedars, ſhallow ſtreames to riuers, and a hand of gouernment to be the ſtrongeſt arme in a kingdome. Thus you ſee London in her meane attyre, then in robes maieſticall; and ſitting in that pompe, caſt your eye upon thoſe alluring obiects, which ſhe her ſelfe beholds with admiration.

The Firſt.

THE firſt ſcæne is a water-worke, preſented by Oceanus, king of the ſea, (from whoſe name the vniuerſall maine ſea is called the Ocean) he, to celebrate

the ceremonies and honors due to this great feſtiuall, and to ſhew the world his marine chariot, ſits triumphantly in the vaſt (but queint) ſhell of a ſiluer ſcollup, reyning in the heads of two wild ſea-horſes proportioned to the life, their maynes falling about their neckes, ſhining with curles of gold.

On his head, which (as his beard) is knotted, long, careleſly ſpred, and white, is placed a diadem, whoſe bottome is a conceited coronet of gold; the middle ouer that, is a coronet of ſiluer ſcollops, and on the top a faire ſpreading branch of corrall, interwouen thickly with pearle. In his right hand a golden trident, or three forked ſcepter.

His habit is antique, the ſtuffe, watchet and ſiluer; a mantle croſſing his body, with ſiluer waues, baſes and buſkins cut likewiſe at the top into ſiluer ſcollups, and in this language he congratulates his Lordſhip.

Oceanus his Speech.

Thus mounted, hither comes the king of waues,
Whoſe voyce charmes rougheſt billows into ſlaues,
Whoſe foote treades downe their necks with as much eaſe,
As in my ſhelly coach I reyne up theſe.
Lowd ecchoes cald me from my glittering throne,
To ſee the noble *Thameſis*,—a ſonne
To this my queene and me (*Tethys*) whoſe eare
Ne're jeweld up ſuch muſick as ſounds here:
For our vnfaddomed world, roares out with none
But horrid ſea-fights, nauies ouerthrowne;
Ilands halfe drowned in blood, pyrates pell mell,
Turkes ſlauiſh tugging oares, the *Dunkerk's* hell,
The *Dutchmans* thunder, and the *Spaniards* lightning,
To whom the ſulphures breath giues heate and heightning,
O! theſe are the dire tunes my conſort ſings.
But here! old *Thames* out-ſhines the beames of kings.

This Citty addes new glories to *Ioue's* court,
And to all you who to this hall reſort,
This *Lactea Via* (as a path) is giuen,
Being paued with pearle, as that with ſtarres in heauen.
I could (to ſwell my trayne) beckon the *Rhine*,
(But the wilde boare has tuſked up his vine) ;
I could ſwift *Volga* call, whoſe curld head lies
On ſeauen rich pillowes (but, in merchandize
The *Ruſſian* him imployes) : I could to theis
Call *Ganges*, *Nilus*, long-haird *Euphrates;*
Tagus, whoſe golden hands claſpe *Lifbone* walles,
Him could I call too,—but what neede theis calles?
Were they all here, they would weepe out their eyes,
Madde that new *Troys* high towers on tiptoe rize
To hit heauens roofe : madde to ſee *Thames* this day
(For all his age) in wanton windinges play
Before his new grave Prætor, and before
Theis Senators, beſt fathers of the poore.
That grand Canale, where (Stately) once a yeare
A fleete of bridall gondolets appeare,
To marry with a golden ring, (that's hurld
Into the ſea) that minion of the world,
Venice, to *Neptune*,—a poor lantſcip is
To theſe full braueries of *Thameſis.*
Goe therefore vp to *Cæſars* court, and clayme
What honours there are left to *Campebels* name,
As by diſent ; whilſt we tow vp a tyde,
Which ſhall ronne ſweating by your barges ſide ;
That done, *Time* ſhall *Oceanus'* name inroll,
For guarding you to *London's* capitoll.

The Second Preſentation.

THE inuention is a proud-ſwelling ſea, on whoſe waues is borne vp a Sea Lyon, as a proper and eminent body to marſhall in the following triumphes; in regard it is one of the ſupporters of the Eaſt Indian

Company, of which his lordſhip is free, and a great aduenturer. And theſe marine creatures, are the more fitly imployed, in regard alſo, that his Lordſhip is Maior of the Staple, Gouernour of the French Company, and free of the Eaſt-land Company.

On this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life) rides Tethys wife to Oceanus, and Queene of the Sea; for why ſhould the king of waues be in ſuch a glorious progreſſe without his Queene, or ſhe without him? They both therefore twin themſelues together to heighten theſe ſolemnities.

Her haire is long, and diſheuelled; on her head an antique ſea-tyre, encompaſt with a coronall of gold and pearle, her garments rich and proper to her quality, with a taffaty mantle fringed with ſiluer croſſing her body. Her right hand ſupporting a large ſtreamer in which are the *Lord Maiors* armes.

On each ſide of this Lyon, attend a Mermaid and Merman, holding two banners, with the armes of the two new Shrieues, ſeueral fiſhes ſwimming as it were about the border. And theſe two hauing diſpatched on the water, haſten to aduance themſelves on land.

The Third.

THE third ſhow is an Eſtridge, cut out of timber to the life, biting a horſe-ſhoe: on this bird rides an Indian boy, holding in one hand a long Tobacco-pipe, in the other a dart; his attire is proper to the country.

At the four angles of the ſquare, where the eſtridg ſtands, are plac'd a Turke, and a Perſian, a pikeman and a muſketeere.

The Fourth.

THE fourth preſentation is called the Lemnian ſforge. In it are Vulcan, the Smith of Lemnos, with his ſeruants (the Cyclopes), whoſe names are

Pyracmon, Brontes and Sceropes, working at the anuile. Their habits are waſtcoates and leather aprons: their hair blacke and ſhaggy, in knotted curles.

A fire is ſeene in the forge, bellowes blowing, ſome filing, ſome at other workes; thunder and lightning on occaſion. As the ſmiths are at worke, they ſing in praiſe of iron, the anuile and hammer: by the concordant ſtroakes and ſounds of which, Tuballcayne became the firſt inuentor of muſicke.

The Song.

Braue iron! braue hammer! from your ſound,
The art of Muſicke has her ground;
On the anuile thou keep'ſt time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a ſmiths beſt chyme.

Yet thwick-a-thwack,
Thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny ſinewes crack,
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickeſt barres be beaten flat.

We ſhooe the horſes of the ſunne,
Harneſſe the dragons of the moone,
Forge Cupid's quiuer, bow, and arrowes,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with ſparrowes.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Ioue's roaring cannons, and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helme, and ſpeare,
And Gorgon ſhield, are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which (ſhut) the day out-barres,
Thoſe golden ſtuddes which naile the ſtarres,

The globes caſe, and the axle-tree,
Who can hammer theſe but wee?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A warming-panne to heate earth's bedde,
Lying i' th' frozen zone halfe dead;
Hob-nailes to ſerve the man i' th' moone,
And ſparrowbils to cloute Pan's ſhoone,
Whoſe work but ours?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pannes,
We make, or elſe ſhe brawles and bannes:
Tonges, ſhouels, andirons haue their places,
Elſe ſhe ſcratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Cupid ſits in one place of this forge, on his head a curld yellow haire, his eyes hid in lawne, a bow and quiuer, his armour: wings at his backe; his body in light colours, a changeable ſilke mantle croſſing it; golden and ſiluer arrowes are euer and anone reached up to him, which he ſhootes vpward into the aire, and is ſtill ſupplied with more from the forge.

On the top ſits Ioue, in a rich antique habite, a long white reuerend hayre on his head, a beard long and curld: a mace of triple fire in his hand burning; who calling to *Vulcan*, this language paſſes betweene them.

Ioue. Ho, Vulcan.

Vul. Stop your hammers: what ayles Ioue?
We are making arrowes for my ſlip-ſtring ſonne.
Here, reach him thoſe two dozen; I muſt now
A golden handle make for my wifes fann:
Worke, my fine Smugges.

Ioue. Firſt heare: you ſhall not play,
The Fates would ſcold ſhould you keepe holiday.

Vul. What then?

Ioue. Command thy brawny-fiſted ſlaues to ſweate
At th' anuile, and to duſt their hammers beate,

To ſtuffe with thunder-bolts Ioue's armoryes,
For *Vices* (mountain-like) in black heapes rize.
My ſinewes cracke to fell them. Ideot pride
Stalkes vpon ſtilts; Ambition, by her ſide,
Climbing to catch ſtarres, breakes her necke i' th' fall;
The gallant roares; roarers drinke oathes and gall;
The beggar curſes: Auarice eates gold,
Yet ne're is fil'd; Learning's a wrangling ſcold;
Warre has a fatall hand; Peace, whoriſh eyes;
Shall not Ioue beat downe ſuch impieties?
If't not high time? if't not true juſtice then,
Vulcan, for thee and thy tough hammer-men
To beate thy anuile, and blow fires to flames,
To burne theſe broodes, who kill euen with their names?
Vul. Yes, Ioue, 'tis more then time.
Ioue. And what helpes this, but iron! O then, how high
Shall this great Troy, text up the memory
Of you her noble prætor, and all thoſe
Your worthy brotherhood, through whoſe care goes
That rare rich prize of iron to the whole land,
Iron, farre more worth than Tagus' golden ſand.
Iron! beſt of metals! pride of minerals!
Hart of the earth! hand of the world! which fals
Heavy when it ſtrikes home. By iron's ſtrong charmes
Ryots lye bound. Warre ſtops her rough allarmes.
Iron, earthquakes ſtrikes in foes: knits friends in loue;
Iron's that maine hinge on which the world doth moue;
No kingdomes globe can turne, euen, ſmooth, and round,
But that his axletree in iron is found:
For armies wanting iron are puffes of wind,
And but for iron, who thrones of peace would mind?
Were there no gold nor ſiluer in the land,

Yet nauigation (which on iron does ſtand),
Could fetch it in. Gold's darling to the ſunne,
But iron, his hardy boy, by whom is done
More then the t'other dare: the merchants gates
By iron barre out theeuiſh aſſaſſinates:
Iron is the ſhop-keeper's both locke and kay;
What are your courts of guard when iron's away?
How would the corne pricke up her golden eares,
But that iron plough-ſhares all the labour beares
In earth's ſtrange midwiffry? Braue iron! what praiſe
Deſerues it! more 'tis beate, more it obeyes;
The more it ſuffers, more it ſmoothes offence;
In drudgery it ſhines with patience.
This fellowſhip, was then, with judging eyes,
Vnited to the twelue great companies:
It being farre more worthy than to fill
A file inferiour. Yon's, the ſunn's guilt hill,
On too't, Loue guardes you on: Cyclopes, a ring
Make with your hammers, to whoſe muſicke ſing.

The Fift.

THe fift preſentation is called Londons Tempe, or the Field of Happineſſe; thereby reflecting upon the name of Campe-bell or *Le Beu Champe*, a faire and glorious field. It is an arbor ſupported by four great termes: on the four angles, or corners over the termes, are placed four pendants with armes in them.

It is round about furniſhed with trees and flowers: the vpper part with ſeuerall fruites, intimating that as London is the beſt ſtored garden in the kingdome for plants, herbes, flowers, rootes, and ſuchlike; ſo, on this day it is the moſt glorious citty in the Chriſtian world.

And therefore Tytan (one of the names of the ſun) in all his ſplendor, with Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver,

and Eſtas, are ſeated in this Tempe; on the top of all ſtands a lyon's head, being the Lord Maiors creſt.

Tytan being the ſpeaker, does in this language court his lordſhip to attention.

Tytan his Speech.

WElcome, great prætor: now heare Tytan ſpeak,
Whoſe beames to crowne this day, through clouds thus break.
My coach of beaten gold is ſet aſide,
My horſes to ambroſiall mangers tied;
Why is this done? why leaue I mine own ſphere?
But here to circle you for a whole yeare.
Embrace then Tytan's counſell: now ſo guide
The chariot of your ſway in a ivſt pace,
That all (to come hereafter) may with pride
Say, None like you did noblier quit the place;
Lower than now you are in fame, neuer fall;
Note me (the Sunne) who in my noone careere
Render a ſhadow, ſhort, or none at all;
And ſo, ſince Honor's zodiac is your ſphere,
A ſhrub to you muſt be the talleſt pine;
On poor and rich you equally muſt ſhine.
This if you doe, my armes ſhall euer ſpread
About thoſe roomes you feaſt in; from her head
Flora her garlands pluck (being queene of flowers),
To dreſs your parlors vp like ſummer's bowers.
Ceres lay golden ſheaffes on your full boord;
With fruit, you from Pomona ſhall be ſtoard;
Whilſt Ver and Eſtas (Spring and Summer), driue,
From this your Tempe, Winter, till he diue,
I' th' frozen zone, and Tytan's radiant ſhield
Guard Campbel's Beauchampe, London's faireſt field.

The Sixth and Laſt Preſentation.

THis is called Apollo's pallace, becauſe ſeuen perſons repreſenting the ſeuen liberal ſciences are

richly inthroned in this city. Thoſe ſeuen are in looſe roabes of ſeueral cullors, with mantles according, and holding in their hands eſcutcheons, with emblems in them proper to euery one quality.

The body of this worke is ſupported by twelue ſiluer columnes ; at the four angles of it, four pendants play with the wind ; on the top is erected a ſquare tower ſupported by four golden columnes, in euery ſquare is preſented the emboſ'd antique head of an emperour, figuring the four monarches of the world, and in them pointing at foure kingdomes.

Apollo is the chiefe perſon, on his head a garland of bayes, in his hand a lute. Some hypercriticall cenſurer perhaps will aſke, why hauing Tytan, I ſhould bring in Apollo, ſithence they both are names proper to the ſunne. But the youngeſt nouice in poetry can anſwer for me, that the ſunne when he ſhines in heauen is called Tytan, but being on earth (as he is here) we call him Apollo. Thus therefore Apollo tunes his voyce.

Apolloes Speech.

APollo neuer ſtucke in admiration till now, my Delphos is remouen hither, my oracles are ſpoken here ; here the ſages utter their wiſdome, here the ſybils their diuine verſes.

I ſee ſenators this day in ſcarlet riding to the capitoll, and tomorrow the ſame men riding vp and downe the field in armours, gowned citizens and warlike gownmen. The gunne here giues place, and the gowne takes the upper hand ; the gowne and the gunne march in one file together.

Happy king that has ſuch people, happy land in ſuch a king ! happy prætor ſo graced with honours ! happy ſenators ſo obeyed by citizens, and happy citizens that can command ſuch triumphes.

Go on in your full glories, whilſt Apollo and theſe

miſtreſſes of the learned ſciences waſt you to that honorable ſhore whither Time bids you haſten to arriue.

A Speech at Night, at taking leave of his Lordſhip at his gate, by Oceanus.

AFter the glorious troubles of this day,
Night bids you welcome home; Night, who does lay
All pompe, all triumphs by, ſtate now deſcends;
Here our officious trayne their ſeruice ends,
And yet not all, for ſee, the golden ſunne,
Albeit he has his dayes worke fully done,
Sits vp aboue his houre, and does his beſt
To keep the ſtarres from lighting you to reſt.
Him will I take along to lay his head
In Tethys lap, Peace therefore guard your bedde;
In your yeares zodiacke may you fairely moue,
Shin'd on by angels, bleſt with goodneſs, loue.

Thus much his owne worke cryes up the workman, (M. Gerard Chriſmas) for his inuention, that all the pieces were exact, and ſet forth liuely with much coſt. And this yeare giues one remarkable note to after times, that all the barges followed one another (euery company in their degree,) in a ſtately and maieſticall order; this being the inuention of a noble citizen, one of the captaines of the city.

FINIS.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY:
Called,
Match mee in LONDON.

As it hath beene often Preſented; Firſt,
at the *Bull* in St. IOHNS-ſtreet; And lately,
at the Priuate-Houſe in DRVRY-Lane,
called the PHŒNIX.

Si non, His vtere Mecum.

Written by THO: DEKKER.

LONDON.
Printed by B. ALSOP and T. FAVVCET, for H. SEILE,
at the *Tygers*-head in St. *Pauls* Church-
yard. 1631.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

KING OF SPAINE.
DON IOHN, Prince.
DON VALASCO, Father to the Queene.
GAZETTO, Louer of TORMIELLA.
MALEVENTO, Father to her.
CORDOLENTE, her Husband.

APLHONSO.
IAGO.
MARTINES.
} Courtiers.

LVPO.
DOCTOR.
2. CHVRCHMEN.
BILBO.
PACHECO.
LAZARILLO.

QVEENE.
TORMIELLA.
DILDOMAN, a Bawd.

TO

THE NOBLE LOVER

(and deſeruedly beloued) of the Muſes,

LODOVVICK CARLELL,

Eſquire, Gentleman of the BOVVES, and

Groome of the King, and Queenes

Priuy-Chamber.

THat *I am thus bold to ſing a Dramatick Note in your Eare, is no wonder, in regard you are a Chorister in the Quire of the Muſes. Nor is it any Over-daring in mee, to put a Play-Booke into your hands, being a Courtier*; Roman *Poets did ſo to their Emperours, the* Spaniſh, (*Now*) *to their Grandi'es, the* Italians *to their Illuſtriſsimoes, and our owne Nation, to the Great-ones.*

I haue beene a Prieſt in APOLLO'S *Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours being cleare and aboue mine, ſhall much honour mee, if you but liſten to my old Tunes. Are they ſet Ill! Pardon them*; *Well! Then receiue them.*

Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine, *ſpeakes our Language in the Court of* England; *yet haue you wrought as great a wonder, For the Nine ſacred Siſters, by you, are (There) become Courtiers, and talke with ſweet Tongues, Inſtructed by your Delian Eloquence. You haue a King to your Maſter, a Queene to your Miſtreſſe, and the Muſes your Play fellowes. I to them a Servant: And yet, what Duty ſoeuer I owe them, ſome part will I borrow to waite vpon you, And to Reſt*

Ever,

So devoted.

THO: DEKKER.

MATCH MEE

IN LONDON.

ACTUS, I.

Enter Malevento.

Malevento.

Ormiella Daughter—nor in this roome—
Peace.
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
The dawne of Midnight, and the Drunkards noone,
No honeſt ſoules vp now, but Vintners, Midwiues;
The nodding Watch, and pitious Conſtable, Ha!
Bilbo
My ſtreet doore open! *Bilbo*, *Puskeena*, *Bilbo.*
Bawds, Panders, to a young Whore;

Enter Bilbo.

Bilb. Theeues, Theeues, Theeues, where are they Maſter?

Mal. Where are they *Bilbo?* what Theefe ſeeſt thou?

Bil. That ilfauor'd Theefe in your Candle ſir, none elſe not I.

Mal. Why didſt thou cry Theeues then?

Bil. Becauſe you cry'd Whores; I knew a Theefe was alwayes within a ſtones caſt of a Whore.

Mal. What mak'ſt thou vp at Midnight?

Bilb. I make them which are made euery houre i'th day (patches.)

Mal. Slaue what art doing?

Bil. That which few men can doe, mending Sir.

Mal. VVhat art mending?

Bil. That which few men care to mend, a bad ſole.

Mal. Looke here, come hither, doſt thou ſee what's this?

Bil. I ſee tis our Wicket maſter.

Mal. Stop there and tell me, is *Tormiella* forth?

Bil. I heard *Puskeena* our Kitchin-maid ſay, ſhe was going about a murther:

Mal. A murther; of whom?

Bil. Of certaine Skippers; ſhe was fleaing her ſelfe.

Mal. She dwels not in her Chamber, for my Ghoſt
Call'd from his reſt) from Roome to roome has ſtalk'd,
Yet met no *Tormiella.*
Was not her ſweet heart here to night, *Gazetto*?

Bil. *Gazetto*! no ſir, here was no *Gazetto* here.

Mal. Walke round the Orchard, holla for her there.

Bil. So, ho ho, ho ho. *Exit.*

Mal. She's certaine with *Gazetto,*

Should he turne Villaine, traine my poore child forth
Though ſhe's contracted to him, and rob her youth
Of that Gemme none can prize (becauſe nere ſeene)
The Virgins riches (Chaſtity) and then
(When he has left her ugly to all eyes)
His owne ſhould loath her, vds death I would draw
An old mans nerues all vp into this arme.
And nayle him to the Bed——

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. So, ho, ho, ho, the Conyes vſe to feed moſt i'th night Sir, yet I cannot ſee my young miſtris in our Warren.

Mal. No!

Bil. No, nor you neither, tis ſo darke.

Mal. Where ſhould this fooliſh girle be? tis paſt twelue,
Who has inuited her forth to her quicke ruine!

Bil. My memory jogs me by the elbow, and tels me——

Mal. What *Bilbo* out with all.

Bil. A Barber ſtood with her on Saturday night very late when he had ſhau'd all his Cuſtomers, and as I thinke, came to trimme her.

Mal. A Barber! To trim her! Sawſt thou the Muskcod?

Bil. A chequer'd aprone Gentleman I aſſure you: he ſmelt horrible ſtrong of Camphire, Bay leaues and Roſe water: and he ſtood fidling with *Tormiella.*

Mal. Ha?

Bil. Fidling at leaſt halfe an houre, on a Citterne with a mans broken head at it, ſo that I thinke 'twas a Barber Surgion: and there's one *Cynamono* a Shop-keeper, comes hither a batfowling euery Moone-ſhine night too.

Mal. What's he! *Cynamono*!

Bil. I take him to be a Comfitmaker with rotten teeth, for he neuer comes till the Barber's gone.

Mal. A Comfitmaker!

Bil. Yes Sir, for he gaue *Tormiella* a Candied roote once, and ſhe ſwore 'twas the ſweeteſt thing——

Mal. Dwels he here i'th City?

Bil. He has a houſe i'th City, but I know not where he liues.

Mal. Sheele follow her kind; turne Monſter, get a light.

Bil. My ſconce is ready Sir.

Mal. Call at *Gazettoes* Lodging, aske how he dares
Make a Harlot of my child,—ſlaue ſay no more:
Begon, beat boldly.

Bil. Ile beat downe the doore; and put him in mind of a Shroue-tueſday, the fatall day for doores to be broken open. *Exit.*

Mal. For this night I'm her Porter; Oh hapleſſe Creatures!
There is in woman a Diuell from her birth,
Of bad ones we haue ſholes, of good a dearth. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente and Tormiella.

Cor. No more my *Tormiella*, night hath borne
Thy vowes to heauen, where they are fyl'd by this
Eyther one day to crowne thy conſtant Soule
Or (if thou ſpot it with foule periury,)
For euer to condemne thee.

Tor. Come it ſhall not:
Here am I ſphear'd for euer, thy feares (deare Loue)
Strike coldly on thy jealous breaſt I know
From that my Fathers promiſe to *Gazetto*
That he ſhould haue me, contract is there none,
For my heart loath'd it, is there left an oath
Fit for a Maid to ſweare by.

Cord. Good ſweet giue o're,
What need we binding oathes being faſt before?
I dare the crabbed'ſt Fate, ſhee cannot ſpin
A thred thus fine and rotten; how now! ſad!

Tor. Pray Heauen, I bee not miſt at home, deare *Cordolente*
Thou ſhalt no farther, Ile venter now my ſelfe.
Cor. How ſweet! venture alone!
Torm. Yes, yes, good reſt.
Cor. By that are Louers parted, ſeldome bleſt.

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Who goes there, if you be a woman ſtand, for all the men I met to night, lye in the Kennell.
Tor. My Fathers man! I am betray'd.
Cor. Feare nothing.
Tor. *Bilbo*!
Whether art thou running?
Bil. Out of my wits and yet no Churles Executor, 'tis no money makes me mad, but want of money.
Tor. Good tell me whether art going?
Bil. I am going to Hell (that's to ſay home) for my Maſter playes the Diuell, and I come from ſeeking out a houſe of euerlaſting Thunder, (that's to ſay a Woman) I haue beene bouncing at Signior *Gazetto's* Chamber for you.
Tor. Ha!
Bil. You'l be haa'd when you come home.
Tor. I am vndone for euer.
Cor. Thou art not, peace.
Bil. Signior *Gazetto* is horne-mad, and leapt out of his Bed, (as if fleas had bit him) ſo that I thinke he comes running ſtarke naked after me.
Tor. Oh me, what helpe my deareſt Soule?
Cor. To deſperate wounds
Let's apply deſperate cure, dar'ſt thou flye hence?
Tor. Dare! try me.
Cor. Then farewell *Cordoua*;
Horſes wee'l forthwith hire, and quicke to *Siuell*
My birth-place, there thou ſhalt defie all ſtormes.
Tor. Talke not, but doe.
Bil. She would haue you doe much but ſay little.

Tor. *Bilbo*, thou ſeeſt me not.
Bil. No, no, away, mum I.
Cor. To ſhut thy lips faſt, here are lockes of Gold.
Bil. I ſpy a light comming, trudge this way.
Tor. You dally with fire, haſte, haſte, *Bilbo* farewell.
Cor. O ſtarre-croſt Loue!
To find way to whoſe Heauen, man wades through Hell. *Exeunt, manet* Bilbo.

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. Wo, ho, ho, ho, — whew.
Bil. Another Fire-drake! More Salamanders! Heere Sir.
Gaz. *Bilbo*! How now! Is the Dy-dapper aboue water yet?
Bil. Signior *Gazetto*! Mine Eyes are no bigger then litle pinnes heads with ſtaring, my heeles ake with trotting, my candle is come to an vntimely end through a Conſumption. Yet my yong Miſtris your ſweet hart, like ſweet breath amongſt Tobacco-drinkers, is not to be found.
Gaz. On, take my Torch, apace: the neer'ſt way home.
Fluttering abroad by Owle-light!
Bil. Here ſir, turne downe this Lane; ſhall I knocke your Torch Signior?
Gaz. Prithee doe what thou wilt, the Diuell! where is ſhe?
Bil. Had you knockt your Torch well before *Torniella* (ware the poſt) and held it well vp when it was lighted, ſhe had neuer giuen you the ſlip, and i'faith Signior when is the day?
Gaz. The wedding (meanſt thou) on Saint *Lukes* day next,
'Tis mine owne name thou know'ſt: but now I feare She's loſt, and the day too.
Bil. If ſhe ſhould driue you by foule weather into

Cuckolds Hauen before Saint *Lukes* day comes, Signior *Luco* how then?

Gaz. If ſhe dares let her, I haue her Fathers promiſe, nay oath that I ſhall haue her.

Bil. Here is my Maſters Gate.

Gaz. Stay ſhe's at home ſure now: Ile ſlip aſide, Knocke thou, and if ſhe anſweres (as 'tis likely) Weel try if ſtill th' old fencing be in vſe, That faulty women neuer want excuſe.

Bil. They are made for the purpoſe to lye and cullor, Ile knocke.

Mal. Who's there?

Bil. 'Tis I, open the doore.

Mal. What! to a Common!

Bil. What common! You doe me wrong ſir, though I goe in breeches, I am not the roaring girle you take me for.

Mal. Wert thou with *Gazetto*?

Bil. Yes.

Mal. Was ſhe with *Gazetto*?

Bil. No.

Mal. Was *Gazetto* alone?

Bil. No ſir, I was with him.

Mal. Foole knew not he ſhe was forth?

Bil. Yes when I told him.

Gaz. Signior *Malevente* open the doore pray.

Mal. Oh *Luke Gazetto.*

Gaz. Not yet come home!

Mal. No, no.

Gaz. Not yet! vds death When I ſhall take the Villaine does this wrong, Had better ſtolne away a Starre from Heauen No *Spaniard* ſure dares doe it.

Bil. 'Tis ſome *Engliſh* man has ſtolne her, I hold my life, for moſt Theeues and braueſt Cony-catchers are amongſt them.

Gaz. All *Cordoua* ſearch ere morning, if not found Ile ride to *Siuill,* Ile mount my Iennet Sir

And take the way to Madrill.

Mal. Ne're ſpeake of Madrill,
The iourney is for her too dangerous,
If *Cordoua* hold her not, lets all to *Siuill.*
Haſte, haſte, by breake of day
Signior *Gazetto* let vs meet agen.

Gaz. Agreed :

Mal. We'll hunt her out. *Exit.*

Bil. But you know not when, will you take your Torch. *Exit.*

Gaz. Keepe it, luſtfull maiden !
Hot *Spaniſh* vengeance followes thee, which flyes
Like three forkt Lightning, whom it ſmites, he dyes.
Exit.

Enter Prince Iohn all vnready, and Pacheco his Page.

Ioh. *Pacheco ?*

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Is't ſo earely ! What a Clocke Is't ?

Pach. About the houre that Souldiers goe to bed, and Catchpoles riſe : Will your Lordſhip be truſs'd vp this morning ?

Ioh. How doſt meane, goe to hanging !

Pach. Hanging ! does your Lordſhip take me for a crack-rope.

Ioh. No, but for a notable Gallowes, too many Lordſhips are truſs'd vp euery day (boy) ſome wud giue a 1000. Crownes to haue 'em vnty'd, but come ſir tye vp my Lordſhip.

Pach. As faſt as I can, Oh my Lord and a man could tye friends to him as faſt as I doe theſe points, 'twere a braue world.

Ioh. So he does, for theſe are faſt now, and looſe at night.

Pach. Then they are like the loue of a woman.

Ioh. Why boy ! Do you know what the loue of a woman is !

Pach. No faith my Lord, nor you neither, nor any man elſe I thinke.

Ioh. Y'are a noble Villaine.

Pach. Would I were, then I ſhould be rich.

Ioh. Well get you gon ——— *Exit.*

Here's a braue fyle of noble *Portugals*
Haue ſworne to helpe me, its hard truſting ſtrangers,
Nay more, to giue them footing in a Land
Is eaſie, hard to remoue them; ſay they and I
Should ſend my Brother King out of this world,
And inthrone me (for that's the Starre I reach at,)
I muſt haue *Spaine* mine, more then *Portugall*,
Say that the *Dons* and *Grandi'es* were mine owne,
And that I had the Keyes of the Court Gates
Hang at my Girdle; in my hand the Crowne,
There's yet no lifting it vp to my head
Without the people: I muſt ride that Beaſt,
And beſt fit faſt: who walkes not to his Throne
Vpon their heads and hands, goes but alone;
This Dogfiſh muſt I catch then, the Queenes Father!
(*Pedro Valaſco*) what if I got him!
Its but a ſhallow old fellow, and to build
On the great'ſt, wiſeſt Stateſman, in a deſſigne
Of this high daring, is moſt dangerous;
We ſee the tops of tall trees, not their heart;
To find that ſound or rotten, there's the Art.
How now *Iago*?

Enter Iago.

Iago. Good morrow to your Lordſhip,
The King lookes for you,
You muſt come preſently.

Ioh. Well Sir: muſt come! So; *floriſh.*
As I muſt come, ſo he ere long muſt goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Valaſco, Martines, Alphonſo.

Valaſc. And broad awake!
King. As is that eye of Heauen.
Val. It ſpake! not, did it?
King. No; but with broad eyes,
Glaſſie and fierie ſtair'd vpon me thus,
As blacke, as is a Soule new dipt in Hell;
The t'other was all white, a beard and haire
Snowie like *Portugall*, and me thought his looke:
But had no armes.
Val. No armes!
King. No: juſt my height,
Now, and e're this it was ſhot vp ſo high,
Me thought I heard the head knocke at a Starre,
Cleane through the Seeling.
Val. Fancy, Fancy.
King. I ſaw it.
Val. A meere *Deceptio viſus.*
King. A vice Aſſe;
Y'are an incredulous Coxcombe, theſe ſaw it.
Val. Well; they did, they did.
King. I call'd for helpe; theſe enter'd, found mee dead with feare!
Omn. 'Tis right Sir.
King. Did not the Spirits glide by thee?
Mar. Your Grace muſt pardon me, I ſaw none.
King. 'Shart doe I lye! doe you braue me! you baſe Peaſant.
Mart. No my Lord, but I muſt guard my life againſt an Emperor.
King. One of my wiues men, is't not! Ha!
What a Pox fawnes the Curre for here! away.
Exit. Martines.
Her Spye Sir! Are you!
Val. Sooth him vp, y'are fooles,
If the Lyon ſay the Aſſes eares are hornes

The Aſſe if he be wiſe will ſweare it, la Sir
Theſe tell me they all ſaw it.
Omn. Yes my Lord.

Enter Iago.

King. And yet I lye! a whoreſon buzzard——
Now ſir.
Iago. Prince *Iohn* is comming.
King. When ſir!
Iago. Inſtantly.
King. Father Ile tell you a Tale, vpon a time
The Lyon Foxe and ſilly Aſſe did jarre,
Grew friends and what they got, agreed to ſhare:
A prey was tane, the bold Aſſe did diuide it
Into three equall parts, the Lyon ſpy'd it,
And ſcorning two ſuch ſharers, moody grew,
And pawing the Aſſe, ſhooke him as I ſhake you.
Valaſc. Not too hard good my Lord, alas I am craz'd.
King. And in rage tore him peece meale, the Aſſe thus dead,
The prey was by the Foxe diſtributed
Into three parts agen; of which the Lyon
Had two for his ſhare, and the Foxe but one:
The Lyon (ſmiling) of the Foxe would know
Where he had this wit, he the dead Aſſe did ſhow.
Valaſc. An excellent Tale.
King. Thou art that Aſſe.
Valaſc. I!
King. Thou: you, and the Foxe my Brother cut my Kingdome,
Into what ſteakes you liſt, I ſhare no more,
Then what you liſt to giue.
You two broach Warre or Peace; you plot, contriue,
You flea off the Lyons skinne, you ſell him aliue,
But hauing torne the Aſſe firſt limbe from limbe
His death ſhall tell the Foxe Ile ſo ſerue him.

Valaſc. I doe all this! 'tis falſe: in Prince *Iohns* face
Ile ſpit if he dares ſpeake it, you might ride me
For a right Aſſe indeed if I ſhould kick
At you, vndermine you, or blow you vp?
In whom the hope of my poſterity
(By marriage of my child your wife) doth grow
None but an Aſſe would doe it.

King. If I know, your little finger was but in't, neither age;
Your place in Court, and Councell, reſpect of honour,
Nor of my wife (your Daughter) ſhall keepe this head
Vpon theſe ſhoulders—

Enter Prince Iohn.

Valaſc. Take it; now here's Prince *Iohn.*

King. How now Brother! Sick!

Ioh. Not very well.

King. Our Court is ſome Inchanted Tower you come not neare it.
Are you not troubled with ſome paine i'th head?
Your Night-cap ſhewes you are?

Ioh. Yes wonderouſly——a kind of Megrim Sir.

King. I thinke to bind
Your Temples with the Crowne of *Spaine* would eaſe you.

Ioh. The Crowne of *Spaine*! my Temples!

King. Nay, I but ieſt,
A Kingdome would make any Sicke man well,
And *Iohn* I would thou hadſt one.

Ioh. It ſhall goe hard elſe.

Valaſc. The King I thanke him ſays that you and I—

King. What?

Valaſc. Cut you out ſir in ſteakes: Ile not be ſilent,

And that I am an Aſſe, and a Foxe you;
Haue I any dealings with you?
Ioh. When I am to deale ſir,
A wiſer man than you ſhall hold the Cards.
Valaſc. Now I'm call'd foole too.
King. Sir if you remember
Before he came, you buzz'd into mine eare,
Tunes that did ſound but ſcuruily.
Val. I buz! What buz!
King. That he ſhould ſell me to the *Portugall.*
Val. Wer't thou as big as all the Kings i'th-world,
Tis falſe and I defie thee.
King. Nay Sir, and more,—
Val. Out with't; no whiſpering.
King. I ſhall bluſh to ſpeake it,
Harke you, a Poxe vpon't, cannot you ſooth
His ſullen Lordſhip vp, you ſee I doe
Flatter him, confeſſe any thing.
Val. A good Ieſt!
I ſhould confeſſe to him I know not what,
And haue my throat cut, but I know not why.
Ioh. W'ud your Grace
Would licence me a while to leaue the Court
To attend my health.
King. Doe.
Ioh. I take my leaue—as for you Sir. *Exit.*
King. My Lord doe you ſee this Change i'th Moone, ſharpe hornes
Doe threaten windy weather, ſhall I rule you
Send to him dead words, write to him your mind
And if your hearts be vnſound purge both, all humors
That are corrupt within you.
Val. Ile neuer write, but to him in perſon.

Enter old Lady.

King. Pray Madam riſe.

Iag. Doe you know this old furie?

Alph. No: what is ſhe?

Iag. She's the Kings nuthooke (if report has not a bliſter on her tongue) that when any Filberd-tree is ripe; puls downe the braueſt bowes to his hand: a Lady Pandreſſe, and (as this yeares Almanacke ſays) has a priuate hot-houſe for his Grace onely to ſweat in: her name the Lady *Dildoman*: the poore Knight her Husband is troubled with the City Gowt, lyes i'th Counter.

K. Ile hang him that ſtirres in't, the proudeſt Fawlcon that's pearcht vp neareſt the Eagle, if he dare, make this his prey, how many yeares!

Lad. Fifteene and vpwards if it pleaſe your Grace.

Kin. Some two footed Diuell in our Court,
Would thruſt you out of all, Inclos'd! or Common!

Lad. 'Tis yet inclos'd if it like your Grace.

King. Entayl'd!

Lad. Newly Entayl'd, as there 'tis to be ſeene in blacke and white.

King. This caſe my ſelfe will handle; fee no Lawyer
Ile ſtand for you, ha! Servants of mine turn'd grinders!
To oppreſſe the weake! What ſlaue is't! from my ſight,
Leaſt my heau'd hand ſwerue awry, and Innocence ſmite.

Alph. This Bawd belike has her houſe pull'd downe. *Exeunt.*

King. So: come hither, nearer, where ſhines this ſtarre?

Lad. I'th City, brightly, ſprightly, brauely, oh 'tis a Creature—

King. Young!

Lad. Delicate, piercing eye, inchanting voyce, lip red and moyſt, skin ſoft and white; ſhe's amorous, delicious, inciferous, tender, neate.

King. Thou madſt me, newly married !

Lad. New married, that's all the hole you can find in her coate, but ſo newly, the poeſie of her wedding Ring is ſcarce warme with the heate of her finger; therefore my Lord, faſten this wagtayle, as ſoone as you can lime your buſh, for women are Venice-glaſſes, one knocke ſpoyles em.

King. Crackt things ! pox on 'em.

Lad. And then they'l hold no more then a Lawyers Conſcience.

King. How ſhall I get a ſight of this rich Diamond.

Lad. I would haue you firſt diſguis'd goe along with mee, and buy ſome toy in her ſhop, and then if you like *Danae* fall into her lap like *Iove*, a net of Goldſmiths worke will plucke vp more women at one draught, then a Fiſherman does Salmons at fifteene.

King. What's her Husband?

Lad. A flatcap, piſh; if he ſtorme, giue him a Court-Loafe ſtop's mouth with a Monopoly.

King. T'haſt fir'd me.

La. You know where to quench you.

King. Ile ſteale from Court in ſome diſguiſe preſently.

Lad. Stand on no ground good your Highneſſe.

King. Away, Ile follow thee, ſpeake not of haſt,
Thou tyeſt but wings to a ſwift gray Hounds heele,
And add'ſt to a running Charriot a fift wheele.
Thou now doſt hinder me, away, away.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTVS, II.

A ſhop opened, Enter Bilbo and Lazarillo.

Bil. *Lazarillo* art bound yet?

Laz. No, but my Indentures are made.

Bil. Make as much haſte to ſeale, as younger Brothers doe at taking vp of Commodities: for *Lazarillo*, there's not any *Deigo* that treads vpon *Spaniſh* leather, goes more vpright vpon the ſoles of his Conſcience, then our Maſter does.

Laz. Troth ſo I thinke, now I like my little ſmirking Miſtris as well.

Bil. Like her, did not I like her ſimply, to runne away from her father (where I had both men Seruants and maid Seruants vnder me) to weare a flat cap here and cry what doe you lacke.

Enter Gallants.

Laz. What is't you lacke Gentlemen, rich garters, ſpangled roſes, ſilke ſtockins, embrodered gloues or girdles.

Dil. *Don* ſweet *Don*, ſee here rich *Tuſcan* hatbands, *Venetian* ventoyes, or *Barbarian* ſhoo-ſtrings—no poynt—— *Exeunt Gallants.*

Laz. Their powder is dankiſh and will not take fire.

Bilb. Reach that paper of gloues what marke is't?

Laz. *P.* and *Q.*

Enter Malevento.

Bil. *P.* and *Q.* chafe theſe, chafe, chafe, here's a world to make Shopkeepers chafe.

Laz. What is't you buy Sir, gloues, garters, girdles.

Bil. *Lazarillo, Lazarillo*, my old maſter *Andrada Malevento*; do you heare ſir, the beſt hangers in *Spaine* for your worſhip.

Mal. Vmh! I haue knowne that voyce, what! Run away! Why how now *Bilbo*! growne a Shop-keeper!

Bil. Iogging on Sir, in the old path to be call'd vpon to beare all offices, I hope one day.

Mal. 'Tis well: good fortunes bleſſe you.

Bil. Turn'd Citizen ſir, a Counter you ſee ſtill before me, to put me in mind of my end, and what I muſt goe to, if I truſt too many with my ware, it's newes to ſee your worſhip in *Siuill.*

Mal. 'Tis true: but *Bilbo*, no newes yet of my Daughter?

Bil. None.

Mal. Not any!

Bil. What will your worſhip giue me, if I melt away all that ſow of lead that lyes heauy at your heart, by telling you where ſhee is.

Mal. Prithee ſtep forth, ſpeake ſoftly, thou warm'ſt my blood. Ile giue thee the beſt ſuite Prentize e're wore.

Bil. And I can tell you Prentizes are as gallant now, as ſome that walke with my cozen *Bilbo* at their ſides, you can ſcarce know 'em for Prentizes of *Siuill.*

Mal. Fly to the marke I prithee?

Bil. Now I draw home, doe you ſee this ſhop, this ſhop is my Maſters.

Mal. So, ſo, what of all this?

Bil. That maſter lies with my yong miſtris, and that miſtris is your Daughter.

Mal. Ha!

Bil. Mum: ſhe's gone forth, this morning to a Wedding, he's aboue, but (as great men haue done) he's comming downe.

Enter Cordolente.

Mal. Is this he ?
Bil. This is he.
Cord. Looke to the ſhop.
Mal. Pray ſir a word ?
Cor. You ſhall.
Mal. You doe not know me ?
Cord. Truſt me not well.
Mal. Too well, thou haſt vndone me,
Thou art a Ciuill Theeſe with lookes demure
As is thy habit, but a Villaines heart.
Cor. Sir——
Mal. Heare me ſir—to rob me of that fire
That fed my life with heate (my onely Child)
Turne her into——
Cor. What ſir ! She's my wife.
Mal. Thy Strumpet, ſhe's a diſobedient Child,
To croſſe my purpoſes ; I promis'd her
To a man whom I had choſen to be her Husband.
Cord. She lou'd him not ; was ſhe contracted to him ?
Can he lay claime to her by Law ?
Mal. Ile ſweare,
She told me I ſhould rule her, that ſhe was
Affy'd to no other man, and that to pleaſe me
She would onely take *Gazetto.*
Cord. I will forbeare Sir
To vexe you ; what ſhe ſpake ſo, was for feare,
But I ha' done, no Begger has your child
I craue no Dowrie with her, but your Loue,
For hers I know I haue it,
Mal. Muſt I not ſee her !
Cord. You ſhall but now ſhe's forth ſir.
Mal. She has crackt my heart-ſtrings quite in funder.
Cord. Her loue and duty ſhall I hope knit all more ſtrongly
Sir I beſeech your patience, when my boſome

Is layd all open to you, you ſhall find
An honeſt heart there, and you will be glad
You h'a met the Theefe that rob'd you, and forgiue him,
I am ingag'd to buſineſſe craues ſome ſpeed,
Pleaſe you be witneſſe to it.

Mal. Well I ſhall,
Parents with milke feed Children, they them with gall.
Exeunt.

Bil. As kind an old man *Lazarillo*, as euer drunk mull'd Sack.

Laz. So it ſeemes, for I ſaw him weepe like a Cut Vine.

Bil. Weepe; I warrant that was becauſe hee could not find in's heart to haue my Maſter by th'eares.

Enter Tormiella.

Laz. My Miſtris.

Bil. Chafe chafe.

Tor. Where's your maſter.

Bil. Newly gone forth forſooth.

Tor. Whether, with whom?

Bil. With my old Maſter your Father.

Tor. Ha! my Father! when came he! who was with him?
What ſaid he, how did my Huſband vſe him?

Bil. As Officers at Court vſe Citizens that come without their Wiues, ſcarce made him drinke, but they are gone very louingly together.

Torm. That's well, my heart has ſo ak't ſince I went forth, I am glad I was out of the peales of Thunder, askt hee not for mee, was *Gazetto* with him, *Luke* was not hee with him ha?

Bil. No onely the old man.

Tor. That's well, reach my workebasket, is the imbrodered Muffe perfum'd for the Lady?

Bilbo. Yes forſooth, ſhe neuer put her hand into a ſweeter thing.

Torm. Are you ſure *Gazetto* was not with my Father?

Bil. Vnleſſe he wore the inviſible cloake.

Tor. Bleſſe me from that diſeaſe and I care not, one fit of him would ſoone ſend me to my graue; my hart ſo throbs?

Enter Gazetto and Officers.

Laz. What is't you lacke.

Bil. Fine Garters, Gloues, Glaſſes, Girdles what is't you buy.

Gaz. I haue a warrant you ſee from the King to ſearch all Siuell for the woman that did this murther, the act of which has made me mad, miſſe no ſhop, let me haue that, which I can buy in ſome Country for ſeuen groates Iuſtice!

Off. Your ſearching houſe by houſe this is ſo ſpread abroad that 'tis as bad as a ſcarcrow to fright away the bird you ſeeke to Catch, me thinks if you walke ſoberly alone, from ſhop to ſhop your bat fowling would catch more wagtailes.

Gaz. Well ſhot *Sagitarius*, Ile nock as thou bidſt mee.

Offi. What thinke you of yonder parrot i'th Cage.

Gaz. A rope—ha—puffe—is the wind with mee.

Tor. What ſtares the man at ſo.

Offi. His wits are reeld a little out of the road way nothing elſe.

Bil. Alas miſtris, this world is able to make any man mad.

Gaz. Ha ha ha ha.

Offi. What doe you laugh at, is this ſhee.

Gaz. No, but I ſaw a doue fly by that had eaten Carrion it ſhewd like a corrupted Churchman farewell.

Off. Doe you diſcharge vs then. *Exeunt Officers.*

Gaz. As haile ſhot at a dunghill where Crowes are. Th'art mine; thankes vengeance; thou at laſt art come,
(Tho with wolly feet) be quick now and ſtrike home. *Exit.*

Enter King and Lady.

Laz. What is't you lacke.

Bil. What is't you buy.

Lady. That's ſhee.

King. Peace; Madam lets try here.

Bil. What is't you lack ſir!

King. A gloue with an excellent perfume.

Bil. For your ſelfe ſir!

King. I would fit my ſelfe ſir, but I am now for a woman: a pritty little hand, the richeſt you haue.

Lad. About the bigneſſe of this gentlewomans will ſerue.

King. Yes faith Madam, at all adventures Ile make this my meaſure, ſhall I miſtriſſe!

Tor. As you pleaſe ſir.

Kin. It pleaſes mee well.

Bil. Then ſir go no farder, heer's the faireſt in all *Spaine*, fellow it and take mine for a dogskin.

La. Pray forſooth draw it on, if it fit you it fits the party ſurely.

Bil. Nay Madam, the gloue is moſt genuine for any young Ladies hand vnder the Coape, I aſſure you.

King. I but the Leather.

Bil. Nay, the Leather is affable and apt to bee drawn to any generous diſpoſition.

Kin. Pray (faire Lady) does it not come on too ſtiffe?

Tor. No ſir very gently.

Bil. Stiffe; as prolixious as you pleaſe: nay ſir the ſent is *Aromaticall* and moſt odorous, the muske vpon my word Sir is perfect *Cathayne*, a Tumbaſine

odor vpon my credit, not a graine either of your *Salmindy* Caram or Cubit musk.

King. Adulterated I doubt.

Bil. No adultery in the world in't, no ſophiſtication but pure as it comes from the cod.

Tor. Open more, you ſhall haue what choyce you pleaſe.

Bil. You ſhall haue all the ware open'd i'th ſhop to pleaſe your worſhip, but you ſhall bee fitted.

King. No no, it needs not: that which is open'd already ſhall ſerve my turne.

Lady. Will you goe farther ſonne and ſee better.

King. And perhaps ſpeed worſe: no: your price?

Bil. Foure double Piſtolets.

King. How!

Bil. Good ware cannot be too deare: looke vpon the coſt, Reliſh the ſent, note the workemanſhip.

King. Your man is too hard, Ile rather deale with you: three Ile giue you.

Lad. Com pray take it, will three fetch 'em?

Tor. Indeed we cannot, it ſtands my Husband in more.

King. Well lay theſe by, a Cordouant for my ſelfe.

Bil. The beſt in *Siuell*; Lacke you no rich *Tuskan* Garters, *Venetian* ventoyes Madam, I haue maskes moſt methodicall, and facetious: aſſay this gloue ſir?

King. The Leather is too rough.

Bil. You ſhall haue a fine ſmooth skin pleaſe your feeling better, but all our *Spaniſh Dons* chooſe that which is moſt rough, for it holds out, ſweat you neuer ſo hard.

King. The price?

Bil. The price!

Foure Crownes, I haue excellent *Hungarian* ſhag bands Madam for Ladies, cut out of the ſame peece that the great Turkes Tolibant was made of.

King. The Great Turke be damn'd.

Bil. Doe you want any *French* Codpeece points Sir?

King. Poxe on 'em, they'l not laſt, th'are burnt i'th dying.

Bil. If they be blacke they are rotten indeed, ſir doe you want no rich ſpangled *Moriſco* ſhoo-ſtrings.

King. I like this beard-bruſh, but that the haire's too ſtiffe.

Bil. Flexable as you can wiſh, the very briſtles of the ſame ſwine that are fatten'd in *Virginia.*

Lad. What comes all to, before vs?

Bil. It comes to 4. 5. 6. in all, ſixe double Piſtolets, and a *Spaniſh* Ducket ouer.

King. Too deare, let's goe.

Bil. Madam, worthipfull *Don*, pray ſir offer, if any ſhop ſhew you the like ware.

Lad. Prithee peace fellow, how d'ee like her?

King. Rarely, what lure canſt thou caſt to fetch her off?

Lad. Leaue that to me, giue me your purſe.

Bil. Doe you heare Madam!

King. The fatall Ball is caſt, and though it fires
All *Spaine*, burne let it, hot as my deſires:
Haue you diſpatch'd?

La. Yes.

Bil. I aſſure your worſhip, my maſter will be a looſer by you.

King. It may be ſo, but your Miſtris will not ſay ſo.

Lad. Sonne I tell her of the rich imbrodered ſtuffe at home for the tops of gloues, and to make mee muffes, if it pleaſe the Gentlewoman to take her man along, ſhee ſhall not onely ſee them, but certaine ſtones, which I will haue ſet onely in one paire, I can tell you, you may ſo deale with me, you ſhall gaine more then you thinke of.

Bil. Miſtris ſtrike in with her.

Tor. My Husband is from home, and I want skill

To trade in ſuch Commodities, but my man
Shall wait vpon your Ladiſhip.

Lad. Nay, nay, come you,
Your man ſhall goe along to note my Houſe,
To fetch your Husband, you ſhall dine with vs.

King. Faith doe forſooth, you'l not repent your match.

Lad. Come, come you ſhall.

Tor. Ile wait vpon you Madam, Sirrah your cloake.

Bil. Make vp that ware, looke to th' ſhop.

Torm. If your Maſter come in, requeſt him to ſtay till your fellow come for him.

Lad. Come Miſtris, on Sonne, nay, nay, indeed you ſhall not,
My Gloue, one of my gloues loſt in your ſhop.

Torm. Runne backe ſirrah.

King. Doe wee'll ſoftly afore.

Tor. Make haſte. *Exeunt.*

Laz. A Gloue! I ſaw none.

Bil. Nor I, it drop'd from her ſomewhere elſe then.

Lax. I am call'd vp to Dinner *Bilbo*.

Bil. Are you, then make faſt the ſhop doore, and play out our ſet at Maw, for the Miſtris of my Maſters alley is trundled before, and my bowles muſt rub after.

Laz. Flye then and a great one. *Exit.*

Bil. She's out a'th Alley, i'th Cranck belike, run, run, rum. *Ex.*

Enter Lady, Tormiella, and King.

Lad. Low ſtooles, pray ſit, my man ſhall fetch the ſtuffes
And after Dinner you ſhall haue thoſe ſtones:
A cup of wine; what drinke you! Loue you baſtard!
Ile giue you the beſt in *Spaine*.

Tor. No wines at all.
Lad. Haue you beene married long?
Torm. Not long.
Lad. I thinke your wedding ſhooes haue not beene oft vnty'd.
Torm. Some three times.
Lad. Pretty Soule; No more! indeed
You are the youngeſt Vine I e're ſaw planted,
So full of hope for bearing; methinks 'tis pitty
A Citizen ſhould haue ſo faire a Tree
Grow in his Garden.
Torm. I thinke him beſt worthy,
To plucke the fruit, that ſets it.
Lad. Oh you'd h'a ſhon
At Court like a full Conſtellation,
Your Eyes are orbes of Starres.
Tor. Muſe my man ſtayes.
La. Your man is come, and ſent to fetch your Husband,
Truſt me you ſhall not hence, till you haue fill'd
This banqueting roome with ſome ſweet thing or other:
Your Husband's wonderous kind to you.
Tor. As the Sunne
To the new married Spring, the Spring to th' Earth.
Lad Some children looke moſt ſweetly at their birth,
That after proue hard fauor'd; and ſo doe Husbands:
Your honey Moones ſooneſt waine and ſhew ſharpe hornes.
Tor. Mine ſhall ſhew none.
Lad. I doe not wiſh it ſhould,
Yet be not too much kept vnder, for when you would
You ſhall not riſe.
Tor. Vmh!
Lad. I was once as you are,
Young (and perhaps as faire) it was my Fate
Whilſt Summer laſted and that beauty rear'd

Her cullors in my cheekes, to ſerue at Court:
The King of *Spaine* that then was, ey'd me oft:
Lik't me, and lou'd me, woo'd me, at laſt won me.
Tor. 'Twas well you were no City.
Lad. Why?
Tor. It ſeemes,
You yeelded e're you needed.
Lad. Nay, you muſt thinke,
He ply'd me with fierce batteries and aſſaults:
You are coy now, but (alas) how could you fight
With a Kings frownes? your womaniſh appetite
Wer't ne're ſo dead and cold would ſoone take fire
At honors, (all women would be lifted higher)
Would you not ſtoope to take it, and thruſt your hand
Deepe as a King's in Treaſure, to haue Lords
Feare you, t'haue life or death fly from your words.
The firſt night that I lay in's Princely armes,
I ſeem'd transform'd, me thought *Ioues* owne right hand.
Had ſnatcht mee vp and in his ſtarry ſpheare.
Plac'd me (with others of his Lemmans there)
Yet was he but the ſhaddow I the ſunne.
In a proud zodiake, I my Courſe did runne.
Mine eye beames the dyals ſtile; and had power
To rule his thoughts, as that Commands the hower.
Oh you ſhall find vpon a Princes pillow
Such golden dreames.
Tor. I find 'em.
Lad. Cry you mercy.
Tor. My husband comes not, I dare not ſtay.
Lad. You muſt.
King. You ſhall.
Lad. Before you lyes your way
Beaten out by mee, if you can follow doe.
Tor. What meanes this, are there bawds Ladies too?
King. Why ſhake you, feare not, none here threats your life.

Tor. Shall not a lambe tremble at the butchers knife.
Let goe your hold, keepe off, what violent hands
Soeuer force mee, ne're ſhall touch woman more,
Ile kill ten Monarches ere Ile bee ones whore.
King. Heare mee.
Tor. Avoyd thou diuell,
Lad. Thou puritan foole.
Tor. Oh thou baſe Otter hound, help, help.
King. In vaine.
Tor. The beſt in *Spaine* ſhall know this.
Lad. The beſt now knowes it.
Tor. Good pitch let mee not touch thee, *Spaine* has a King:
If from his royall throne Iuſtice bee driuen,
I ſhall find right, at the Kings hands of Heauen.
Lad. This is the King.
Tor. The King, alas poore ſlaue.
A Rauen ſtucke with Swannes feathers, ſcarcrow dreſt braue.
King. Doe you not know me?
Torm. Yes, for a whore-maſter.
Lad. No matter for her ſcoulding, a womans tongue Is like the myraculous Bell in *Aragon*, which rings out without the helpe of man.
King. Heare me, thou ſtriu'ſt with Thunder, yet this hand
That can ſhake Kingdomes downe, thruſts into thine,
The Scepters, if proud fall, thou let'ſt them fall
Thou beat'ſt thy ſelfe in peeces on a rocke
That ſhall for euer ruine thee and thine
Thy Husband, and all oppoſites that dare
With vs to cope, it ſhall not ſerue your turne
With your dim eyes to iudge our beames, the light
Of Common fires, We can before thy ſight
Shine in full ſplendor, though it ſuites vs now
To ſuffer this baſe cloud to maske our brow
Be wiſe, and when thou mayſt (for lifting vp

Thine arme) plucke Starres, refuſe them not, I ſweare
By heauen I will not force thee 'gainſt thy blood,
When I ſend, come : if not, withſtand thy good ;
Goe, get you home now, this is all, farewell.
Tor. Oh me ! what way to heauen can be through hell. *Exit.*
King. Why diue you ſo ?
Lad. I hope your Maieſty,
Dare ſweare I ha play'd the Pylot cunningly.
Fetching the wind about to make this Pinnace
Strike Sayle as you deſir'd.
King. Th'art a damn'd Bawd :
A ſoaking, ſodden, ſplay-foot, ill-fac'd Bawd ;
Not all the wits of Kingdomes can enact
To ſaue what by ſuch Gulphes as thou art wrack'd,
Thou horie wickedneſſe, Diuels dam, do'ſt thou thinke
Thy poyſons rotten breath ſhall blaſt our fame.
Or thoſe furr'd gummes of thine gnaw a King's name !
If thou wouldſt downe before thy time, to thy crew,
Prate of this—yes ; doe, for gold, any ſlaue
May gorge himſelfe on ſweetes, Kings cannot haue
By helpe of ſuch a hag as thou, I would not
Diſhonour her for an Empire, from my ſight.
La. Well ſir.
King. Giue o're your Trade.
Lad. Ile change my Coppy.
King. See you doe.
Lad. I will turne ouer a new leafe.
King. We ſearch for Serpents, but being found deſtroy them,
Men drinke not poyſons, though they oft imploy them. *Exit.*
Lad. Giue o're ! how liue then ! no, Ile keepe that ſtill
If Courtiers will not, I'me ſure Citizens will. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella and Gazetto.

Gaz. Speake with you.
Torm. Ha ! good fellow keepe thy way.
Gaz. Y'are a whore.
Torm. Th'art a baſe Knaue, not the ſtreets free ! *Exit.*
Gaz. Though dead, from vengeance earth thee ſhall not ſaue,
Hyæna like, Ile eate into thy Graue. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente, and Malevento.

Cord. I dare now beſtow on you a free,
And hearty welcome to my poore houſe :
Mal. Thankes Sonne :
Good Ayre, very good Ayre, and Sonne I thinke.
You ſtand well too for trading.
Cord. Very well ſir.
Mal. I am glad on't.

Enter Lazarillo.

Cord. Sirrah where's your Miſtris ?
Mal. I, I, good youth call her,
She playes the Tortoyes now, you ſhall 'twixt her and me,
See a rare Combat ; tell her here's her Father,
No, an old ſwaggering Fencer, dares her at the weapon,
Which women put downe men at, Scoulding ! boy
I will ſo chide her Sonne.
Cord. Pray doe Sir, goe call her ?
Laz. She's forth Sir with my fellow, a Lady tooke her along.
Mal. Taken vp already, it's well, yet I commend her
She flyes with birds that are of better wing

Then thoſe ſhe ſpreads her ſelfe.
Cord. Right Sir.
Mal. Nay ſhe's wiſe
A ſubtill Ape, but louing as the Moone, is to the Sea.
Cord. I hope ſhe'l proue more conſtant :
Mal. Then is the needle to the Adamant,
The God of gold powre downe on both your heads
His comfortable ſhowers.
Cord. Thankes to your wiſhes.
Mal. May neuer gall be fill'd into your Cup,
Nor wormewood ſtrew your Pillow ; ſo liue, ſo loue,
That none may ſay, a Rauen does kiſſe a Doue,
I am ſorry that I curſt you, but the ſtring
Sounds as 'tis play'd on, as 'tis ſet we ſing.

Enter Bilbo.

Cord. Where's thy Miſtreſſe ?
Mal. Oh-pray Sonne, vſe *Bilbo Caueare* well.
Where's thy Miſtreſſe ?
Bil. She's departed Sir.
Cord. Departed ! whether prithee !
Bil. It may to a Lord, for a Lady had her away, I came backe to fetch a Gloue which dropt from the Lady, but before I could ouertake them, they were all dropt from me ; my Miſtris is to me Sir, the needle in the bottle you wot where.
Mal. Of hay thou mean'ſt, ſhe'l not be loſt I warrant.

Enter Tormiella, and paſſes ouer the Stage.

Cord. Here ſhe comes now ſir,
Tormiella, call her.
Bil. What ſhall I call her ? *Exit.*
Mal. Nothing by no meanes
No let her flutter, now ſhe's faſt i'th net,
On diſobedience, a graceſull ſhame is ſet.

Cord. A ſtrange dead palſie, when a womans tongue
Has not the power to ſtirre, dumb ! call her I ſay !

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Strange newes Sir !
Cord. What is't ?
Bil. Yonders a Coach full of good faces.
Cord. That ſo ſtrange ?
Bil. Yes to alight at our Gate ; They are all comming vp as boldly, as if they were Landlords and came for Rent, ſee elſe.

Enter Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

1. *Gent.* The woman of the Houſe ſir pray ?
Cor. She's in her Chamber, ſirrah ſhew the way.
Exeunt manet Gentlemen and walke.
Mal. Doe you know theſe !
Cord. Troth not I ſir, I'me amaz'd
At this their ſtrange ariuall.
Mal. By their ſtarcht faces,
Small ſhancks, and bliſted ſhoo-knobs, they ſhould be Courtiers.
Cord. Our *Spaniſh* Mercers ſay, th'are the braueſt fellowes.
Mal. For braue men, th'are no leſſe i'th Taylors bookes,
Courtiers in Citizens Houſes, are Summer fires,
May well be ſpar'd, and being cleane out are beſt
They doe the houſe no good, but helpe conſume
They burne the wood vp, and o're-heat the roome,
Sweetening onely th'ayre a little, that's all,
Play the right Citizen then, whil'ſt you gaine by them,
Hug 'em, if they plucke your feathers, come not nigh them.
Cord. Ile cloſe with them.

Mal. Doe.

Cord. Welcome Gentlemen.

Omn. Thanks.

Cord. Pray ſir what Ladies may theſe be with my Wife?

1. *Gent.* Faith ſir if they would caſt themſelves away vpon Knights, they may be Knights Ladies, but are onely Gentlewomen of an exceeding ſweet carriage and faſhion, and 'tis ſo Sir, that your wiues doings being bruited and ſpread abroad to be rare for her handling the *Spaniſh* needle, theſe beauties are come onely to haue your wife pricke out a thing, which muſt be done out of hand, that's the whole buſineſſe Sir.

Cord. In good time Sir.

Mal. Of Court I pray Sir are you?

2. *Gent.* Yes Sir, we follow the Court now and then, as others follow vs.

Cord. He meanes thoſe they owe money too.

Mal. Pray Sir what newes at Court?

1. *Gent.* Faith Sir the old ſtale newes, black Iackes are fill'd and ſtanding Cups emptyed.

Mal. I ſee then Iacks are ſawcie in euery corner, I haue giuen it him vnder the liſt of the eare.

Cord. 'Twas ſoundly, you ſee he's ſtrucke dead.

Mal. Dauncing Baboone!

Enter Tormiella maſk'd, and in other Garments, the Gentlewomen with her, and Gentlemen leading her away.

Torm. Farewell.

Omn. To Coach, away.

1. *Gent.* The *Welch* Embaſſador, has a Meſſage to you ſir.

2. *Gent.* Hee will bee with you ſhortly, when the Moones Hornes are i'th full. *Exeunt.*

Mal. What's that they talke!

Cord. Nothing but this, they haue giuen it me ſoundly, I feele it vnder the liſts of both eares, where's my wife!

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. She's falne ſicke ſir.

Cord. The Night-mare rides her.

Mal. Ha! ſicke! how ſicke!

Bil. Of the falling ſickneſſe; you and my Maſter haue vs'd her to runne away, that ſhe has ſhew'd you another light paire of heeles, ſhe's gon Sir.

Cord. Thou lyeſt.

Bil. It may be ſhe lyes by this time, but I ſtand to my words, I ſay agen She's gon ſir; caſt your Cap at her, but ſhe's gon hurried into a Coach drawne with foure Horſes.

Cord. Theſe her oathes, vowes, proteſtations, damnations, a Serpent kiſt the firſt woman; and euer ſince the whole ſexe haue giuen ſucke to Adders.

Mal. Run into th' Street, and if thou ſeeſt the priuileg'd Bawdy houſe ſhe went into,

Bil. That runs on four wheeles, the Caroach ſir.

Cor. Cry to the whole City to ſtop her.

Bil. I will ſir, 'tis euery mans caſe i'th City, to haue his wife ſtop'd. —— *Exit.*

Mal. Well; what wilt thou ſay, if this be a plot,
Of merriment betwixt thy wife and them,
For them to come thus, and diſguiſe her thus,
Thus whorry her away to ſome by-Towne,
But foure or fiue miles diſtance from the City,
Then muſt we hunt on Horſebacke, find our game
See and not know her in this ſtrange diſguiſe,
But the jeſt ſmelt out, ſhowts, and plandities
Muſt ring about the Table where ſhe ſits,
Then you kiſſing her, I muſt applaud their wits.

Cor. Well, I will once be gull'd in this your Comedy,
A while Ile play the Wittall, I will winck Sir.

One Bird you ſee is flowne out of the neſt,
Mal. What Bird !
Cord. A wagtaile, after, flye all the reſt.
Mal. Come then. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

ACTVS, III.

Enter Iohn, a Doctor, and Pacheco.

Ioh. Pacheco.
Pach. My Lord.
Ioh. It ſhall be ſo, to the King preſently
See my Caroach be ready, furniſh me
To goe to Court ſir.
Pach. Well Sir. *Exit.*
Do. Why my Lord ?
Ioh. What ſayſt thou ?
Do. You will ouerthrow the ſtate
Of that deare health which ſo much coſt and time
Haue beene a building vp, your pores lying open
Colds, Agues, and all enemies to pure bloods
Wil enter and deſtroy life.

Enter Pacheco, with Cloake and Rapier.

Ioh. I will to Court.
Do. Pray my Lord ſtirre not forth.
Ioh. Lay downe, begon. *Exit Pacheco.*
Do. The Ayre will pierce you
Iohn. I ha tooke cold already.
Do. When ſir ?

Ioh. When you councell'd me to ride my horſe.

Do. Nay that was well, how ſlept you the next night?

Ioh. Not a winck.

Doct. All the better.

Ioh. But i'th next morning,
I could not in a Ruſſian ſtoue ſweat more
Then I did in my Bed.

Doct. Marry I'me glad on't.

Ioh. And had no clothes vpon me.

Doct. Still the better.

Ioh. My bones Sir pay'd for all this, and yet you cry, ſtill the better: when you ha' purg'd your pockets full of gold out of a Patient, and then nayl'd him in's Coffin, you cry then ſtill the better too, a man were better to lye vnder the hands of a Hangman, than one of your rubarbatiue faces; ſirrha Doctor, I doe not thinke but I haue beene well, all this time I haue beene Sicke?

Doctor. Oh my good Lord.

Ioh. Oh good Maſter Doctor, come no more of this, I haue another Diaphragma for you to tickle, you miniſter poyſon in ſome Medicines, doe you not?

Doct. Yes my good Lord, in Purgatiue and Expulſiue.

Ioh. So, ſo, breake not my head with your hard words, you can for a need poyſon a Great man?

Doct. Your Lordſhip's merry.

Ioh. Right Sir, but I muſt haue it done in ſadneſſe, 'tis your Trade Maſter Doctor to ſend men packing: harke you, 'tis no leſſe Bug-beare then *Don Valaſco*!

Do. The Admirall of *Caſtile*!

Ioh. Him you muſt ſincke.

Do. 'Tis my certaine death to doe it.

Ioh. And thy certaine death to deny it, if you will not ſhew him a caſt of your Office, Ile be ſo bold, as beſtow this vpon you of mine, I am ſharpe ſet, will you doe it?

Do. I will by theſe two hands.
Ioh. When?
Do. When you pleaſe.
Ioh. This day?
Do. This hower.
Ioh. And make him faſt.
Do. Faſt.
Ioh. For ſpeaking.
Do. For ſpeaking.
Ioh. Why then good Doctor riſe
To honour by it, be ſecret and be wiſe.

Enter Pacheco.

Pa. The Admirall is come my Lord.
Ioh. Away with theſe, ſhow him the way in, Doctor.
Do. Oh my Lord!

Enter Valaſco.

Ioh. If you faile.
Val. All health to your good Lordſhip, I wiſh that,
Which moſt I thinke you want.
Ioh. Thankes my good Lord,
Doctor diſpatch, take heed your Compoſitions,
Hit as I told you.
Do. Oh my Lord, I am beaten to theſe things.
Exit.
Ioh. Goe then, this viſitation of your Lordſhip,
I take moſt kindly.
Val. Two maine wheeles my Lord,
Haue hither brought mee, on the Kings Command,
To'ther my loue, with a deſire to know
Why I mong'ſt all the trees that ſpread it'h Court
Should ſtill be ſmote with lightening from your eye;
Yours onely dangerous Arrowes ſhootes at mee:
You haue the Courtiers dialect right, your tongue

Walkes ten miles from your heart, when laſt you
ſaw me,
Doe you remember how you threaten'd; as for you
Sir ——
Ioh. Theſe notes are ſtrange.
Val. Oh my good Lord, be my good Lord, I
read
Harſh Lectures in your face, but meet no Comment
That can diſſolue the riddle, vnleſſe it be
Out of that noble faſhion that great men
Muſt trip ſome heeles vp, tho they ſtand as low
As Vintners when they coniure, onely to ſhew
Their skill in wraſtling, 'tis not well to ſtrike
A man whoſe hands are bound, like ſhould chuſe
like.
Ioh. I ſtrike you not, nor ſtriue to giue you falls,
Tis your owne guilt afflicts you, if to the King
The ſong I ſet of you, did to your eare
Vnmuſically ſound, 'twas not in hate
To you, but in deſire to giue the ſtate
True knowledge of my innocence, be ſure a bird,
Chanted that tune to mee, that onely you
Incens'd the King that I ſhould ſell him.
Val. Vmh!
Ioh. Doe you thinke I lye?
Val. I doe beleeue your Lordſhip.
Ioh. 'Twas a man moſt neare you.
Val. A boſome villaine!
Ioh. For you muſt think that all that bow, ſtand
bare
And giue Court Cakebread to you, loue you not.
Val. True loue my Lord at Court, is hardly got.
Ioh. If I can friend you, vſe me.
Val. Humble thankes.
Ioh. Oh my good Lord, times ſiluer foretop ſtands
On end before you, but you put it by.
Catch it, 'tis yours, ſcap'd neuer yours, your ſhoulders
Beare the Weale-publique vp, but they ſhould beare,
Like Pillars to be ſtrong themſelues: would I

Want fiſh at Sea, or golden ſhowers at Court
I'de goe awry ſometimes, wer't but for ſport.
Val. Say you ſo!
Io. Sell Iuſtice and ſhe'l by you Lordſhips, cloath her
(As Citizens doe their wiues) beyond their worth
She'll make you ſell your Lordſhips and your plate.
No wife man will for nothing ſerue a ſtate,
Remember this, your Daughter is the Queene
Braue phraſe to ſay my Sonne in Law the King,
Whil'ſt ſweet ſhowers fall, and Sunne-ſhine, make your Spring.
Val. You looke not out I ſee, nor heare the ſtormes
Which late haue ſhooke the Court.
Ioh. Not I! what ſtormes!
Val. You in your Cabbin know nothing there's a Pinnace
(Was mann'd out firſt by th' City,) is come to th' Court,
New rigg'd, a very painted Gally foiſt,
And yet our *Spaniſh* Caruils, the Armada
Of our great veſſels dare not ſtirre for her.
Ioh. What Pinnace meane you?
Val. From his lawfull pillow,
The King has tane a Citizens wife.
Ioh. For what?
Val. What ſhould men doe with Citizens wiues at Court?
All will be naught, poore Queene 'tis ſhe ſmarts for't.
Ioh. Now 'tis your time to ſtrike.
Val. He does her wrong,
And I ſhall tell him ſoundly.
Ioh. Tell him!
Val. Ile pay it home.
Ioh. Were you ſome Father in Law now.
Val. What lyes heere,
Lyes here, and none ſhall know it.
Ioh. How eaſie were it,

For you to ſet this warping Kingdome ſtraight?
Val. The peoples hearts are full,
Ioh. And weed the State.
Val. Too full of weeds already.
Ioh. And to take all,
Into your owne hands.
Val. I could ſoone doo't.
Ioh. Then doo't.
Val. Doe what! miſprize me not, pray good my Lord,
Nor let theſe fooliſh words we ſhoot i'th Ayre,
Fall on our heads and wound vs: to take all
Into mine owne hands, this I meane.
Ioh. Come on.
Val. Boldly and honeſtly to chide the King.
Ioh. Vmh.
Val. Take his minx vp ſhort.
Ioh. Take her vp!
Val. Roundly, to rate, her Wittall husband: to ſtirre vp——
Ioh. The people, ſince mens wiues are common Caſes.
Val. You heare not me ſay ſo.
Ioh. To force this Tyrant to mend or end.
Val. Good day to your Lordſhip.
Ioh. Shoot off the Peece you haue charg'd.
Val. No, it recoyles.
Ioh. You and I ſhall fall to cutting throates.
Val. Why!
Ioh. If euer you ſpeake of this.
Val. If we cut one another throates, I ſhall neuer Speake of this: fare your Lordſhip well.
Alphonſo de Gramada.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Good health to both your Lordſhips.
Ioh. Thankes good *Alphonſo*, nay pray ſtay.
Val. Where haſt thou beene *Alphonſo*!

Alph. In the Marqueſſe of *Villa Noua del Rios*, Garden
Where I gathered theſe Grapes.
Val. And th'are the faireſt Grapes I euer toucht.
Ioh. Troth ſo they are; plump *Bacchus* cheekes were neuer
So round and red, the very God of Wine.
Swels in this bunch, *Lyæus* ſet this Vine.
Val. I haue not ſeene a louelier.
Alph. 'Tis your Lordſhips, if you vouchſafe to take it.
Val. Oh I ſhall rob you, of too much ſweetneſſe.
Alph. No my Lord.
Val. I thanke you.
Alph. Make bold to ſee your honour.
Ioh. Good *Alphonſo.*
Alph. And (loath to be too troubleſome) take my leaue:
Ioh. My duty to the King.
Val. Farewell good *Alphonſo.* *Exit.*
Ioh. How doe you like your Grapes?
Val. Moſt delicate, taſte 'em:
Is it not ſtrange, that on a branch ſo faire,
Should grow ſo foule a fruit, as Drunkards are?
Ioh. Theſe are the bullets that make Cities reele,
More then the Cannon can.
Val. This Iuice infus'd
In man, makes him a beaſt, good things abus'd,
Conuert to poyſon thus; how now!
Ioh. I'me dizzie
Oh! does not all the houſe run round on wheeles!
Doe not the Poſts goe round! my Lord this fellow,
Loues you I hope?
Val. Ile pawne my life he does.
Io. Would all we both are worth, were laid to pawne
To a Broaker that's vndamn'd for halfe a dram
For halfe a ſcruple,—oh we are poyſon'd.
Val. Ha!

Ioh. What doe you feele?
Val. A giddyneſſe too me thinkes.
Ioh. Without there, call the Doctor (ſlaue)

Enter Pacheco.

Pach. He's here Sir.

Enter Doctor.

Ioh. Oh Doctor now or neuer——giue him his laſt,
We are poyſon'd both. *Exit Doctor.*
Val. I thinke our banes are ask'd.
Ioh. Hee'l bring that ſhall forbid it, call him (villaine.)
Pa. Well Sir I will call him villaine. *Exit.*
Val. All thriues not well within me: On my ſoule
T'is but Conceipt, I'me hurt with feare, *Don Iohn*,
Is my Cloſe mortall enemy, and perhaps
Vnder the Cullor I am poyſon'd, ſends
To pay me ſoundly! to preuent the worſt,
Preſeruatiue or poyſon, he drinkes firſt.

Enter Doctor.

Ioh. Giue it him.
Va. No begin.
Ioh. What is't?
Do. Cordiall.
Ioh. The Doctor ſhall begin, quickly, ſo heere,
Halfe this to both our deathes if't come too late.
Val. I pledge them both, death is a common fate.
Ioh. Shift hands, is't mortall!
Do. It ſtrikes ſure.
Ioh. Let it runne.

Va. 'Tis downe.
Ioh. I'me glad, thy life's not a ſpan long.
How is't!
Va. Worſe.
Ioh. Better, I doe feare this phyſick
Like pardons for men hang'd is brought too late.
Do. Hee's gone.
Ioh. Who's without!
Do. Some of his men attending with his Caroach.
Ioh. Take helpe; beſtow the body in't, convey it,
To his owne houſe and there ſir, ſee you ſweare,
You ſaw him in your preſence fall dead heere.
Do. This I can ſafely ſweare.
Ioh. Helpe then, away,
Thou art next, for none muſt liue that can betray.
Exeunt.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Queene, Tormiella, Ladies, Iago, Martines, Fuentes, and Alphonſo.

King. So ſweetneſſe, Ile now walke no longer with you.
Qu. Are you weary of my Company!
King. Neuer ſhall:
Prithee keepe thy Chamber a while, the Ayre bites.
Qu. 'Tis becauſe the Sunne ſhines not ſo hot as 't had wont.
King. There's ſome Cloud betweene then.
Qu. Yes, and a horrible foule one.
King. I ſee none but faire ones.
Qu. No! Looke yonder, it comes from the City.
King. Let it come, by theſe Roſes I am angry that you let me not go.
Qu. Nay look you, your Grace takes all from me too; pray Sir giue me my roſes, your Highneſſe is too couetous.
King. I muſt of neceſſitie haue one.
Qu. You ſhall, ſo you take it of my chooſing.

King. I will, ſo you chooſe that which I like.

Qu. Which will you haue, the bud, or that which is blown?

King. The bud ſure, I loue no blowne ware.

Qu. Take your bud then.

Offers to go, and throwes it downe.

King. Doe you heare? are you angry?

Qu. No, you are jealous, you are ſo loath to haue me out of your ſight, you need not, for I keepe the faſhion of the Kings of *China*, who neuer walke abroad, but beſides their Attendants, haue fiue or ſixe as richly attired as themſelues, to cut off treaſon.

Kin. So.

Q. Here be others in the Troupe will bee taken for Queenes ſooner then I.

Kin. You are vext, I haue prefer'd a creature to you.

Qu. Who dares checke the Sunne, if he make a ſtinking weed grow cloſe to a bed of Violets? vext! not I, and yet me thinkes you might giue me leaue to chuſe mine owne women, as well as you doe your men, I commend no man to you, for lifting joyne ſtooles to be one of your guard.

King. Your Muffe.

Qu. Take it good wife.

King. You will make me angry: good wife! ſo, take it.

Qu. Now I hope you'l take it, you need not ſcorne a Queenes leauings, for a Queene has had yours.

King. What!

Qu. You ſee; does your Maieſtie frowne becauſe I take it from her

Come hither, put your hand here? ſo, well met,
All friends now, yet tho ty'd neuer ſo faſt,
Being a bow knot, it ſlips it ſelfe at laſt.

Exeunt Queene, Tormiel. Ladies and Mart.

K. Is't ſo! wer't thou a Diamond worth the world,

And ne're ſo hard, yet thine owne Duſt ſhall cut thee :
Goe call that Lady backe.
Alph. Which ?
King. *Tormiella*,
No doe not ! 'Tis a Cocke the Lyon can fright,
The Hen do'ſt now, the Caſe is alter'd quite.

Enter Doctor.

Do. Your gracious pardon to call backe a life
That's halfe loſt with deſpaire.
King. What haſt thou done ?
Do. Poyſon'd a man.
King. Whom haſt thou poyſon'd ?
Do. The Queenes Father in Law.
King. Would it had beene the Daughter, thou ſhalt feele :
A double death, one heere, and one in Hell.
Do. I muſt haue company with me then : *Don Iohn*
Your Highneſſe Brother, ſet againſt my throat——
Kin. Back.
Doct. His arm'd ſword ; I had dy'd, had I not done't.
King. Our Guard : goe fetch *Don Iohn* our brother to Court.
Do. A word in your Highneſſe eare :
King. Search him.
Omn. He has nothing.
Do. I in ſtead of poyſon,
Gaue him a ſleepy Potion, he's preſeru'd
Don Iohn thinkes not : the noble Admirall
Feares plots againſt his life, forbeares the Court
But ſends me to your Grace, to bid you ſet
Your footing ſtiffe and ſtrongly, for *Don Iohn*
Trips at your life and Kingdome, to his throat
Valaſco this will iuſtifie.
King. He ſhall
Goe you and fetch him ſecretly to Court

Alphonſo take the Doctor and returne. *Exeunt.*
Death ! when ! *Iago* with your ſmootheſt face
Go greet *Don Iohn* from vs,
Say we haue worke of State, both preſently
And cloſely bid him come.
Iago. I ſhall. *Exit.*

Enter Gazetto.

King. How now what's he, giue vs leaue, come hither :
We haue perus'd your paper Sir, and thinke
Your promiſes Spring-tides, but we feare you'll ebbe
In your performance.
Gaz. My deeds and ſpeeches Sir,
Are lines drawne from one Center, what I promiſe
To doe, Ile doe, or looſe this.
King. You giue me phyſicke after I'm dead, the *Portugals* and we
Haue hung our drummes vp, and you offer heere
Models of Fortification, as if a man
Should when Warre's done, ſet vp an Armorors ſhop.
Gaz. I bid you ſet up none Sir, you may chuſe.
King. This fellow Ile fitly caſt i'th Villaines mold,
I find him crafty, enuious, poore, and bold :
Into a Saw Ile turne thee, to cut downe
All Trees which ſtand in my way ; what's thy name ?
Gaz. You may reade in my paper.
King. *Lupo Vindicado's* ; Vmh ! nay we ſhall imploy you
Merrit went neuer from vs with a forehead,
Wrinckled or ſullen, what place would you ſerue in ?
Gaz. Any, but one of your turne broaches ; I would not be one of your blacke Guard, there's too much fire in me already.
King. You ſay, you haue the Languages.
Gaz. Yes.

King. What thinke you of an Intelligencer, we'll
send you—
Gaz. To th' Gallowes, I loue not to be hang'd in
State.
King. You hauing trauel'd as you ſaid ſo farre,
And knowing ſo much, I muſe thou art ſo poore.
Gaz. Had the confuſion of all tongues began
In building me, could I ſing ſweet in all,
I might goe beg and hang, I ha' ſeene *Turkes*
And *Ieues*, and *Chriſtians*, but of all, the *Christians*
Haue drieſt hands, they'l ſee a Brother ſtarue,
But giue Duckes to a water-Spaniell.
King. Well obſeru'd
Come ſir, faith let's crow together, in what ſtamp
Doſt thou coyne all thy Languages.
Gaz. I doe ſpeake *Engliſh*
When I'de moue pittie, when diſſemble, *Iriſh*,
Dutch when I reele, and tho I feed on ſcalions,
If I ſhould brag Gentility, I'de gabble *Welch*,
If I betray, I'me *French*, if full of braues,
They ſwell in loftie *Spaniſh*, in neat *Italian*
I court my Wench, my meſſe is all ſeru'd vp.
King. Of what Religion art thou?
Gaz. Of yours.
King. When you were in *France*?
Gaz. *French.*
King. Without there.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Sir?
King. Giue this Gentleman fiue hundred Piſtolets
Be neere vs.
Gaz. In thy boſome, for thy Piſtolets
Ile giue thee Piſtols, in a peece might ha beene
mine,
Thou ſhoot'ſt or mean'ſt to ſhoot, but Ile charge
thine,
Thy heart off goes it in thunder.

King. Through the Gallerie,
Vnſeene conuay him hither, give vs leaue ſir.
Gaz. Leaue haue you? *Exeunt.*

Enter Doctor, Valaſco, and Alphonſo.

Val. I'm glad to ſee your Maieſty.
King. You haue reaſon.
Val. I was going to cry all hid.
King. Come hither
Dead man you'l iuſtifie this treaſon?
Val. To his teeth,
Throate, mouth to mouth, bodie to bodie.
King. So.

Enter Iago.

Iag. *Don Iohn of Caſtile*'s come.
King. A Chaire, ſtand you
Full here and ſtirre not, front him, bring him in
How, now, did a Hare croſſe your way?

Enter Don Iohn.

Ioh. The Diuell
Doctor Ile giue you a purge for this, Ile make
Your Highneſſe laugh.
King. You muſt tickle me ſoundly then.
Ioh. In this retreat of mine from Court, my bodie
(Which was before a cleane ſtreame) growing foule
By my minds trouble, through your high diſpleaſure
Which went to th' bottome of my heart; I call'd
That ſound Card to me, gaue him fees and bid him
(By all the faireſt props that Art could reare)
To keepe my health from falling, which I felt
Tottering and ſhaken, but my Vrinaliſt
(As if he ſate in Barber-Surgions Hall
Reading Anatomy Lectures) left no Artery
Vnſtretcht vpon the Tenters.

King. So he vext you to the guts.
Ioh. My bowels were his coniuring roomes, to quit him
I tempted him to poyſon a great man,
I knowing this my honourable friend——
Val. Keepe backe, hee'l poyſon my gloue elſe.
Ioh. Comming to viſit me,
This was the man muſt die.
King. Why did you this?
Ioh. Onely to hatch a jeſt on my pill'd Doddy,
I knew he durſt not doo't.
King. But ſay he had?
Val. Then he had beene hang'd.
Ioh. That had made me more glad.
Doct. I am bound to your Lordſhip.
Ioh. Being a Doctor you may looſe your ſelfe.
King. Mens liues then are your Balls, diſarme him.
Ioh. How! not all thy Kingdome can. *Drawes.*
King. Hew him in peeces,
Our Guard, s'death kill him.
Ioh. Are you in earneſt?
King. Looke.
Ioh. See then, I put my ſelfe into your Den:
What does the Lyon now with me?
King. Th'art a traytor.
Ioh. I am none.
King. No!
Val. Yes, an arrant traytor.
Ioh. You ſir; ſpit all thy poyſon forth.
Val. No, I dranke none ſir.
King. Come to your proofes, and ſee you put 'em home.
Val. You and I one day, being in conference,
You nam'd this noble King (my Soveraigne)
A tyrant, bid me ſtrike, 'twas now my time,
Spake of a Peece charg'd, and of ſhooting off
Of ſtirring vp the Raſcals to rebell,
And to be ſhort, to kill thee.

Ioh. I ſpeake this!
Val. Yes Traytor, thou.
Ioh. Where!
Val. In your Chamber.
Ioh. Chamber!
Was it not when you told me, that the King
Had got a ſtrumpet.
King. Ha.
Val. How!
Ioh. A Citizens wife;
'Twas when you ſwore to pay him ſoundly.
Val. See, ſee!
Ioh. The peoples hearts were full.
Val. Poxe, a'my heart then.
Ioh. Or was't not when you threaten'd to take all,
Into your owne hands:
Val. There's my gloue, thou lyeſt.
Kin. Good ſtuffe, I ſhall find traitors of you both,
If you are, be ſo; with my finger, thus
I fanne away the duſt flying in mine eyes
Rais'd by a little wind; I laugh at theſe now,
'Tis ſmoake, and yet becauſe you ſhall not thinke
We'll dance in Earth quakes, or throw ſquibs at Thunder,
I charge both keepe your Chambers for a day
Or ſo.——
Val. Your will. *Exit.*
Ioh. Chambers!
King. We bid it.
Ioh. You may. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Omn. The Queene.
Qu. I thanke your highneſſe for the bird you gaue me.
King. What bird?
Qu. Your Taffell gentle, ſhee's lur'd off and gone.
King. How gon! what's gone!

Qu. Your woman's fled
Whom you prefer'd to me, ſhe's ſtolne from Court.
King. You ieſt.
Qu. Bee it ſo.—— *Goes away.*
King. I haue hotter newes for you,
Your Fathers head lies here, art thou ſtill ſhooting
Thy ſtings into my ſides! Now doe you looke
I ſhould turne wild, and ſend through all the winds
Horſemen in queſt of her, becauſe you weare
A kind of yellow ſtocking; let her flie
If *Ioue* forſooth would fixe a ſtarre in Heauen,
Iuno runnes mad, thou better mightſt haue ſpurn'd
The gates of hell ope; then to looke into
Our boſome.
Qu. Where your Trull lyes.
King. Y'are a Toad.
Qu. Womans reuenge awake thee, thou haſt ſtirr'd
A blood as hot and high as is thine owne
Raiſe no more ſtormes; your treaſure is not gon,
I fear'd the Sea was dangerous, and did ſound it
Miſchiefe but halfe vp, is with eaſe confounded. *Exit.*
King. In thine owne ruine, me canſt thou hit
But with one finger which can doe no harme
But when a King ſtrikes, 'tis with his whole arme.
Exit.

Enter Queene and Tormiella.

Qu. Make faſt the Cloſet—ſo—giue me the key
I meane to kill thee.
Tor. Kill me, for what cauſe?
Qu. Gueſſe.
Tor. I know none, vnleſſe the Lambe ſhould aske
The Butcher why he comes to cut his throat.
Qu. I could through loope holes hit thee, or hire ſlaues
And ſend death to thee, twenty ſecret wayes.
Tor. Why would you doe all this?
Qu. Or (as the Hart

Drawes Serpents from their Den) with ſubtill breath
I could allure thee to ſit downe, and banquet
With me as with the King thou haſt.
Tor. Oh neuer—
Qu. Yet poyſon you moſt ſweetly.
Tor. Now you doe it.
Qu. And I could make thee a Queenes bedfellow
As thou haſt beene a Kings.
Tor. Neuer by ——
Qu. Sweare,
Yet ſtifle you in a pillow, but I ſcorne
To ſtrike thee blindfold, onely thou ſhalt know
An Eagles neſt, diſdaines to hatch a Crow:
Why are all mouthes in *Spaine* fill'd to the brim,
Flowing o're with Court newes, onely of you and him
The King I meane, where lies the Court?
Tor. Sure here.
Qu. It remou'd laſt, to th' ſhop of a *Millaner*
The geſts are ſo ſet downe, becauſe you ride
Like vs, and ſteale our faſhions and our tyers,
You'l haue our Courtiers to turne ſhopkeepers,
And fall to trading with you, ha!
Tor. Alas the Court to me is an inchanted tower
Wherein I'me lockt by force, and bound by ſpels
To Heauen to ſome, to me ten thouſand Hels
I drinke but poyſon in gold, ſticke on the top
Of a high Pinnacle, like an idle vaine
(As the wind turnes) by euery breath being toſt
And once blowne downe; not miſs'd, but for euer
loſt.
Qu. Out Crocadile,— *Spurne her.*
Tor. You will not murther me!
Qu. Ile cure you of the Kings euill.—
Draw 2. kniues.
Tor. To one woman
Another ſhould be pittifull, heare me ſpeake?
Qu. How dares ſo baſe a flower follow my Sunne
At's riſing to his ſetting.
Torm. I follow none.

Qu. How dar'ſt thou Serpent wind about a tree
That's mine.
Torm. I doe not.
Qu. Or to ſhake the leaues.
Tor. By Heauen, not any.
Qu. Or once to taſte the fruit
Tho throwne into thy lap, if from a Harlot
Prayers euer came ; pray, for thou dy'ſt.
Torm. Then kill me.
Qu. How did my Husband win thee ?
Torm. By meere force ; a Bawd betray'd me to him.
Qu. Worſe and worſe.
Torm. If euer I haue wrong'd your royall bed
In act, in thought, nayle me for euer faſt,
To ſcape this Tyger of the Kings fierce luſt
I will doe any thing, I will ſpeake treaſon
Or Drinke a Cup of poyſon, which may blaſt
My inticing face, and make it leprous foule :
Ruine you all this, ſo you keepe vp my Soule ;
That's all the wealth I care for.
Qu. I haue now no hart left to kill thee, riſe, thou and I
Will like two quarrelling Gallants faſter tye
A knot of Loue, we both i'th Field being wounded
Since we muſt needs be ſharers, vſe me kindly
And play not the right Citizen, to vndoe
Your partner, who i'th ſtocke has more than you.

A noyſe within. Enter the King.

King. Muſt you be cloſetted ?
Qu. Yes.
King. What are you doing ?
Qu. Not getting Children.
King. Naked knaues ; for what,
Speake, s'death ſpeake you.
Tor. They both fell from her ſide.
King. You lie, away.

Qu. Muſt you be cloſetted ?
King. Yes.
Qu. When hart break'ſt thou, thou doſt too much ſwell,
This Aſpiſh biting, is incurable. *Exit.*
King. Be true to me I charge you ; did the Queene
Offer no violence to you.
Tor. None at all.
King. Why were theſe drawne.
Tor. I know not.
King. Know not ; what's heere,
Why is this roſe deni'd with a pearled teare.
When the ſunne ſhines ſo warme, you know not that too,
The lambe has am'd the *Lyon*, the vulture tyers
Vpon the Eagles hart, theſe ſubtill wyers
Chaine *Ioue*, theſe balls, from whoſe flames *Cupid* drew,
His wild fire burnes heere, this you know not too.
I loue you, that you know not neither, y'are coy,
And proud, and faire, you know this.
Tor. I beſeech you
Let me ſhake off the golden fetters you tye
About my body, you inioy a body
Without a ſoule, for I am now not heere.
King. Where then.
Tor. At home in my poore husbands armes,
This is your Court, that mine.
King. Your husbands armes,
Thou art his whore, he plai'd the theefe and rob'd
Another of thee, and to ſpoyle the ſpoyler,
Is Kingly iuſtice, 'tis a lawfull prize
That's ta'ne from Pirates ; there's are fellow wiues.
Tor. Which of your ſubiects (which abroad adore
Your ſtate, your greatneſſe, preſence and your throne
Of ſunne beames) thinke you now are with a wanton,
Or working a chaſt wife to become one.
King. I worke thee not to be ſo, for when time
Shall iog his glaſſe and make thoſe ſands lye low

Which now are at the top, thy ſelfe ſhalt grow
In ſelfe ſame place my Queene does.
Tor. What tree euer ſtood
Long and deepe rooted, that was ſet in blood;
I will not be your whore to weare your Crowne,
Nor call any King my Husband, but mine owne.
King. No!
Tor. No 'twere ſhame 'mongſt all our City Dames
If one could not ſcape free, their blaſted fames.
King. The ſound of Bels and Timbrels make you mad
As it does a Tyger, the ſofter that I ſtroke you
The worſe you bite, your father and your Husband
Are at my ſending come to Court, Ile lay
Honours on both their backs, here they ſhall ſtay
Becauſe Ile keepe you here, if you doe frowne
The engine which reares vp, ſhall plucke all downe.
Ile fetch 'em to you my ſelfe. *Exit.*
Tor. Oh who can ſtifling ſcape in baſer throngs,
When Princes Courts threaten the ſelfe-ſame wrongs!
Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS, IIII.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Maleuento, Cordolente, Iago, Alphonſo, Gazetto, and Tormiella.

King. Y'aue the beſt welcome which the Court can yeeld,
For the King gives it you.
Mal. Your Grace is gracious.

King. Is this your Father?

Mal. My proper fleſh and bloud Sir.

King. And that your Husband?

Cor. Not I ſir; I married an honeſt wench that went in a cap, no whim whams; I did but ſhuffle the firſt dealing, you cut laſt, and dealt laſt, by the ſame token you turn'd vp a Court Card.

King. Is the man iealous!

Cor. No, but a little troubled with the yellow Iaundize, and you know if it get to the Crowne of the head, a man's gon.

King. We ſend not for you hither to be brau'd,
Sirrah caſt your darts elſewhere.

Cor. Among the wild *Iriſh* Sir hereafter.

King. 'Tis our Queenes pleaſure that your wife be call'd
Her woman, and becauſe ſhe will not looſe her,
She hath importun'd vs to raiſe you both;
Your name ſir?

Mal. Mine, *Andrada Maleuento.*

King. *Andrada Maleuento* we make you
Vice-Admirall of our Nauy.

Cor. Oh ſpitefull Comedy, he's not a Courtier of halfe an houres ſtanding, and he's made a Vice already.

King. We make thy Husband——

Cor. A Cuckold doe you not.

Mal. Sonne you forget your ſelfe.

Cor. Meddle with your owne office; there's one will looke that none meddles with mine.

Mal. Is not a change good?

Cor. Yes, of a louzie ſhirt.

King. Take hence that fellow, he's mad.

Cor. I am indeed horne-mad, oh me, in the holyeſt place of the Kingdome haue I caught my vndoing, the Church gaue mee my bane.

Tor. What the Church gaue thee, thou haſt ſtill.

Cor. Halfe parts, I thought one had tane thee vp.

Tor. Take me home with thee, Ile not ſtay here.

Kin. Ha!

Tor. Let me not come to Court.

Mal. The King is vext, let me perſwade thee Sonne
To wincke at ſmall faults.

Cor. What ſir *Pandarus!*

Tor. Sends the King you to bluſh in's roome.

Mal. Y'are a baggage.

King. Goe tell the lunatique ſo; *Andrada* harke,

Iag. The King ſir bids me ſing into your eare,
Sweet notes of place and office which ſhall fall——

Cor. Into my mouth, I gape for 'em,

Iag. He bids me aske what will content you.

Cor. Nothing, nothing, why Sir the powers aboue cannot pleaſe vs, and can Kings thinke you, when we are brought forth to the world, we cry and bawle as if we were vnwilling to bee borne; and when we are a dying we are mad at that.

King. Take hence that Wolfe that barkes thus.

Cor. I am muzzel'd, but one word with your Maieſtie, I am ſober ſir.

King. So ſir.

Cor. You oft call Parliaments, and there enact
Lawes good and wholeſome, ſuch as who ſo breake
Are hung by th' purſe or necke, but as the weake
And ſmaller flyes i'th Spiders web are tane
When great ones teare the web, and free remaine.
So may that morall tale of you be told,
Which once the Wolfe related: in the Fold
The Shepheards kill'd a ſheepe and eate him there
The Wolfe lookt in, and ſeeing them at ſuch cheere,
Alas (quoth he) ſhould I touch the leaſt part
Of what you teare, you would plucke out my hart,
Great men make Lawes, that whoſoe're drawes blood
Shall dye, but if they murder flockes 'tis good:
Ile goe eate my Lambe at home ſir.

King. Part, and thus reckon neuer to ſee her more.

Cor. Neuer!

Tor. Neuer thus, but thus a Princes whore.

Exeunt.

Cor. Thou dar'ſt not, if thou do'ſt, my heart is great,
Thus wrong'd, thou canſt doe little if not threat.

Gaz. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cor. At what doſt laugh?

Gaz. At a thing of nothing, at thee; why ſhouldſt thou be afraid to fall into the Cuckolds diſeaſe.

Cor. Becauſe it makes a Doctor an Aſſe, nothing can cure it, are you anſwer'd Sir?

Gaz. Come th'art a foole, to grieue that thy wife is taken away by the King to his priuate bed chamber. Now like a booke call'd in, ſhee'l ſell better then euer ſhe did.

Cor. Right ſir, but could he chuſe no ſtocke to graft vpon, but that which was planted in my nurſerie.

Gaz. Ile ſhew thee a reaſon for that.

Cor. Why?

Gaz. Leachers comming to women, are like Mice amongſt many Cheeſes, they taſte euery one, but feed vpon the beſt: hornes rightly weigh'd are nothing.

Cor. How nothing! oh ſir, the ſmalleſt Letters hurt your eyes moſt, and the leaſt head-ach which comes by a womans knocking hurts more then a cut to the ſcull by a mans knocking.

Gaz. Yet I warrant thou dar'ſt ſweare the party's honeſt?

Cor. Ha; ſweare; not I, no man durſt euer ſweare for his wife but *Adam*, nor any woman for her husband but *Eue*, fare you well ſir.

Gaz. Whether art flying?

Cor. In peices doſt not ſee I'me ſhot out of a Cannon. *Exit.*

Gaz. Downewards Ile ſhoote thee, but as Diuels vſe
Ile tickle at thy tortures, dance at thy ſtumbling,
Play with thee, and then paw thee, 'ſhalt make me merry

The Crowne of blacke deeds that are hatcht in Hell
Is to out-liue and laugh, and all's play'd well. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne, and Coxecombe.

Clo. I haue not paſs'd by a *Don*, to touch whoſe hand mine owne was neuer more troubled with a more terrible itch.

Cox. I haue not met a Signior, at whom mine owne eyes (as if roaſted enough) did euer burne more in deſire to flye out: ſo that whether to recoyle or aduance on, I am betweene Hawke and Buzzard.

Bil. The honey of ſweet Complement ſo turne vp your Tuskes or Mochatoes, that they be not too ſtiffe, to briſle againſt my acquaintance.

Cox. Your acquaintance is a Limbeck, out of which runneth a perfum'd water, bathing my noſthrils in a ſtrong ſcent of your embracings: are you of Court Signior?

Bil. No Signior of the City: are you a Don of the Citie!

Cox. No Signior of the Court City, I ſmile.

Bil. Why.

Cox. I aſſure you Signior, you are to vs of the Court but *Animals*
You are held but as ſhooing hornes to wait on great Lords heeles.

Bil. Let em pay vs what they owe then, and pull on their ſhoes, and wee'll wait no more.

Cox. You are our Apes.

Bil. But you are fuller of Apiſh trickes.

Cox. No ſooner leape our Ladies into a faſhion, but your Wiues are ready to creepe into the ſame.

Bil. Why not; for tho ſome of your Ladies invent the faſhion, ſome of our wiues husbands are neuer pay'd for the ſtuffe or making.

Cox. Giue way with your poore ſcull to our oares: for I tell thee Signior you of the city, are the flatten milke of the kingdome, and wee of the Court, the Creame.

Bil. I tell thee Signior! wee of the City eate none of your Court butter, but ſome of you munch vp our flatten milk cheeſe.

Cox. Be not too loud; tho you are good ringers in the City, for moſt of you haue bels at your doores.

Bil. Be not you too loud: for you might be good ſingers at Court but that moſt of you are ſpoyled in learning your prickſong.

Cox. Bee temporate: I will ſhew you your City Cinquipace, you beare, ſweare, teare, reare, and weare; you beare the Tanckerd, ſweare ſhop oathes, teare money out of debtors throates, reare rich eſtates, weare good clothes, but carry your Conſcience in torne pockets.

Bil. Bee attentiue, I will ſhew you your Court Coranto pace, it conſiſteth of 5. bees and 3. cees; you borrow of any man, are braue on any termes, brag at any hand to pay, bellow at any that demands it, bite any Catchpole that fangs you, but carry neither Conſcience nor coyne in your whole pockets.

Cox. Tell me Signior, tell mee why in the City does a harmleſſe ſigne hang at the doore of a ſubtill *Nicodemus* ſitting a ſhop?

Bil. And tell me Signior, tell me, why when you eate of good cheare i'th City, haue you handſome wide chops, but meeting vs at Court, none; your gumme's glew'd vp, your lips coap'd like a Ferret, not ſo much as the corner of a Cuſtard; in a cold cup, and a dry cheate loafe 'tis well.

Cox. Come, come, You are Acornes, and your Sonnes the Prodigals that eate you vp.

Bil. Goe, goe, you are Prodigals, and glad of the yellow Acornes we leaue our Sonnes.

Cox. I will croſſe my ſelfe when I owe money to a Citizen, and paſſe by his doore.

Bil. I will bleſſe my ſelfe, when a Courtier owing me no money, comes neare my doore.

Cor. You are diſcended from the tanckerd generation.

Bil. You are aſcended vp to what you are, from the blacke Iacke and bumbard diſtillation.

Cox. Deere Signior.

Bil. Delicious *Don.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Don Iohn.

Ioh. Boy.

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Art ſure thou ſaw'ſt the Admirall at Court!

Pach. Am I ſure I ſee your Lordſhip in your gowne.

Ioh. And talking with the King?

Pach. Moſt familiarly.

Ioh. And what ſay the people about my committing to mine owne houſe?

Pach. The beaſt grinnes at it, there's a Libell already of you my Lord.

Ioh. A Libell, away.

Pa. Yes faith my Lord, and a Song to the tune of Lament Ladies, Lament.

Ioh. I'me glad the ſtinkards are ſo merry, a halter on 'em, it is muſick to them to have euery man thrown off, you haue ſeen the Kings Miſtris, boy haue you not, what manner of peice is't?

Pach. Troth my Lord I know not, I neuer ſaw her ſhot off a pretty little pocket dag.

Ioh. What report giues ſhe?

Pach. A very good report of her Husband, but he giues an ill report of her.

Ioh. How does the Ladies take it; now the King keepes a Wench vnder the Queenes noſe?

Pach. They take it paſſing heauily, it goes to the heart of ſome of them, that he keepes not them too.

Ioh. I heard ſay they were all once leauing the Court?

Pach. True ſir, but there was a deuiſe which ſtopp'd 'em.

Ioh. Who are you! *Knocking within.*

Val. My Lord, we muſt ſpeake with you.
Ioh. What are you? fetch me a weapon.
Omn. Your friends.
King. 'Sdeath breake it open.

Enter King, Valaſco, and others.

Ioh. The King; I did not vnderſtand your Maieſty.
King. You ſhall, for Ile ſpeake plaine to you, know you theſe?
Ioh. Not I.
King. You doe not, a Kings arme thou ſeeſt
Has a long reach, as farre as *Portugall*
Can We fetch treaſon backe hatcht here by you.
Ioh. Me!
King. Thee and the trayterous *Portugals* to depriue me
Of life and Crowne, but I ſhall ſtrike their King
And them, and thee beneath into the earth.
Ioh. And lower then earth you cannot.
King. Halfe your body is in the graue, it only lackes our hand
To caſt the duſt vpon you, yet you ſtand
On ſlippery Ice your ſelfe, and trip at vs
Whoſe foot is fixt on Rocks, but ſince th'aſt, throwne
Thy ſelfe downe neuer looke to riſe.
Ioh. I care not, I will be little ſo in debt to you, that I will not owe you ſo much as God a mercy for my life.
King. You ſhall not then, ſtand not to ayme at markes
Now roue not but make choyſe of one faire white
Th'aſt but one arrow to ſhoote, and that's thy flight
The Admirall knowes our pleaſure. *Exit.*
Ioh. And Heauen knowes mine
Left in mine enemies hand, are you my Iaylor?
Val. No my Lord, I thinke I'me rather left

To be your Confeſſor.
Ioh. I need not any,
That you and I ſhould both meet at one Ball,
I being the ſtronger, yet you giue the fall.
Val. A kind of foot-ball ſlight, my Lord, men vſe
Exceeding much at Court, your ſelfe has heard
Little ſhrimps haue thrown men higher then the Guard;
But barring this rough play, let's now conſider,
For what I ſtay, and what you are to doe.
Ioh. Doe what?
Val. To die.
Ioh. And muſt you play the Hangman.
Val. Breake in fellowes. *Guard.*
Ioh. 'Sdeath what are theſe?
Val. Your Executioners appointed by the King.
Ioh. Theſe my Executioners,
And you my ouer-ſeer, wherefore kneele they?
Val. To beg your pardon, for they feare their worke
Will neuer pleaſe you.
Ioh. What booke's that they hold
This is no time for Dedications.
Val. That booke is ſent in Loue to you from the King
It containes pictures of ſtrange ſundry deaths
He bids you chooſe the eaſieſt.
Ioh. Then I chuſe this. *Snatches a Halbert.*
Val. Your choyce is ill made.
Ioh. I'me more ſorry Sir,
I had rather haue my body hackt with wounds,
Then t'haue a Hangman fillip me.
Val. My Lord pray pardon me
I'me forct to what I doe, 'tis the Kings pleaſure
To haue you die in priuate.
Ioh. Any where
Since I muſt downe, the King might let me fall
From lofty Pinacles, to make my way

Through an arm'd Feild, yet for all that, euen then
Vnleſſe I ſlew a kingdome full of men
I ſhould at laſt be pay'd home : blackeſt fate
Thy worſt, I heere defie thee, what the State
Appoints 'tis welcome.

Val. That's to haue your head.

Ioh. 'Tis ready.

Val. Hee'l be quiet when you are dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, and Alphonſo.

Alph. Madam there's a fellow ſtayes without to ſpeake with you.

Tor. With me !

Enter Cordolente.

Alph. Your ſhoo-maker I thinke.

Tor. Ha'ſt brought my ſhooes ?

Cor. Yes Madam.

Tor. You drew them not on laſt.

Cor. No Madam, my Maſter that ſeru'd you laſt has very good cuſtome, and deales with other Ladies as well as you, but I haue fitted you before now, I ſhould know the length of your foote.

Tor. I doe not remember thee.

Cor. I'me ſorry you haue forgotten me.

Tor. What ſhooe was the laſt you drew on ?

Cor. A yellow.

Tor. A yellow ! I neuer wore that cullor.

Cor. Yes Madam by that token when I fitted you firſt, you wore not your ſhoes ſo high i'th inſtep, but me thinks you now go cleane awry.

Tor. A fault I cannot helpe, manie Ladies beſides me go ſo, I hope 'twill grow to a faſhion.

Mal. Has not that fellow done there ?

Cor. Yes ſir, I haue now done, I haue a ſuit to you Madam, that none may be your ſhoo-maker but I.

Tor. Thy Maſter thou ſayſt ſerues me, I ſhould wrong him then.

Cor. Yet doe you me more wrong, oh my *Tormiella!*

Is the leafe torne out where our Loue was writ,
That I am quite forgot!

Tor. Softly good ſweet.

Cor. Oh miſerie, I make my ſelfe a theefe,
To ſteale mine owne, another at my fire
Sits whiles I ſhake with cold, I fatten a ſtranger,
And ſtarue my ſelfe.

Tor. Danger throwes eyes vpon thee,
Thus viſit me, watch time for my eſcape
To any Country, by thy deareſt ſide
Ile lackey all the world or'e, Ile not change
Thee for a thouſand Kings; there's gold.

Mal. Not yet done?

Cor. Yes ſir, I'me onely taking inſtructions to make her a lower Chopeene, ſhe finds fault that ſhe's lifted too high.

Mal. The more foole ſhee.

Enter Iago.

Iag. The King comes Madam, he enquires for you.

Enter King, Valaſco, Gazetto, and others.

King. My brother *Iohn* is gone then?

Val. I ha beſtow'd him as you commanded, in's graue.

King. Hee's beſt there,
Except the Gods, Kings loue none whom they feare.
How now!

Tor. My Shoo-maker.

King. Oh haſt thou fitted her, ſo, hence ſir.

Cor. As a worme on my belly, what ſhould the Ant,
On his poore Mole-hill braue the Elephant,
No, Signior no,
No braines to ſtay, but ſaues a head to goe. *Exit.*

King. Let me haue no more of this ; haue not we eyes
Pointed like Sun-beames, goe to, get you in.

Tor. Angell from Heauen, ſalne a Kings Concubine. *Exit.*

Enter Martines.

Mar. May it pleaſe your Grace.

King. Ha !

Mar. Her Highneſſe drown'd in ſorrow, that your brow
Has beene ſo long contracted into frownes,
Wiſhing to die vnleſſe ſhe ſee it ſmooth'd,
Commends her beſt loue to you in this Iewell
The Image of her heart.

King. My Lord Admirall, my wife's growne kind, ſee !

Val. One of the happieſt houres,
Mine age e're numbred ; would your Highneſſe now
Would fetch vp the red blood her cheeks hath loſt
By ſending her, ſome ſimbole of your loue.

King. Pray ſtep your ſelfe vnto her, ſay I locke
My heart vp in your boſome to her vſe, and giue it her.

Val. Ile lend it in your name.

King. Doe.

Val. She ſhall pay her heart for it in intereſt. *Exit.*

King. Ile ſee her anon.
Leaue vs, ſtay you, and ſet that Table here. *Exeunt.*
A chaire, none trouble vs, doe you ſerue the Queene ?

Mar. Yes ſir.

King. We know you now, y'are in our eye.

Are the doores faſt ?
Mar. They are Sir.
King. Nearer yet,
Doe not you know of a conſpiracie,
To take away my life vpon Saint——tuſh,
No matter for the day, you know the plot Sir ?
Mar. By Heauen I know of none !
King. Bluſhing doe you ſtaine ?
Mar. It is not guilt but anger.
King. Y'aue all fixt
Your hands and Seales to an Indenture drawne
By ſuch a day to kill me.
Mar. For my part
My Loyaltie like a rough Diamond ſhines
The more 'tis cut, I haue no hand in that
Or any baſeneſſe elſe againſt your Life
Or Kingdome.
King. No !
Mar. None.
King. Fetch me Inke and Paper
I ſoone ſhall try that, come Sir write your name :
Stay, your owne words ſhall choake you, 'twas a letter
Wrap'd vp in hidden Characters, and ſent
Inclos'd in a Pomgranet, to a great *Don*
And thus ſubſcrib'd : *At your pleaſure your obſequious vaſſaile.*
Write this, and then your name, here.
Mar. *At your pleaſure.*
King. Thy hand ſhakes.
Mar. No ſir, *Your obſequious Vaſſaile.*
King. Here ſir, your name now there ſo low it ſtood.
Mar. *Martines Cazalla de Barameda.*
King. There's in thy face no Traytor I cannot tell
Good mouthes haue giuen thee to mee, on your life
Be not you like a Wolfes-skin Drum to fright
The whole Heard by your ſound, I will compare
Your hand with this, that's all, but ſir beware
You prate to none of what 'twixt vs is paſt.

Mar. Were I i'th world aboue, I would deſire
To come from thence, to giue that man the lye,
That once ſhould dare to blot my Loyalty.

King. Here take this Key, meet mee ſome halfe houre hence i'th priuy Gallery with two naked Poniards.

Mar. Two ponyards. *Exit.*

Enter Gazetto.

King. Yes, goe ſend ſome body in, ſtay, *Lupo* Can you write?

Gaz. Yes.

King. Indite a Letter——'sdeath ſir——heere begin

Gaz. After my heartie Commendations, ſo ſir.

King. How! write——*My most admired Miſtris.*

Gaz. *Mired Miſtris,*

King. *With the fire you firſt kindled in me, ſtill I am burnt.*

Gaz. *Still I am burnt:*

King. *So that Thunder ſhall not hinder mee from climbing the higheſt ſtep of the Ladder.*

Gaz. *Climbing the higheſt ſtep of the Ladder.*

King. *Of your perfections, though I bee confounded for euer.*

Gaz. *Be confounded for euer.*

King. *Your high pleaſures are mine, mine yours.*

Gaz. *Mine yours.*

King. *And I dye euerlaſtingly vntill I bee in your boſome.*

Gaz. *And I dye——vntill I be in your boſome.*

King. So.

Gaz. So.

King. Hold.

Gaz. Here ſir.

King. Where are the Gentlemen of our Chamber?

Gaz. Without Sir.

King. Bid them attend vs cloſe.

Gaz. I ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Martines with two Poniards.

Mar. Would this dayes worke were done, I doe not like
To ſee a Bull to a wild Fig-tree ty'd
To make him tame, beaſts licking 'gainſt the hayre
Fore-ſhew ſome ſtorme, and I fore-ſee ſome ſnare:
His ſword is dipt in oyle, yet does it wound
Deadly, yet ſtand it, innocence wrong'd is crown'd.

Enter the King, Alphonſo, and Gazetto.

Omn. Treaſon!
King. Where?
Omn. Kill the Villaine. *All draw.*
King. Stay, none touch him
On your liues; on Kings ſhoulders ſtand
The heads of the Coloſſie of the Goddes
(Aboue the reach of Traitors) were the beds
Of twenty thouſand Snakes layd in this boſome,
There's thunder in our lookes to breake them all,
Leaue vs.
Omn. You are too venturous. *Exeunt.*
King. *Ioue* cannot fall,
Both perſon place and buſineſſe were quite loſt
Out of our memorie, lay aſide theſe poniards
We haue alter'd now our buſineſſe, you ſhall beare ſir
Our ſalutation to the Queene —— not ſeal'd!
'Sfoot, nor indors'd! ſome Inke, come let the fore-head
Haue no more wrincles in't—but this, to the Queene,
Write it.
Mar. To the Queene, no more!
King. No, no, 'tis well,
Haſt thou no Seale about thee? if my wife
Exceptions take miſſing our royall ſignet
Say that not hauing that, I borrowed yours.
Mar. I ſhall Sir. *Exit.*

Enter All.

King. Hide it, goe—without there.
Omn. Sir.
King. You met him did you not, how lookt the ſlaue?
Omn. Moſt ſtrangely.
King. Vnparalel'd Villaine! Diuels could not ſet
To hatch ſuch ſpitefull miſchiefe, guard me cloſely,
When you ſee him at the ſtake then worry him,
Are all weapon'd?
Omn. All, all.
King. When Darts inuiſible doe flye,
A ſlaue may kill a Lyon in the eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene, and Tormiella.

Qu. Who gaue you this?
Tor. A Gentleman of your Chamber.

Enter Martines.

Qu. Call in the Villaine,
Thou audatious Serpent!
How dar'ſt thou wind in knotted curles thy luſt
About our honour; where hadſt thou this Letter?
Mar. I had it from the King.
Qu. Out impudent Traytor.

Enter King, Iago, Gazetto, Alphonſo.

King. How now at Barle-brake, who are in Hell?
What's that? to the Queene, what Queene!
Qu. Me, 'tis to me
Your miſtris there the Meſſenger, her Secretary
Hee heere.
King. Vds death.
Qu. Your Trull and hee haue laid
Traines to blow vp mine honour, I am betray'd.

King. *Lupo*, Faſten her.
Qu. Faſten mee!
King. *Iago* ſee.
Looke all, bind faſt this Diuell, is there no Circle
To be damn'd in but mine.
Qu. Slaue let me goe.
King. Oh thou luſtfull harlot.
Qu. Guard me Heauen.
Mar. I'me ſold.
Qu. Thou Villaine ſpeake truth.
King. Keepe her off.
Mar. Moſt baſely
Betray'd and baffled, is that Letter the ſame
Sent in to the Queene.
Tor. The very ſame.
King. Is this thy hand?
Mar. 'Tis ſir, but heare me.
King. And this thy name, thy hand?
Mar. My name, my hand.
Qu. Saue him and let him ſpit
His blackeſt poyſon forth?
King. Spare him, vnhand her.
Qu. Let me haue Iuſtice as thou art a King!
King. To priſon with them both.
Qu. As I am thy wife
Make not thy ſelfe a ſtrompit of me.
King. Hence, guard her.
Qu. I come Heauen, guarded with innocence.
Exit.
King. Follow your Miſtris, you.
Tor. Yes, to her graue.
Oh that I now were ſwallowed in ſome Waue. *Exit.*
King. Oh that I
Should in a womans lap my Kingdome lay,
Honour and life, and ſhe ſhould all betray
To a Groome, a ſlaue.
Iag. Let not her poyſon run
Too neare your heart.
King. *Iago* I haue done,

Pray let my greife want company, this wracke
So great, ſhall make th' whole Kingdome mourn in black. *Exeunt.*

Lupo!

Gaz. Did your Highneſſe call!

King. Yes, harke thee *Lupo*:
It may bee th'art a Serpent dull of ſight,
Be quicke of hearing, may be th'art a Hare,
And canſt ſee ſide-wayes, let me locke vp here,
What euer's layd in there.

Gaz. I am ſtrongly charm'd.

King. Wilt venter for me?

Gaz. To the threſhold of hell.

King. May I truſt thee?

Gaz. Elſe imploy me not.

King. Didſt euer kill a Scorpion?

Gaz. Neuer, I ha beene ſtung by one.

King. Didſt neuer bait a wild Bull?

Gaz. That's the paſtime I moſt loue and follow.

King. A ſtrange diſeaſe
Hangs on me, and our Doctors ſay the bloud
Onely of theſe two beaſts muſt doe me good,
Dar'ſt thou attempt to kill them?

Gaz. Were they Diuels
With heads of Iron, and Clawes ioynted with braſſe,
Encounter them I ſhall, in what Parke run they?

King. The Queene that Scorpion is, *Tormiellas* husband
The mad Oxe broken looſe; in a ſmall volume
What miſchiefe may be writ, in a maze!

Gaz. No, in a muſe,
I'me plotting how to doe't, and to come off.

King. This does it, by this key burſt vp all doores
That can betray thee, done be ſure to riſe,
Let a Kings royall breath, ſend the hence flying.

Gaz. As Powder does the Bullet.

King. Heap'd vp honours
Are ſcedules to thine enterpriſe annext,
Doe it and mount—

Gaz. To th' Gallowes.
King. Thy ſelfe goes next. *Exit.*
Gaz. I ſcorn to be thy bloud hound.
Why ſhould I vexe a Soule did neuer greeue me ?
The Queene an honeſt Lady : ſhould I kill her,
It were as if I pull'd a Temple downe,
And from the ruines of that built vp a ſtewes,
She liues, but Butcher like the Oxe Ile vſe. *Exit.*

ACTVS, V.

Enter King, Valaſco, Malevento, Alphonſo.

Mal. Oh royall Sir, my Daughter *Tormiella*
Has loſt her vſe of reaſon and runne mad.
King. When !
Mal. Not halfe an houre ſince.
King. Mad now ! now frantique !
When all my hopes are at the higheſt pitch
T'inioy her beauties ! talke no more : thou ly'ſt.

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. May it pleaſe your Maieſtie—
King. Curſes conſume thee——oh—— *Strikes.*
Gaz. It is diſpatch'd, the Queene is loſt, neuer to be found.
King. Waue vpon Waue,
Hard hearted Furies, when will you dig my Graue :
You doe not heare him, thunder ſhakes Heauen firſt
Before dull Earth can feele it :

My deere, deareſt Queene is dead.
Val. Ha!
Omn. The Queene dead!
King. What ſaid ſhe laſt!
Gaz. Commend me to the King
And tell him this, mine honour is not wrack'd,
Though his Loue bee.
King. And ſo her heart-ſtrings crackt!
Val. Some tricke vpon my life, State-coniuring
To raiſe vp Diuels in Priſons, and i'th darke:
If ſhe be dead, Ile ſee her.
King. Villanous man,
Thou ſee what we haue inioy'd, thou impudent foole
Away, *Iago* giue this tumbling Whale
Empty barrels to play with till this troublous Seas
(Which he more raging makes) good Heauen appeaſe.
Val. Well I ſay nothing, Birds in Cages mourne
At firſt, but at laſt ſing; I will take my turne. *Exit.*
King. My Queene dead, I ſhall now haue riming ſlaues
Libell vpon vs, giuing her innocent wings
But ſay we murdered her, ſcandall dare ſtrike Kings:
Then here's another Moone of *Spaine* Eclips'd,
One whom our beſt lou'd Queene put in her boſome,
For ſweetneſſe of pure life, integritie,
And (in Court beauties wondrous) honeſty,
Shee's mad too, *Lupo*, *Tormiella's* mad!
Gaz. Mad!
Iag. As a March whore.
Gaz. Mad, ſhall I worke vpon her?
King. Vſe thy skill. *Exit Gazetto.*
Iag. I would to Heauen your highneſſe—
King. Ha! the Queene! was ſhe not at my elbow?
Omn. Here was nothing.
King. I muſt not liue thus, *Iago* if I lye
After the kingly faſhion without a woman
I ſhall run mad at midnight; I will marry

The Lunaticke Lady, ſhe ſhall be my Queene,
Proclaime her ſo.

Iag. Your highneſſe does but ieſt!

King. All the world's franticke, mad with mad are beſt. *Exit.*

Iag. Wretched ſtate of Kings, that ſtanding hye,
Their faults are markes ſhot at by euery eye. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, Gazetto.

Gaz. Giue me the key, make all faſt, leaue us, Ile skrew her wits to the right place.

Mal. *Apollo* bleſſe thee. *Exit.*

Tor. Are not you a woollen Draper?

Gaz. Yes.

Tor. Whether is a womans life meaſured by the Ell or the Yard.

Gaz. All women by the Yard ſure, it's no life elſe.

Tor. I'me now neare ſeuenteene yeares old, if I ſhould dye at theſe yeares, am not I a foole.

Gaz. Yes, marry are you, for the Law allowes none to be of diſcretion, till they come to twenty one.

Tor. Out vpon you, you are a Lawyer, pray get you hence, for you'l not leaue me clothes to my backe if I keepe you company, I'me mad enough now, and you'l make me ſtarke mad.

Gaz. I am not what I ſeeme, no Doctor I
But by your Husband ſent in this diſguiſe
To ſound your boſome.

Tor. You bob for Eeles, doe you not?

Gaz. Here has he lockt his mind vp, but for mee
To put a burning linſtocke in a hand
That may giue fire, and ſend my Soule in powder
I know not, pardon me, fare you well Lady?

Tor. Hiſt doe you heare?

Gaz. The eyes of mercy guard thee

Were't knowne for what I venter'd thus, 'twere death,
Ile to your husband.
Tor. Stay, I am not mad
Yet I haue cauſe to raue, my wits like Bels
Are backward rung, onely to fright the Tyrant
That whilſt his wild luſt wanders, I may flye
To my ſweet husbands armes, here I haue hid
The traines I meane to lay for mine eſcape.
Gaz. Excellent he ſhall ſecond you.
Tor. Should any watch vs!
Gaz. All's faſt, run mad agen then, the King thinks
Me ſome rare fellow, you ſhall leaue the Court
Now if you'l taſte my Counſell.
Torm. Ile drinke gall to cure mee of this ſickneſſe.
Gaz. Sit then downe here.
Ile bind you faſt becauſe it ſhall appeare,
That you grow worſe and worſe, then will I tell
The King, the onely courſe to leaue you well,
Is to remoue you home to mine owne Lodging,
Ile bind you.
Tor. For euer to thee.
Gaz. Once hence, you may flye,
To th' *Straights*, and then croſſe o're to *Barbary*:
So, th'art a Strumpet.
Tor. What's that you ſpeake!
Gaz. A damn'd one,
Doſt thou not know me! I am *Gazetto.*
Tor. Mercy.
Gaz. Who like a ball of wild-fire haue beene toſt
To make others ſport, but here I burſt and kill:
A periured Strumpet.
Tor. I am none,
My Father ſwore that I ſhould marry thee,
And then a Tyger and a Lambe had met,
I ne're was thine, nor euer will be.
Gaz. Sweare thou art not mine,
That when I ſee thy heart drunke with hot oathes,

This Feind may pitch thee reeling into Hell,
Sweare that thou art not mine.
Tor. By heauen I am not,
To proue I ſweare right to thee, change that weapon,
See at my Girdle hang my wedding kniues,
With thoſe diſpatch mee.
Gaz. To th'heart?
Tor. Ayme right I beſeech thee.
Gaz. Ile not kill thee now for ſpight
Becauſe thou begſt it.
Tor. Then good villaine ſpare me!
Gaz. Neither, heere's that ſhall ſinke thee; to the King
Thy iugling and theſe Letters ſhall be ſhowne.
Tor. Vpon thy head be my confuſion
The King! I ſhall both feed his rage and luſt,
Firſt doome me to any Tortures!
Gaz. Thou ſhalt then ſweare—— *Vnbinds her.*
Becauſe I know he'll force the tye a knot,
The Church muſt ſee and ſigh at, if he marries thee,
Sweare when he comes to touch thy naked ſide,
To bury him in thoſe ſheets, thou art his Bride.
Tor. By Heauen that night's his laſt, my iuſt hart keepes
This vow grauen there.
Gaz. Till then my vengeance ſleepes,
Where is the King?

Enter King, Iago, Alphonſo, Malevento.

Gaz. I haue refin'd
That Chaos which confounded her faire mind.
Kin. Moue in thy voice the Spheares, when next thou ſpeakſt *Tormiella.*
Tor. I am well my fearefull dreame
Is vaniſht, thankes to Heauen and that good man.
King. Thou giu'ſt me another Crowne, oh *Vindicados,*
The axletree on which my Kingdome moues,

Leanes on thy ſhoulders, I am all thine ; *Tormiella* !
Bright *Cynthia* looke not pale, *Endimions* heere,
Hymen ſhall fetch a leape from Heauen t'alight
Full in thine armes, backe thou blacke ominous night.
Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Signior *Lupo*, why *Don*, not know me, I am the poore Shopkeeper, whoſe ware is taken vp by the King.

Gaz. You lye.

Cor. True, as Iudges doe with their wiues, very ſeldome, I am *Cordolente* a poore Gudgin diuing thus vnder water, to ſee how *Neptune* and his Mermaides ſwim together, but dare not come neare him, for feare he ſets Dogfiſh to deuoure me.

Gaz. An excellent maske againſt the marriage, now get a priuate coat, the King meanes to haue you ſtab'd.

Cor. He does that already, with the bodkin that ſticks in my wifes hayre.

Gaz. He has not the patience to ſtay the dreſſing of his meat of thy prouiding, he will haue it taken vp, and eate the fleſh raw he will be married incontinently.

Cor. Will ſhe ſet her hands to my hornes ?

Gaz. Yes, and ſet them to your head, ſhe followes the ſteps of her old grandam, all euils take their names from her, the ills of *Eue*, thy wife for the hoope ring thou marriedſt her withall, hath ſworne to ſend thee a Deathes head.

Cor. Sworne !

Gaz. Sworne, were thy caſe my caſe ; I would ſet a Diuell at her elbow in the very Church, I would kill her as ſhe gaue away her hand.

Cor. Wilt helpe me to a fit Circle to play the Diuell in ?

Gaz. Ile place thee, Ile put thy foot into the ſtirrup.

Cor. And I will rid the world of one of his diſeaſes, a looſe woman.

Gaz. Farewell, eate her very hart. *Exit.*

Cor. As we feed one vpon another, hungerly—— *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes: Enter two Fryers ſetting out an Altar, Enter Iago, Alphonſo, Gazetto, Malevento, two Churchmen, Tormiella next and the King, Ladies attending, Cordolente ſteales in, and ſtands in ſome by place the King ſtayes or ſits in a chayre, Tormiella is brought to him, as ſhe is comming the King meets her; as the ring is putting on, Cordolente ſteps in rudely, breakes them off, Tormiella flyes to his boſome, the King offers to ſtab him, is held: ſhe kneeles, ſues, weepes, Cordolente is thruſt out, Gazetto laughs at all, they are preparing to it againe, it Thunders and Lightens: all affrightedly ——Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Doſt thou tell me of thy Proclamations that I am baniſht from the Court, that Court where I came to thee was none of thine, it belongs to a King that keepes open Court, one that neuer wrong'd a poore Begger, neuer tooke away any mans wife, vnleſſe he ſent his Purſeuant death for her: oh thou daring Sacrilegious royall Theefe; wilt thou rob the Church too as thou haſt me! thruſt me out of that houſe too in the Sanctuary turn'd Diuell in a crowd of Angels!

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. Why didſt not kill her?

Cor. I had no power to kill her
Charmes of Diuinity pull'd backe mine Arme,
She had Armor of proofe on, (reuerence of the place)
She is not married, is ſhe, ſhorten my paines;

Gaz. Heauen came it ſelfe downe, and forbade the Banes.

Enter Iago.

Iag. You muſt both to th' King.
Gaz. Muſt! we are for him.
Cor. Now doe I looke for a fig.
Gaz. Chew none, feare nothing. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Tormiella, Valaſco, Malevento, Alphonſo.

King. Has heauen left chiding yet! there's in thy voyce
A thunder that worſe frights mee, didſt thou ſweare
In bed to kill me, had I married thee?
Tor. It was my vow to doe ſo.
King. And did that Villaine,
That *Lupo Vindicado's*, thruſt this vengeance
Into thy deſperate hand?
Tor. That Villaine ſwore me
To ſpeed you, I had dy'd elſe; me had he murdered,
When in a Doctors ſhape he came to cure
The madneſſe which in me was counterfeit,
Onely to ſhun your touches.
King. Strange preſeruation!

Enter Iago, Gazetto, and Cordolente.

Val. Here comes the traytor!
King. Diuell, didſt thou tempt this woman 'gainſt my life?
Gaz. Has ſhe betray'd me, yes, hence Anticke vizors
Ile now appear my ſelfe.
Mal. *Gazetto!*
Gaz. The ſame.
Cor. I ha warm'd a Snake in my boſome.
Mal. This is he,
To whom by promiſe of my mouth, (not hers)

Tormiella ſhould ha' beene married, but flying him
To runne away with this, he in diſguiſe
Has followed Both thus long to be reueng'd.
Gaz. And were not my hands ty'd by your preuention
It ſhould goe forward yet, my plot lay there
(King) to haue her kill thee, this Cuckold her,
Then had I made him Hawkes-meat.
Val. Bloudy Varlet.
King. Rare Prouidence, I thanke thee, what a heape
Of miſchiefes haue I brought vpon my Kingdome,
By one baſe Act of luſt, and my greateſt horror
Is that for her I made away my Queene
By this deſtroyers hand, this crimſon Hell-hound
That laughes at nothing but freſh Villanies.
Gaz. The laughing dayes I wiſht for, are now come ſir
I am glad that leaping into ſuch a Gulph,
I am not drown'd, your Queene liues.
King. Ha!
Gaz. She liues, I had no reaſon to kill her.
Val. A better Spirit
Stood at his elbow, then you planted there,
My poore Girle your ſad Queene, breathes yet.
King. Long may ſhe,
Fetch her, commend me to her, cheere her (Father.)
Val. With the beſt hart I haue. *Exit.*
King. Let that ſlye Bawd
Engine of Hell, who wrought vpon thy Chaſtity
Be whipt though *Siuill*, foure ſuch tempting witches
May vndoe a City: come, you wronged paire
By a King that parted you, you new married are.
Inioy each other and proſper.
Cor. I doe already,
Feeling more ioyes then on my Wedding day,
I nere till now was married.
Tor. Nor I euer happy vntill this houre.
Mal. Nor I, as I am true Lord.

King. No, ſir, y'are no true Lord, you haue a title,
A face of honour, as in Courts many haue,
For baſe and ſeruile proſtitutions,
And you are ſuch a one, your Daughters fall
Was firſt ſtep to your riſing, and her riſing
Againe to that ſweet goodneſſe ſhe neuer went from,
Muſt be your fall, and ſtrip you of all honours
Your Lordſhip is departed.

Mal. Does the Bell ring out! I care not
Your Kingdome was a departing too, I had a place in Court for nothing, and if it be gon, I can looſe nothing; I ha' beene like a Lord in a play, and that done, my part ends.

King. Yes ſir, I purge my Court of ſuch Infection.

Mal. I ſhall find company i'th City I warrant; I am not the firſt hath giuen vp my Cloake of honour.

Exit.

Enter Valaſco, Iohn, and Queene.

King. Oh my abuſed heart, thy pardon, ſee
I haue ſent home my ſtolne goods:

Qu. Honeſtly!

King. As ſhe was euer; now with full cleere eyes
I ſee thy beauty, and ſtrange Cheekes deſpiſe.

Qu. You call me from a graue of ſhame and ſorrow.
In which I lay deepe buried.

Ioh. From a graue likewiſe
Your Maieſtie calls me! I haue lookt backe
On all my poore Ambitions, and am ſorry,
That I fell euer from ſo bright a Spheare,
As is the Loue of ſuch a royall brother.

King. Be as you ſpeake, we are friends, it was our will
To let you know, we can, or ſaue, or kill.

Ioh. Your mercy new transformes me.

King. Sirrah your ſauing
My Queene, when I confeſſe (luſt me ſo blinded)
I would haue gladly loſt her; giues thee life.

Qu. Firſt I thanke Heauen, then him, and at laſt you.

Gaz. I had not the heart to hurt a woman, if I had, your little face had beene mall'd ere this, but my Angers out, forgiue me.

Tor. With all my heart.

King. Pray noble brother loue this man, he's honeſt,
I ha' made of him good proofe, we ſhould haue had
A wedding, but Heauen frown'd at it, and I
Am glad 'tis croſt, yet we'll both Feaſt and dance,
Our Fame hath all this while laine in a Trance :
Come *Tormiella*, well were that City bleſt,
That with but, Two ſuch women ſhould excell,
But there's ſo few good, th'aſt no Paralell. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE

WONDER

OF

A Kingdome.

Quod non Dant proceres, Dabit Hiſtrio.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON:
Printed by *Robert Rawworth*, for *Nicholas Vavaſour*; and are to bee ſold at his Shop in the Inner *Temple*, neere the Church-doore. 1636.

The Prologue.

THus from the Poet, *am I bid to ſay ;*
Hee knows what Iudges ſit to Doome each Play,
(*The Over-curious Critick, or the Wife*)
The one with ſquint ; 'Tother with Sunn-like eyes,
Shootes through each ſcæne ; The one cries all things down
Tother, hides ſtrangers Faults, cloſe as his Owne.
Las ! Thoſe that out of cuſtome come to jeere,
(*Sung the full quire of the Nine* Muſes *heere*)
So Carping, Not from Wit, but Apiſh ſpite,
And Fether'd Ignorance, Thus ! our Poet *does ſlight.*
'Tis not a gay ſute, or Diſtorted Face,
Can beate his Merit off, Which has won Grace
In the full Theater ; Nor can now feare
The Teeth of any Snaky whiſperer ;
But to the white, and ſweete unclowded Brow,
(*The heaven where true worth moves*) *our Poet do's bow :*
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (*through all Tempeſts*) *from the Rage*
Of envious Whirlewindes, ô, doe you but ſteere
His Muſe, This day ; And bring her toth' wiſhed ſhore,
You are thoſe Delphick Powers whom ſhee'le adore.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Duke of Florence.
Prince of Piſa.
Lord Vanni.
Trebatio *his Sonne.*
Mutio.
Philippo. } *Courtiers.*
Tornelli.

Piero *the* Dukes *Sonne.*
Gaſparo *his Friend.*
Tibaldo Neri, *Lover of* Dariene *L.* Vanni's *wife.*
Angelo Lotti, *Lover of* Fiametta.
Baptiſta, *his friend.*

Iacomo Gentili, *The Noble* Houſe-keeper.
Signior Torrenti, *The Riotous Lord.*
Fiametta, *the* Dukes *Daughter,*
Dariene, *Old* Lord Vannies *Wife.*
Aliſandra, *her Daughter.*
Alphonſina, *ſiſter to* Tibaldo Neri.
Cargo, *Lord* Vanni's *man.*
Two Curtizans.
A Nurſe.

THE

WONDER

OF

A Kingdome.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Duke of Florence, Prince of Piſa, Nicoletto Vanni, Trebatio his ſonne, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Gallants, Tibaldo Neri, Alphonſina his ſiſter, Dariene Old Vannies wife, Cargo a ſerving-man.*

CEe ſurfit heere on Pleaſures: Seas nor Land
Cannot invite us to a Feaſt more glorious,
Then this day we have ſat at: my Lord *Vanni*,
You have an excellent ſeate heere; Tis a building
May entertaine a *Cæſar*: but you and I
Should rather talke of Tombs, then Pallaces,
Let's leave all to our heires, for we are old.

Nico. Old! hem? all heart of braſſe, ſound as a bell,

Old? why, Ile tell your Graces; I have gone
But halfe the bridge ore yet; there lies before me
As much as I have paſſ'd, and I'le goe it all.
Flo. Mad *Vanni* ſtill.
Nic. Old Oakes doe not eaſily fall:
Decembers cold hand combes my head and beard,
But *May* ſwimmes in my blood, and he that walkes
Without his wooden third legge, is never old.
Piſa. What is your age my Lord?
Nic. Age, what call you age?
I have liv'd ſome halfe a day, ſome halfe an houre.
Flo. A tree of threeſcore-yeares growth, nothing?
Tib. A meere ſlip, you have kept good diet my lord.
Nic. Let whores keepe diet,
Tibaldo ner'e; never did Rivers runn
In wilder, madder ſtreames, then I have done,
I'le drinke as hard yet as an Engliſhman.
Flo. And they are now beſt Drinkers.
Piſa. They put downe the Dutch-men cleane.
Nic. Ile yet upon a wager hit any fencers button.
Car. Some of 'em ha' no buttons to their doublets Sir.
Nic. Then knave, Ile hit his fleſh, and hit your cockſcombe,
If you croſſe mine once more.
Flo. Nay be not angry.
Nic. I have my Paſſees Sir: and my Paſſadoes,
My Longes, my Stockadoes, Imbrocadoes,
And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtillioes,
Here at my fingers end.
Flo. By my faith 'tis well.
Nic. Old? why I ne're tooke Phiſicke, nor ever will,
I'le truſt none that have Art, and leave to kill:
Now for that chopping herbe of hell Tobacco;
The idle-mans-Devill, and the Drunkards-whore,
I never medled with her; my ſmoake goes,
Out at my kitchin chimney, not my noſe.

Flo. And ſome Lords have no chimnies but their noſes.
Nic. Tobacco-ſhopps ſhew like priſons in hell ;
Hote, ſmoaky, ſtinking, and I hate the ſmell.
Pif. Who'd thinke that in a coale ſo Aſhy white,
Such fire were glowing ?
Flo. May not a ſnuffe give light ?
Tib. You ſee it doe's in him.
Alph. A withered-tree, doth oft beare branches.
Nic. What thinke you then of me—ſweete Lady ?
Alph. Troth my Lord as of a horſe, vilely, if he can
Neither wihy, nor wagge-Taile.
Flo. The Lady *Alphonſina Neri*, has given it you my Lord.
Nic. The time may come I may give it her too.
Flo. I doubt Lord *Vanni*, ſhe will cracke no Nutts,
With ſuch a tough ſhell, as is yours and mine.
But leaving this, lets ſee you pray at Court.
Nico. I thanke your grace.
Flo. Your wife, and your faire daughter,
One of the ſtars of *Florence*, with your ſonne,
Heire to your worth and Honours, *Trebatio Vanni.*
Treb. I ſhall attend your grace.
Flo. The holy knot,
Hymen ſhall ſhortly tie, and in faire bands,
Vnite *Florence* and *Piſa* by the hands,
Of *Fyametta* and this *Piſan* Duke
(Our Noble-ſon in law) and at this daie,
Pray be not abſent.
Nic. We ſhall your will obey.
Flo. We heare there is a gallant that out-vies
Vs, and our court for bravery, of expence,
For royall feaſts, triumphs, and revellings.
Nic. He's my neere kinſman, mine owne brothers ſon,
Who deſperately a prodigall race doth runne,
And for this riotous humour, he has the by-name,
Signior Torrenti, a ſwift Head-long ſtreame.

Flo. But ther's another layes on more then he.
Nic. Old *Iacomo?* open-handed charitie,
Sit's ever at his gates to welcome gueſts.
He makes no bone-fires, as my riotous kinſman,
And yet his chimneis caſt out braver ſmoake.
The Bellows which he blowes with, are good deeds,
The rich he ſmiles upon, the poore he feeds.
Flo. Theſe gallants we'le be feaſted by, and Feaſt;
Fames praiſes of 'em, ſhall make us their gueſt,
Meane time we'le hence. *Exit Florence, Piſa, &c.*

Enter Cargo.

Car. I have News to tell your Lordſhip, *Signior Angelo* (of the *Lotti Family*) is baniſhed.
Dari. How baniſh't? alas poore *Angelo Lotti.*
Treb. Why muſt he goe from *Florence?*
Cargo. Becauſe he can ſtay there no longer.
Nic. To what end is he driven from the Citie?
Cargo. To the end he ſhould goe into ſome other my Lord.
Nic. Hoida.
Car. I hope this is newes Sir.
Nic. What ſpeake the people of him?
Car. As bells ring; ſome out, ſome in, all jangle, they ſay he has dealt with the *Genoway* againſt the ſtate: but whether with the men, or the women; tis to be ſtood upon.
Nic. Away Sir knave and foole.
Car. Sir knave, a new word: fooles, and knaves Sir? *Exit.*
Nic. This muttering long agoe flew to mine eare,
The *Genoway* is but a line throwne out,
But *Fiametta's* love, the net that choakes him.
Tre. He's worthy of her equall.
Nic. Peace fooliſh boy,
At theſe ſtate bone-fires (whoſe flames reach ſo high)
To ſtand aloofe, is ſafer then too nigh. *Exit.*

Enter Tibaldo Neri, and Alphonſina.

Alp. Why brother, what's the matter?
Tib. I'me ill, exceeding ill.
Alp. That's not well.
Tib. Sure I did ſurfet at Lord *Vannies.*
Alp. Surfet? you eate ſome Meate againſt your ſtomack.
Tib. No, but I had a ſtomack to one diſh, and the not taſting it, makes me ſick at heart.
Alp. Was it fiſh or fleſh?
Tib. Fleſh ſure, if I hit the marke right.
Alp. I'ſt not the miſsing of a marke (which you long to hit)
Makes you draw ſighes in ſtead of arrowes?
Tib. Would I had beene a thouſand leagues from thence,
When I ſat downe at's table, or bin partner
With *Angelo Lotti* in his baniſhment;
Oh! ſiſter *Alphonſina,* there I dranke
My bane, the ſtrongeſt poiſon that e're man
Drew from a Ladies eye, now ſwelling in me.
Alp. By caſting of thy water then, I gueſſe thou would'ſt
Have a medcine for the greene-ſicknes.
Tib. 'Tis a greene wound indeed.
Alp. Tent it, tent it, and keepe it from ranckling, you are
Over head and eares in love.
Tib. I am, and with ſuch mortall Arrowes pierc't
I ſhall fall downe———
Alp. There's no hurt in that.
Tib. And dye unleſſe her pitty
Send me a quicke and ſweete recovery.
Alp. And faith what doctreſſe is ſhe muſt call you patient?
Tib. Faire *Dariene,* the Lord *Vannies* wife———
Alp. How! *Dariene*? can no feather fit you but the broach in an

Old mans hatt? were there ſo many dainty diſhes
To fill your belly, and muſt you needs long for that
diſh
The maſter of the houſe ſetts up for his owne tooth.
Tib. Could love be like a ſubject, tied to lawes,
Then might you ſpeake this language.
Alp. Love? a diſeaſe as common with young gallants
as
Swaggering and drinking Tobacco, there's not one
Of 'um all but will to day ly drawing on for a
Woman, as if they were puffing and blowing at a
ſtreight boot,
And to morrow be ready to knock at deathes doore,
But I wo'd faine ſee one of you enter and ſet in
His ſtaffe.
Tib. You ſhall ſee me then do ſo.
Alp. I ſhall looke ſo old firſt, I ſhall be taken for
thy grandame; come, come 'tis but a worme betweene
the skinne
And the fleſh, and to be taken out with the point
of a
Waiting-womans needle, as well as a great
Counteſſes.
Tib. If this be all the comfort you will lend me,
Would you might leave me———
Alp. Leave thee in ſicknes? I had more need give
thee a Caudle; and thruſt thy adle-head into a
night-Capp,
for looke you brother———
Tib. Even what you will muſt out.
Alp. If what you will might ſo too, then would
you be in
Tune: I warrant, if the fucket ſtood here before
Thee, thy ſtomack would goe againſt.
Tib. Yes ſure my ſtomack would goe againſt it:
'Tis onely that which breeds in me deſpaire.
Alp. Deſpaire for a woman? they hang about
mens
Neckes in ſome places thicker then hops upon poles.

Tib. Her walls of chaſtitie cannot be beaten downe.

Alp. Walls of chaſtitie? walls of wafer-cakes, I have
Knowne a woman carry a fether-bed, and a man in't
In her minde, when in the ſtreete ſhe caſt up the white of
Her eye like a Puritane.

Tib. Siſter you do but ſtretch me on the racke
And with a laughing cheeke increaſe my paine,
Be rather pitifull and eaſe my torments
By teaching me how in this dreadfull ſtorme,
I may eſcape ſhip-wrack and attaine that ſhore
Where I may live, heere elſe I'me ſure to die.

Alp. Well brother, ſince you will needs faile by ſuch a
Starre as I ſhall point out, looke you heere it is; if ſhe were
Your Fether-makers, Taylors or Barbers wife,
Baite a hooke with gold, and with it——

Tib. I do conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you ſiſter, ceaſe to powre
Poiſon into a wound, ſo neere my heart,
And if to cure Loves-paines there be an Art.
Woman me thinkes ſhould know it cauſe ſhe breeds it.

Alp. That cunning woman you take me to be, and becauſe
I ſee you diſſemble not, heer's my medcine.

Tib. I ſhall for ever thanke you.

Alp. Firſt ſend for your Barber.

Tib. For heavens ſake.

Alp. Your Barber ſhall not come to rob you of your beard;
I'le deale in no concealements———

Tib. Oh! fie, fie, fie.———

Alp. But let him by rubbing of you quicken
Your ſpirits.

Tib. So ſo.

Alp. Then whiſtle your gold-finches (your gallants) to your fiſt.

Tib. Y'ar mad, y'ar mad.

Alp. Into a Tauerne, Drinke ſtiffe, ſweare ſtiffe, have your muſicke, and your brace, dance, and whiffe Tobacco,
Till all ſmoake Agen, and ſplit Sir.

Tib. You ſplit my very heart in pieces.

Alp. And doe thus, but till the Moone cutts off her hornes; Laugh in the day, and ſleepe in the night: and this wenching fier will be burnt out of you.

Tib. Away, away, cruell you are to kill,
When to give life, you have both power and skill.
Exit.

Alp. Alas: poore brother now I pitty thee, and wo'd doe
Any thing to helpe thee to thy longing, but that a Gap muſt be broken, in another mans hedge to rob His orchard, within there *Luca Angelo*, give him Muſick:
Muſicke has helpt ſome mad-men, let it then
Charme him, Love makes fooles of the wiſeſt men.
Exit.

Enter at one doore, Angelo Lotti, and Baptiſta, at the other, Piero, and Iaſpero.

Pier. Yonders that villaine, keepe off *Iaſpero*:
This prey I'le ceaſe. *All draw.*

Iaſp. Be more adviſed Sir.

Bap. At whoſe life ſhoote you?

Pier. At that ſlaves there.

Ang. Slave? I know you for the Dukes ſonne, but I know no cauſe of quarrell, or this baſe reproach.

Pier. Thou art a villaine.

Ang. Wherein?

Pier. And by witch-craft,
Had ſtole my ſiſter *Fiamettas* heart,
Forceing her leave a Prince his bed for thine.

Ang. If for her love you come to kill me ; heere
I'le point you to a doore where you may enter and
fetch out a loath'd life.
Pier. *Iaſpero.*
Iaſp. Oh my Lord.
Ang. Let him come, I ow her all ;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.
Iaſp. Deare Sir heare him———
Aug. But if on any other fier of rage ;
You thirſt to drinke my blood, heere I defie
You, and your malice, and returne the villaine
Into your throate.
Pier. So brave ſir ! *Change a thruſt or two.*

Enter *Nicolletto*, and *Cargo*.

Nico. I charge you in the Dukes name, keepe the
peace ;
Beate downe their weapons, knock 'em downe
Cargo.
Car. I have a Iuſtices warrant to apprehend your
weapons ;
Therefore I charge you deliver.
Nico. Oh my Lord : make a fray in an open
ſtreete ? tis to
Make a bon-fire to draw children and fooles
Together ; Signior *Angelo*, pray be wiſe, and be gon.
Ang. I doe but guard my life (my Lord) from
danger.
Bapt. Sir, you doe exerciſe your violence
Vpon a man, ſtab'd to the heart with wounds ;
You ſee him ſinking, and you ſet your foote
Vpon his head, to kill him with two deathes ;
Trample not thus on a poore baniſh'd man.
Nico. If hee be baniſh'd, why dwells hee i'th
houſe, whoſe
Tiles are pull'd downe over his head ? You muſt
hunt

No more in this Parke of *Florence*; why then
Doe you lie ſneaking heere, to ſteale veniſon?
Ang. My Lords, I take my laſt leave of you all;
Of love, and fortunes———
Bapt. Lower thou canſt not fall. *Exit.*
Iaſp. Truſt mee, my Lord, This *Lotti* is a man,
(Setting aſide his rivall-ſhip in love,
For which you hate him) ſo abundant rich
In all the Vertues of a Gentle-man,
That had you read their file, as I haue done,
You would not onely fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a Princeſſe bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, ſuch a man
Should ſo much ſuffer; in being ſo put downe,
Never to riſe againe.
Nicol. A terrible caſe, i'de not be in't for all *Florence*.
Pie. Troth deare friend,
The praiſes which have crown'd him with thy Iudgement,
Make mee to caſt on him an open eye,
Which was before ſhut, and I pittie him.
Iaſp. I never heard 'mongſt all your *Romane* ſpirits
That any held ſo bravely up his head,
In ſuch a ſea of troubles (that come rowling
One on anothers necke) as *Lotti* doth,
Hee puts the ſpite of Fortune to diſgrace,
And makes her, when ſhee frownes worſt, turne her face.
Pier. No more: I love him, and for all the Dukedome,
Would not have cut ſo Noble a ſpreading Vine,
To draw from it one drop of blood; Lord *Vanni*,
I thanke you that you cur'd our wounded peace,
So fare you well. *Exit.*
Nico. A good health to you both.
Iaſp. You play the Conſtable wiſely.
Carg. And I his Beadle, I hope as wiſely.
Nico. The Conſtable wiſely; *Cargo* he calls me foole by craft,
But let 'em paſſe.

Carg. As Gentle-men doe by Creditors (muffled).

Nico. I haue another caſe to handle : thou know'ſt the *Donna Alphonſina*, of the *Neri* Familie.

Carg. The little Paraquinto that was heere when the Duke
Was feaſted, ſhee had quick-ſilver in her mouth, for
Her tongue, like a Bride the firſt night, never lay ſtill.

Nico. The ſame Aſpen-leafe, the ſame ; is't not a Galley for
The Great *Turke* to be row'd in ?

Carg. I thinke my Lord, in calme weather, ſhee may ſet upon
A Gally-aſſ bigge as your Lordſhip.

Nico. Commend me to this *Angelica*.

Carg. *Angelica*-water is good for a cold ſtomach.

Nico. I am all fire.

Carg. Shee's a cooler.

Nico. Would 'twere come to that.

Carg. A ſmall thing does it my Lord ; in the time a
Flemming drinkes a Flap-dragon.

Nico. Give her this paper, and this ; in the one ſhe may know my minde, in the other, feele me : this a Letter, this a Iewell :
Tell her, I kiſſe the little white naile of her little white
Finger, of her more little white hand, of her moſt
Little white bodie.

Carg. Her tell-tale, for all this will I bee.

Nico. Thou haſt beene my weavers ſhuttle to runne betwixt me and my ſtuffes of *Procreandi cauſa*.

Carg. A ſuite of Stand-farther-off, had bin better ſometimes.

Nico. No *Cargo*, I have ſtill the *Lapis mirabilis*, be thou cloſe—

Carg. As my Ladies Chamber-maide.

Nico. Away then, nay quick knave, thou rack'ſt mee. *Exit.*

Carg. I goe to ſtretch you to your full length.
Exit.

Enter Iocomo Gentili, in a ſuite of gray, Velvet-gowne, Cap, Chaine, Steward, and Serving-men, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Montinello.

Gent. Happy be your arivall, Noble friends;
You are the firſt, that like to Doves repaire
To my new building: you are my firſt-borne gueſts,
My eldeſt ſonnes of hoſpitalitie;
Here's to my hearty wellcomes.
Mutio. Worthy Lord,
In one word, and the word of one, for all,
Our thankes are as your welcomes, Infinite.
Phil. *Rome* in her Auncient pride, never rais'd up
A worke of greater wonder, then this building.
Gent. 'Tis finiſh'd, and the coſt ſtands on no ſcore,
None can for want of payment, at my doore,
Curſe my foundation, praying the roofe may fall
On the proud builders head, ſeeing the ſmoake goe
Out of thoſe Chimneys, for whoſe bricks I owe.
Tor. To erect a frame ſo glorious, large, and hie,
Would draw a very ſea of ſilver drie.
Mont. My Lord *Iocomo Gentili*, pray tell us,
How much money have you buried under this kingly building?
Gent. Pray call it not ſo:
The humble ſhrub, no Cedar heere ſhall grow;
You ſee Three hundred Dorick pillars ſtand
About one ſquare, Three hundred Noble friends
Lay'd (in their loves) at raiſing of thoſe Columnes,
A piece of gold under each Pedeſtall,
With his name grav'd upon the bottome ſtone,
Except that coſt, all other was mine owne;
See heere, each dayes expences are ſo great,
They make a volume, for in this appeares,
It was no taske of weekes, or moneths, but yeares:

I truſt my ſteward onely with the key,
Which keepes that ſecret; heere's Arithmetick
For churles to caſt up, there's the roote of all;
If you have skill in numbers, number that.
Mont. Good Mr. Steward read it.
Stew. All the charge
In the groſſe ſumme, amounteth to———
Gent. To what?
Thou vaine vaine-glorious foole, goe burne that Booke,
No Herald needs to blazon Charities Armes;
Goe burne it preſently.
Stew. Burne it? *Exit.*
Gent. Away,
I lanch not forth a ſhip, with drums and gunnes,
And Trumpets, to proclaime my gallantry;
He that will reade the waſting of my gold,
Shall find it writ in aſhes, which the winde
Will ſcatter ere he ſpends it; Another day,
The wheele may turne, and I that built thus high,
May by the ſtormes of want, be driven to dwell
In a thatch't Cottage; Rancor ſhall not then
Spit poyſon at me, pinning on my backe
This card; He that ſpent thus much, now does lack.
Mont. Why to your houſe adde you ſo many gates?
Gent. My gates fill up the number of ſeuen dayes,
At which, of gueſts, ſeven ſeverall ſorts Ile welcome:
On Munday, Knights whoſe fortunes are ſunke low;
On Tueſday, thoſe that all their life-long read
The huge voluminous wonders of the deepe,
Sea-men (I meane) and ſo on other dayes,
Others ſhall take their turnes.
Phi. Why have you then built twelue ſuch vaſte roomes.
Gent. For the yeares twelve moones;
In each of which, twelue Tables ſhall be ſpread;
At them, ſuch whom the world ſcornes, ſhall be fed,
The windowes of my building, which each morne,

Are Porters, to let in mans comfort (light)
Are numbred juſt three hundred ſixtie five,
And in ſo many daies the ſunne does drive
His chariot ſtuck with beames of Burniſh't gold,
My Almes ſhall ſuch diurnall progreſſe make
As doe's the ſunne in his bright *Zodiack.*
Tor. You differ from the guiſe of other lands,
Where Lords lay all their livings on the racke,
Not ſpending it in bread, but on the backe.
Gent. Such Lords eate men, but men ſhall eate up me,
My uncle the Lord *Abbot* had a ſoule
Subtile and quick, and ſearching as the fier,
By Magicke-ſtayers he went as deepe as hell,
And if in devills poſſeſsion gold be kept,
He brought ſome ſure from thence, 'tis hid in caves
Knowne (ſave to me) to none, and like a ſpring
The more tis drawne, the more it ſtill doth riſe,
The more my heape waſtes, more it multiplies.
Now whither (as moſt rich-men doe) he pawn'd
His ſoule for that deare purchaſe none can tell,
But by his bed-ſide when he ſaw death ſtand
Fetching a deepe groane, me he catch't by th' hand
Cal'd me his heire, and charg'd me well to ſpend
What he had got ill, deale (quoth he) a doale
Which round (with good mens prayers) may guard my ſoule
Now at her ſetting forth ; let none feele want
That knock but at thy gates : do wrong to none,
And what requeſt to thee ſo ear is made,
If honeſt, ſee it never be denay'd.
Mont. And yow'le performe all this?
Gent. Faire & upright,
As are the ſtrict vowes of an Anchorite :
A benefit given by a Niggards hand
Is ſtale and gravily bread, the hunger-ſterv'd
Takes it, but cannot eate it ; Ile give none ſuch.
Who with free heart ſhakes out but crums, gives much.
Mont. In ſuch a ſhip of worldly cares my Lord

As you muſt faile now in, yow'le need more Pilots
Then your owne ſelfe to ſit and ſteare the Helme.
You might doe therefore well to take a wife;
Gent. A wife? when I ſhall have one hand in heaven,
To write my happineſſe in leaves of ſtarres;
A wife wo'd plucke me by the other downe:
This Barke hath thus long ſail'd about the world,
My ſoule the Pilot, and yet never liſten'd
To ſuch a Mare-maids ſong: a wife, oh fetters,
To mans bleſt liberty! All this world's a priſon,
Heaven the high wall about it, ſin the jalour,
But the iron-ſhackles waying down our heeles,
Are onely women, thoſe light Angells turne us,
To fleſhly devills, I that Sex admire,
But never will ſit neere their wanton fier.
Mut. Who then ſhall reape the golden corne you ſowe?
Phi. 'Tis halfe a curſe to them, that build, and ſpare,
And hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heire.
Gent. My heires ſhall be poore children fed on almes,
Souldiers that want limbes, ſchollers poore and ſcorn'd.
And theſe will be a ſure inheritance;
Not to decay: Mannors and Townes will fall,
Lord-ſhips and Parkes, Paſtures and woods be ſold,
But this Land ſtill continues to the Lord:
No ſubtile trickes of law, can me beguile of this.
But of the beggers-diſhe, I ſhall drinke healthes
To laſt for ever; whil'ſt I live, my roofe
Shall cover naked wretches; when I die,
'Tis dedicated to St. Charitie.
Mut. The Duke inform'd, what trees of goodneſſe grow
Here of your planting, in true loue to your virtues;
Sent us to give you thankes, for crowning *Florence*
With fame of ſuch a ſubject, and entreats you

(Vntill he come himſelfe) to accept this token,
Of his faire wiſhes towards you.

Gent. Pray returne
My duty to the Duke, tell him I value his love
Beyond all jewells in the world.

Phi. H'as vow'd ere long to be your viſitant.

Gent. He ſhall be welcome when he comes, that's all;
Not to a Pallace, but my hoſpitall.

Omnes. Wee'le leave your Lordſhip.

Gent. My beſt thoughts goe with you:
My Steward?

Enter Steward, and a fooliſh Gentle-man.

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Gent. Is the Booke fired?

Stew. As you commanded Sir, I ſaw it burn'd.

Gent. Keep ſafe that Iewell, and leave me; letters! from whome?

Buz. Signior Ieronimo *Guydanes.*

Gent. Oh ſir, I know the buſineſſe: yes, yes, 'tis the ſame;
Guidanes lives amongſt my boſome friends:
He writes to have me entertaine you ſir.

Buz. That's the bough, my bolt flies at, my Lord.

Gent. What Qualities are you furniſh't with?

Bnz. My Education has bin like a Gentle-man.

Gent. Have you any skill in ſong, or Inſtrument?

Buz. As a Gentleman ſhoo'd have, I know all, but play on none: I am no Barber.

Gent. Barber! no ſir, I thinke it; Are you a Linguiſt?

Buz. As a Gentleman ought to be, one tongue ſerues one head; I am no Pedler, to travell Countries.

Gent. What skill ha' you in horſeman-ſhip?

Buz. As other Gentlemen have, I ha' rid ſome beaſts in my Time.

Gent. Can you write and reade then?
Buz. As moſt of your Gentle-men doe; my band has bin
Taken with my marke at it.
Gent. I ſee you are a dealer, give me thy hand, Ile entertaine thee howſoeuer, becauſe in thee I keepe halfe a ſcore Gentlemen; thy name.
Buz. Aſinius Buzardo——
Gent. I entertaine thee, good *Buzardo.*
Buz. Thankes ſir.
Gent. This fellow's a ſtarke foole, or too wiſe, The triall will be with what wing he flies. *Exit.*

Actus ſecundus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Tibaldo ſicke in his chaire, Alphonſina, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Montivello.*

Mut. IN Lawes of courteſie, wee are bound ſweete Lady,
(Being thus nigh) to ſee you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the Duke had not ſent.
Alp. Thankes worthy ſir.
Phil. Signior *Tibaldo* hath deſire to ſleepe.
Tor. Then leave him, Companie offends the ſicke.
Alp. Our humbleſt dutie to my Lord the Duke; If in my Brothers name, and mine, you tender For this his noble love, wee both ſhall reſt Highly indebted to you all.
Mut. Sweete Madam,
You ſhall command our lives to worke your good.

Alp. Signior, your love.

Omnes. All at your ſervice Madam.

Mut. A quick, and good health to your noble Brother.

Alp. And all faire fortunes doubled on your ſelfe.

Exit.

So: me thinkes a Lady had more need have a new paire of lips, then a new paire of gloves, for tho' they were both of one skinne, yet one would weare out ſooner then the other; I thinke theſe Courtiers have al offices in the Spicerie. And taking my lips for ſweet-meates, are as ſawcie with 'em as if they were Fees; I wonder *Tibaldo* thou can'ſt ſit ſtill, and not come in for a ſhare; If old *Vanni's* wife had beene heere, all the parts about you had mov'd.

Tib. Thou think'ſt I lie in, heere's ſuch a goſſiping, as if 'twere a Child-bed Chamber.

Alp. So 'tis, for Ile ſweare, all this ſtirre is about having a woman brought to bed; marry I doubt it muſt be a mans lying in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alp. I had rather it were a woman, to tell trueth.

Tib. Good ſiſter *Alphonſina*, you ſtill play
The bad Phiſicion, I am all on fire,
And you to quench mee, powre on ſcoopes of oyle;
I feele ten thouſand plummets at my heart,
Yet you cry, Lay on more, and are more cruell
Then all my tortures.

Alp. Sadneſſe, I pittie thee,
And will to doe thee ſervice venture life,
Mine honour being kept ſpotleſſe.

Tib. Gentle ſiſter,
The eaſieſt thing ith' world to begge, I crave,
And the pooreſt Almes to give.

Alp. But aske and have.

Tib. A friendly counſell, loe that's all.

Alp. 'Tis yours.
Be rul'd by me then; in an aſhie ſheete,
Cover theſe glowing embers of deſire.

Tib. Embers? I wo'd you felt em, 'tis a fire——

Alp. Come, and ſet hand to paper, Ile indite.

Tib. And ſhee'le condemne me; no, I will not write.

Alp. Then prethee take this Phiſick; be not the ſea, to drinke ſtrange Rivers up, yet ſtill be drie; Be like a noble ſtreame, covet to runne betwixt faire bankes, which thou may'ſt call thine owne, and let thoſe bankes be ſome faire Ladies armes, fit for thy youth, and birth.

Tib. Againſt your charmes,
Witch, thus I ſtop mine eares.

Alp. Ile hollow them; this Deere runnes in my Lords Parke,
And if you ſteale it, looke to have Blood-hounds ſcent you.

Tib. Are you mad?

Alp. Yes, you ſhall finde veniſon-ſawce deerer then other fleſh.

Tib. No, no, none elſe muſt, none ſhall, none can,
My hunger feede but this; downe will I dive,
And fetch this Pearle, or nere come up alive——

Alp. Are all my warme cawdles come to this? now I ſee th'art too farre gone, this Lady hath over-ſpent thee; therefore ſettle thine eſtate, plucke up a good heart, and Ile pen thy will.

Tib. Oh fie, fie.

Alp. Bequeath thy kiſſes to ſome Taylor, that hunts out weddings every ſunday; *Item*, Thy ſighes to a noyſe of fidlers ill paid, thy paleneſſe to a Fencer fighting at ſharpe, thy want of ſtomack to one of the Dukes guard.

Tib. I begge it at thy hands, that being a woman, thoul't make a wonder.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. What's that?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.

Alp. It's an Inſtrument ever plaid on, cauſe well ſtrung,
Who's that come into the Chamber there? Oh, Mr. *Cargo.*

Carg. My Lord hath ſent you a Iewell lock't up in this paper, and the moiſture of a gooſe quill, that's to ſay, words in that ——

Alp. Oh ſir, I thanke your Lord, and this your paines; have him into the Buttery——let me ſee, Lady, that I love you, I dare ſweare like a Lord (I ſhall have oathes enough then) I ſend you all that is mine, in hopes all ſhall bee mine that is yours, for it ſtands to reaſon, that mine being yours, yours ſhould bee mine, and yours being mine, mine ſhould be yours. Love me, or I die, If I die, you kill me, If you kill me, I will ſay nothing, but take the blow patiently. I hold my life this Lord has bin baſtina-do'd, out upon him rammiſh foxe, he ſtinks hither; Prethee good Brother reade.

Tib. I will. *Reades.*

Alp. Is't Gander moneth with him? How the devill is my maydenhead blaſted? that among ſuch ſhoales of Gallants, that ſwim up and downe the Court, no fiſh bites at the baite of my poore beautie, but this tough Cods-head?

Tib. Oh ſiſter, peace for heavens ſake; heere lies health
Even in this bitter pill (for me) ſo you
Would play but my Phiſician, and ſay, take it;
You are offered heere, to ſoiourne at his houſe:
Companion with his Lady.

Alp. Sir, I have you. And I goeing vpon ſo weightie a buſineſſe, as getting of children, you would ha' me pin you to my ſleeve.

Tib. Moſt true.

Alp. You care not ſo I turne whore to pleaſure you.

Tib. Oh Siſter, your high worth is knowne full well

Gainſt baſe aſſault, a Fort Impregnable;
And therefore, as you love my life, ith' ſprindge,
Catch this old Wood-cocke.
Alp. In the flame I'le ſindge
My wings, unleſſe I put the candle out,
That you i'th' darke may bring your hopes about.
You have wonne me.
Tib. You revive me.
Alp. Have a care you caſt not your ſelfe downe too ſoone now.
Tib. I warrant you.
Alp. As for my old Huck-ſters artillery, I have walls of
Chaſtity ſtrong enough ſhoote he never ſo hard, to keepe him
From making any breach.
Tib. 'Twill be a noble-battaile on each ſide;
Yet now my ſpirits are rouzed, a ſtratageme
Lies hatching heere, pray helpe me noble ſiſter,
To give it forme and life.
Alp. My beſt.
Tib. What thinke you?
(The marke of man not yet ſet in my face)
If as your ſiſter, or your kinſ-woman,
I goe in womans habit, for thereby,
Speech, free acceſſe, faire opportunity;
Are had without ſuſpition.
Alp. Mine be your will;
Oh me! what paines we take to bring forth ill?
Such a diſguiſe is ſafe too, ſince you never but once
Were ſeene there.
Tib. My wife ſiſter ever.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. Send in the fellow there that brought the letter;
Why how now? doe his leggs faile him already?
A ſtaffe for his declining age.

Carg. I have a pike-ſtaffe of mine owne already, but I could not
Keep out your ſcurvy deſperate hoggſ-head from coming
In upon me, I'me cut i'th' cockſcombe.
Alp. Nothing I ſee is ſo like an old-man, as a young-man drunke.
Carg. Or when he comes from a wench.
Alp. Before he beare your anſwer let him ſleep.
Tib. Whil'ſt you laugh at what I could almoſt weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Angelo, like a Doctor, Baptiſta, his man.

Ang. Deare friend, I ſhould both wrong my faith & fortunes,
To make 'em thus dance Antickes; I ſhall never play the diſſembler.
Bapt. Then neuer play the Louer;
Death! for a woman, I'de be fleade alive,
Could I but finde one conſtant: i'ſt ſuch a matter
For you then to put on a Doctours-gowne,
And his flat velvet-Cap, and ſpeake the gibbering
Of an Apothecary.
Ang. If thus diſguiſ'd
I'me taken, all the phiſicke in the world
Cannot prolong my life.
Bapt. And dying for her,
You venture bravely, all women o're your grave
Will pray that they ſo kinde a man may have,
As to die for 'em; ſay your baniſhment
Had borne you hence, what hells of diſcontent,
Had rack'd your ſoule for her, as hers for you?
Should you but faint, well might you ſeeme untrue,
Where this attempt your loyalty ſhall approve,
Who ventures fartheſt winns a Ladies-love.
Ang. How are my beard and haire?
Bapt. Friend I proteſt,

So rarely counterfeit, as if a painter
Should draw a Doctour: were I ſicke my ſelfe,
And met you with an urinall in my hand,
I'de caſt it at your head, unleſſe you caſt
The water for me, come, all's paſsing well;
Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you complexion,
Fit for a ſallow French-man.

Ang. I will on then,
In France I long haue liv'd, And know the Garbe
Of the French-Mounte-bankes, whoſe apiſh geſture,
Although in them I hold ridiculous,
My ſelfe ſhall practiſe.

Bapt. For a Doctours-man,
You ſee I'me fitted, foote by foote I'le walke,
and meete all dangers ſent againſt your breaſt.

Ang. I thanke thee noble friend; let's then to court.
The pangs a lover ſuffers are but ſhort. *Exit.*

Enter Florence, Piſa, Nicolletto, Philippo, Tonello, Piero, met by an old Nurſe.

Flo. How now *Nurſe*, how does my *Fiametta?*

Nurſ. Oh my ſweete Lord, ſhees at it agen, at it agen!

Flo. Who are with her? call for more helpe.

Nurſ. More helpe! alas there's my Lady *Vanni* with her, and Ladies upon Ladies, and Doctours upon Doctours, but all cannot doe.

Piſa. How does it take her *Nurſe?*

Nurſ. Oh ſweete Princeſſe, it takes her all over with a pricking; firſt about her ſtomack, and then ſhe heaves, and heaves, that no one man with all his weight, can keepe her downe.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her ſickneſſe makes her Doctours fooles.

Nic. He that ſhe findes moſt eaſe in, is Dr. *Iordan.*

Flo. I will give halfe my Duke-dome for her health.

Nic. Well, well, If death do take her, he ſhall have the ſweeteſt bed-fellow that ever lay by leane mans-ſide.

Flo. I entreate thee *Nurſe* be tender over her.

Nurſ. Tender quoth a? I'me ſure my heeles are growne as hard as hoofes, with trotting for her, I'le put you in one comfort.

Flo. What's that Nurſe?

Nurſ. In her greateſt conflict ſh'as had a worthy feeling of her ſelfe. *Exit.*

Flo. So, ſo, I'me glad of it my Lord of *Piſa.*
Vnder this common blow, which might have ſtrooke
the ſtrongeſt heart, here pray doe not you ſhrinke.

Piſa. Sicknes is lifes retainer, Sir, and I
(What is not to be ſhun'd) beare patiently;
But had ſhe health as ſound as hath the ſpring,
She wo'd to me prove fickly Autumne ſtill.

Flo. Oh ſay not ſo.

Piſ. I finde it, for being loyall,
As the touch-needle to one ſtarre ſtill turning,
I looſe that ſtarre, my faith is paid with ſcorning.
Who then with eagles wings of faith and truth,
W'ud in her ſun-beames plaie away his youth,
And kiſſe thoſe flames, which burne but out mine eyes,
With ſcalding rivers of her cruelties?

Flo. 'Tis but her way-ward ſicknes caſts this eye of ſlightnes on you.

Pis. 'Tis my Lord her hate;
For when death ſits even almoſt on her browes,
She ſpreads her armes abroad, to welcome him,
When in my bridall-bed I finde a grave.

Flo. Now *Mutio*?

Enter Mutio.

Mut. There's a French-man come to court,

A profeſt Doctour, that has ſeen the Princeſſe,
And will on her recovery pawne his life.

Flor. Comfort from heaven, I hope, let's ſee this Doctour.

Enter Angelo like a Doctour, Baptiſta his man.

Flo. Welcome good Doctour: have you ſeen my daughter?
Reſtore her health, and nothing in my Duke-dome,
Shall be too deare for thee, how doe you Iudge her?

Ang. Be me trat me Lord, I finde her a very bad lady, & no well.

Flo. *Piero* take the Duke of *Piſa* pray and be your ſiſters viſitants.

Piero. Sir we ſhall, if the Duke pleaſe———

Piſa. The poyſoned may drinke gall. *Exit.*

Flo. Attend the Duke.

Enter Cargo, with a letter.

Cargo. The party Sir.

Nico. Thou ſhalt have *Cæſars* pay—my Coach.

Car. Old Ianuary goes to lie with May. *Exit.*

Flo. Doctor I thus have ſingled you, to ſound
The depth of my girles ſicknes, that if no skill
Of man can ſave her, I againſt heavens will,
May arme my breaſt with patience, therefore be free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa' my Lor', me no point can play
The hound, and fawne upon *de* moſt *puiſſant Roy in de* world;
A French-man beare the brave minde for dat.

Flo. So, ſo, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra tanke you, now for de maladie of de Princeſſe,
Me one two, tre time, feele her pulſe, and ron up and downe all

De oder parts of her body, and finde noting but dat
She be trobla with le gran deſire of de man.

Flo. A great deſire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, ſhe longa to do ſome ting in Love upon le gentle home.

Flo. Doctor thou hit'ſt her heart, 'tis there ſhee's wounded,
By a poyſon'd Arrow, ſhot from a villaines hand;
One *Angelo* of the *Lotti* Familie,
And till that head be pluckt out, ſhee will pine,
Vnleſſe controul'd by ſome deepe Art of thine.

Ang. All tings poſſibela me ſall undergoe, mee ha read *Gallen*, *Hipocratus*, *Avicen*, but no point can peeke out le remedie for de Madam in de bryars of love.

Flo. No medicine you ſay in any of them for Love.

Ang. Ay me, trat not worth a lowſe, onely in my perigrination about le grand gloabe of de world, me find out a fine trick for make a de man, and Voman doe, dat is tickla in love.

Flo. The man and the woman doe? how doe, how doe?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole, Admirable vell.

Flo. As how pray?

Ang. Me have had under my fingera, many brave vench, and moſt Noble gentle Dames, dat have bee much troubla, upon de wilde vorme in de taile for de man.

Flo. Very good.

Ang. And bee my tra my Lord, by experement me finde dat de heart of de man; you underſtanda me.

Flo. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee wee, de heart of de man being all dry as peppera.

Flo. So ſo.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) ſall make it moulder all to crumble and duſt.

Flo. Oh, oh, a Grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you ſay vell, rub a de mans dry Art upon de Grater, and drinke de powder in de pot le Vine, by de Gentle-voman, and by gars-blor, ſhe preſentamently kick up de heele at de man· ſhe lova.

Flo. Excellent.

Ang. No point more remembra, but cry out le French poo upon le varlet.

Flo. So ſhee will hate her lover.

Ang. Be-gar, as my ſelfe hate le puz-cat, cry mew at my ſhin ; and vill have de rombling a de gut, for de other gentle home.

Flo. Thou com'ſt up cloſe to me now, my brave Doctor.

Ang. Be-gar me hope ſo, and derfore my Lord apply le deſperate Medicine, to le perilous maladie, and have dis *Angelo* be cut in de troate, and be man-ſlaughtered.

Flo. You then adviſe me to have *Angelo* ſlaine.

Ang. Wee.

Flo. And then to have my daughter drincke his heart.

Ang. Wee, wee.

Flo. Grated and dried, and ſo——

Ang. Wee, wee, wee.

Flo. I wo'd I grip'd it faſt now in this hand,
And eat it panting hot, to teach a peaſant
To climbe above his being, Doctor, hee dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate downe be-gar.

Flo. But ſtay, ſtay, hee's fled *Florence* ; It will bee
A worke to find him firſt out, and being found,
A taske to kill him : for our Gallants ſpeake
Much of his worth ; The varlet is valiant.

Ang. No matera for dat: for two tree foure crowne, dar be
Raſcalls ſall run him in on debacke-ſhide.

Flor. He ſhall be ſought for, and being found, he dies.

Ang. Pray my lor' ſuffera le Princeſſe and me for be in private,
Le Doctor uſes for toucha doe Ooman—

Flo. Doe, ſo, whil'ſt I for *Angeloes* death uſe ſpeede,
For till I have his heart, mine owne muſt bleede.

Exit.

Enter Baptiſta.

Ang. Oh my *Baptiſta.*

Bapt. I have heard the thunder aym'd at your life.

Ang. And it will ſtrike me dead,
With a moſt ſoddaine and Inviſible blowe.

Bapt. Now that you ſee his vengeance apt to fall,
Flie from it.

Ang. How?

Bapt. By fayre, and free acceſſe,
Open your dangers to your Miſtris eyes,
Where ſhee ſtarke mad, ſo ſhe be mad for love,
You'le bring her to her witts, if wiſely now
You put her into th' way; Gold bar'd with locks,
Is beſt being ſtolne; ſteale her then.

Ang. 'Tis but a wracke at moſt,
Oh on what boiſterous Seas is True love toſt! *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Trumpets ſounding. Enter *an Vſher bare, perfuming a roome, Signior Torrenti gorgeouſly attyred, a company of Gallants.*

Tor. THis Roome ſmells.

1. *Gal.* It has bin new perfum'd.

Tor. Then 'tis your breeches, ſtand off—and ſhines there (ſay you) a Sun in our horizon full as glorious, as we our ſelfe?

2. *Gal.* So cry the common people.

Tor. The common people are Raſcalls, lying devills,
Dung-hills, whoſe favor poiſons brave mens fames,
That Ape of greatneſſe (imitating mee)
I meane that ſlaviſh Lord *Iacomo*
Shall die a beggar, If at the yeares end,
His totall of expence dares equall mine;
How is his houſe built?

1. *Gal.* Admirable faire.

Tor. Faire? Ile guild mine (like *Pompey's* Theater)
All ore to out-ſhine his; the richeſt hangings
Perſian, or *Turke*, or *Indian* ſlaves can weave,
Shall from my purſe be bought at any rates;
Ile pave my great hall with a floare of Clowdes,
Wherein ſhall move an artificiall Sunne,
Reflecting round about me, golden beames,
Whoſe flames ſhall make the roome ſeeme all on fire,
And when 'tis night, juſt as that Sun goes downe,
A ſilver Moone ſhall riſe, drawne up by ſtarres,
And as that moves, I ſtanding in her Orbe,
Will move with her, and be that man ith' moone,
So mock't in old wives tales; then over head,
A roofe of Woods, and Foreſts full of Deere,
Trees growing downwards, full of ſinging quiers,
And this i'le doe that men with prayſe, may crowne

My fame, for turning the world upſide downe :
And what brave gallants are *Gentilies* gueſtes ?
1. *Gal.* The Lord *Iacomo Gentili* feeds
All Beggars at his Table.
Torr. Hang *Iacomo*,
My boarde ſhalbe no manger for poore jades
To lick up provinder in.
2. *Gal.* He welcomes ſouldiers.
Tor. Let ſouldiors beg and ſtarue, or ſteale and hange.
Wo'd I had heere ten thouſand Souldiors heads,
Their ſculs ſet all in ſilver, to drinck healthes
To his confuſion, firſt invented warre,
And the health drunck to drowne the bowles i'th Sea,
That very name of Souldior, makes me ſhrugg,
And thinck I crawle with vermin ; give me Lutes,
Miſchiefe on drumms, for ſouldiors ; fetch me whores,
Theſe are mens bliſſe ; thoſe every Kingdomes ſoares,
Wee gave in charge to ſearch through all the world
For the beſt Cookes, rareſt muſitians,
And faireſt girles, that will ſell ſinne for gold.
1. *Gal.* Some of all ſorts you have.
Tor. Let me have more
Then the grand Signior, And my change as rare,
Tall, low, and middle ſize, the browne, and faire ;
Ide give a Princes ranſome now to kiſſe
Blacke *Cleopatra's* cheeke ; Onely to drinke
A richer perle, then that of *Anthonyes*,
That Fame (where his name ſtands) might put downe mine.
Oh that my mother had bin *Paris* Whore,
And I had liv'd to fee a *Troy* on fire,
So that by that brave light, I might have danc'd
But one Lavalto with my Curtezan.

Enter fourth Gallant.

4. *Gal.* Patterne of all perfection breath'd in man,
There's one without, before your Excellence

Deſires acceſſe.
Tor. What creature?
4. *Gal.* Your owne brother,
At leaſt hee termes himſelfe ſo.
Tor. Is he brave?
4. *Gal.* Hee's new come from Sea.
Tor. 'Tis true, that *Iaſon*
Rig'd out a Fleete to fetch the Golden-Fleece;
'Tis a brave boy, all Elementall fire,
His ſhipps are great with Child of *Turkiſh* Treaſure,
And heere ſhall be delivered; marſhall him in
Like the ſeas proud commander give our charge——
Omnes. Sound drums, and trumpets, for my Lord away.

Vſher him in Bare and ragged. At which Torrenti ſtarts, his hat falls off, offer it him.

Torr. Thou whorſon peſant, know me, burne that wind-fall,
It comes not to my head that drops ſo low,——— Another.
1. *Gall.* Hatts for my Lord,———
Hatt's brought in 3. *or* 4.
Torr. It ſmells of earth, ſtood it againe ſo high,
My head would on a dung-hill ſeeme to lie.
How now? what ſcar-crow's this?
Broth. Scar-crow? thy brother,
His bloud cleare as thine owne, but that it ſmoakes not,
With perfum'd fiers as thine doth.
Torr. Has the poore ſnake, a ſting; can he hiſſe?
What beggs the rogue for?
Broth. Vengeance
From the juſt thunderer to throw *Lucifer* downe;
How high ſo ever thou reareſt thy Babell-browes,
To thy confuſion I this language ſpeake:
I am thy fathers ſonne.

Torr. Ha, ha, the Skipper raves.
Broth. The aw'd Venetian on St. *Markes* proud-day,
Never went forth to marry the rich-ſea,
With caſting in her lapp a ring of gold ;
In greater bravery then my ſelfe did freight,
A fleete of gallant youthfull *Florentines*,
All vow'd to reſcew *Rhodes*, from Turkiſh-ſlavery :
We went and waded up in our owne bloods,
Till moſt of us were drown'd.
Torr. Faire riddance on you.
Broth. Where ſuch a Peacock durſt not ſpread his plumes ;
We fought, and thoſe that fell left Monuments
Of unmatch't valour to the whole race of man,
They that were ta'ne, (mongſt whom my ſelfe was chiefe)
Were three yeeres chain'd up to the tugging o're,
See here the relicts of that miſery, *Chaines.*
If thou wu'd'ſt know more, reade it on my backe,
Printed with the Bulls-peezele.
Torr. Hang the dogge.
What telleſt thou mee of Peezeles ?
Broth. 'Tis thy brother tells thee ſo, note me.
Torr. I know thee not ;
Set maſtives on him, worry him from my gates.
Broth. The firſt unhappy breath I drew, mov'd heere,
And here I'le ſpend my laſt, e're brav'd from hence,
Heere I'le have meate and cloaths.
Torr. Kick the curre out.
Bro. Who dares ?
Take from that ſumpter-horſes backe of thine,
Some of thoſe gaudie trappings to cloathe mine,
And keepe it from the keene aire, fetch me food,
You fawning ſpaniells.
1. *Gall.* Some ſpirit of the buttery.
2. *Gall.* It ſhould be by his hunger.
Broth. I am ſtarv'd,

Thirſty, and pinde to th' bare bones, heere, I'le eate at thine
Owne ſcorneful board, on thine owne meate, or teare it from
Thy throate as 'tis chewing downe.
Torr. I'le try that; if my dinner be prepared
Serue me in my great ſtate along'ſt this way,
And as you paſſe, two there with piſtolls ſtand
To kill that ravenous Vulture; if he dare thruſt his tallents
Forth to make one diſh his prey. *Exeunt all.*
Broth. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you ſham'd
To owne ſo poore a brother, let not my heart-ſtrings,
In ſunder cracke, if we now being lone,
You ſtill diſdaine me.
Torr. Wretch I know thee not,
And loath thy ſight.
Broth. Slave, thou ſhalt know me them;
I'le beate thy braines out with my Gally-chaine.
Torr. Wilt murther thine owne brother?
Broth. Pride doth it ſelfe confound,
What with both hands the Devill ſtrove to have bound,
Heaven with one little finger hath untyed,
This proves that thou maieſt fall, becauſe one blaſt
Shakes thee already, feare not, I'le not take
The whip out of your hand and tho' thou break'ſt
Lawes of humanitie, and brother-hood;
I'le not doe ſoe, but as a begger ſhould
(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate
Of thy hard heart for pitty to come forth,
And looke upon my wretchednes, A ſhot *Kneeles.*
Toore to the keele that gally where I row'd;
Sunke her, the men ſlaine, I by dyving ſcaped,
And ſat three leagues upon a broken maſt,
Waſh't with the ſalt teares of the Sea, which wept,
In pitty, to behold my miſery.
Torr. Pox on your, tarry miſery.

Broth. And when heavens bleſt-hand hal'de me to
a ſhoore
To dry my wet-limbes, was I forc'd to fire,
A dead mans ſtraw-bed throwne into the ſtreete.
Torr. Foh, th'art infectious.
Broth. Oh remember this!
He that does good deeds, here waits at a Table.
Where Angells are his fellow ſervitours.
Torr. I am no Robbin-red-breaſt to bring ſtrawes
To cover ſuch a coarſe.
Broth. Thou art turn'd devill, *Rizes.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter an arm'd ſewer, after him a company with covered diſhes: Coronets on their heads. Two with piſtolls to guard it.

Tor. Where's thy great ſtomack, eat, ſtand, let
him chooſe
What diſh he likes.——ſnatches a piſtoll: all flye off.
Broth. This then which Ile carve up
On thy baſe boſome, ſee thou Tryviall foole,
Thou art a Tyrant (o're me) of ſhort reigne,
This cock out crow's thee, and thy petty kings,
Th'art a proud bird, but flieſt with rotten wings;
To ſhew how little for thy ſcorne I care,
See my revenge turn's all to idle-aire, *Shootes up.*
It upward flies and will from thence I feare
Shoote darts of lightning to confound thee heere.
Farewell thou huge *Leviathan*, when th'aſt drunk dry,
That Sea thou rowl'ſt in, on ſome baſe ſhore dye.

Enter Gallants all drawne.

Omnes. Where is the Traitor?
Tor. Now the houſe is fiered,
You come to caſt on waters; barre up my doores,
But one ſuch tattered enſigne here being ſpread,
Drawes numbers hither, here muſt no rogues be fed;
Command my carpenters invent od engines.

To manacle baſe beggers, hands and feete,
And by my name call 'em my whipping poſts;
If you ſpye any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies,
(Able to fright) to ſuch I'le give large pay,
To watch and ward for poore ſnakes night and day,
And whip 'em ſoundly if they approch my gates;
The poore are but the earths-dung fit to lie
Cover'd on muck-heapes not to offend the eye.

Enter 1. *Gal.*

1. *Gall.* Two Gentlemen ſent from the *Florence* Duke,
Require ſpeech with your Lord-ſhip———
Torr. Give'm entrance.

Enter Mutio, Philippo.

What are you? and whence come you?
Mut. From the Duke.
Tor. Your buſineſſe?
Mut. This, fame ſounding forth your worth
For hoſpitable princely houſe-keeping;
Our Duke drawne by the wonder of report,
Invites himſelfe (by us) to be your gueſt.
Tor. The honour of Embaſſadors be yours;
Say to the Duke that *Cæſar* never came,
More welcome to the Capitoll of *Rome*,
Then he to us —— healthes to him —— fill rich wines.
Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare to men;
By you they have found the golden age agen.
Tor. Which I'le uphold, ſo long as there's a ſunne,
To play the *Alchymiſt*.
Phil. This proud fellow talkes
As if he graſped the Indies in each hand.
Torr. Health to your Duke.

Amb. We pledge it on our knees.
Tor. I'le ſtand to what I do, but kneele to none.

Muſicke, drinck, breake the glaſſe, they pledge it in plate,
Which offering, both ſervitours refuſe to take.

Tor. Breake not our cuſtome (pray ye) with one beame,
The god of mettailes makes both gold and wine
To Imitate whoſe greatneſſe; If on you
I can beſtow Wine, I can give gold too,
Take them as free as *Bacchus* ſpends his blood;
And in them drinke our health.
Mat. Your bounty farre
Exceeds that of our *Cæſars.*
Tor. *Cæſar* ero, vel nihil ero:
What are Gold heapes? but a rich duſt for Kings
To ſcatter with their breath, as chaffe by winde?
Let him then that hath gold, beare a Kings minde,
And give till his arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenches lap his golden ſhowres,
May be *Ioues* equall, oh but hee that ſpends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debter,
And ſuch a Noble ſpender is *Ioves* better;
That man Ile be, I'me *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wiſh there were
Ten Worlds, yet not to conquer, but to ſell
For Alpine hills of ſilver, And that I
Might at one feaſt, ſpend all that treaſure drie;
Who hoards up wealth, is baſe; who ſpends it, brave,
Earth breeds gold, ſo I tread but on my ſlave;
Beare backe our gratulations to your Duke. *Exit.*
Amb. Wee ſhall great ſir.
Mut. *Torrenti* call you him; 'tis a prowd rough ſtreame.
Phil. Hee's of the *Romane* Family indeede.
Mut. Lord *Vanni*? rather my Lord *Vanitie.*
Phil. And heapes of money ſure haue ſtrucke him mad.

Mut. Hee'le ſoone pick up his witts, let him but bleede
Thus many ownces at one time; All day
Could I drinke theſe deare healthes, yet nere be drunke.
Phil. And carry it away moſt cleanely.
Mut. Not a pin the worſe;
What might his father leave him?
Phil. A great eſtate,
Of ſome 300000 Crownes a yeare.
Mut. Strange hee's not begg'd, for fooles are now growne deare;
An admirable Cocks-combe!
Phi. Let wonder paſſe,
Hee's both a brave Lord, and a golden Aſſe. *Exit.*

A Bed diſcovered, Fyametta upon it. Enter two Dukes, Piero, Gallants, Nurſe, Ladies, Angelo, Baptiſta, ut antea Fyametta.

Ang. I pray you huſh all, a little huſh, le faire Lady by her owne volunter diſpoſition, has take a ting dat is of ſuch a grand operation, it ſhall make a de ſtone for ſlepe.
Flo. What, Noble Doctor, is the name of it?
Ang. 'Tis not your ſcurvie Engliſh *Poppy*, nor *Mandragon*, nor a ting ſo danger as *Oppium*, but tis de brave ting a de vorld, for knock a de braine aſleepe.
Piſa. I am glad ſhee takes this reſt.
Ang. Peace, be gor it is ſnore and ſnore, two mile long; now if your grace vill pleaſe for procure Muſick, be reſtore as brave as de fiſh.
Flo. Call for the Muſicke.
Ang. Makea no noiſe, but bring in de Fidlers, and play ſweet—
Nico. Oh out upon this Doctor; hang him, does he thinke to cure dejected Ladies with Fidlers———
Ang. De grand French poo ſtopa de troate, pray void le Shambera.

Flo. All, all part ſoftly; peace Nurſe, let her ſleepe.

Nurſ. I, I, go out of her proſpect, for ſhee's not to bee cur'd with a ſong. *Exit.*

Ang. Baptiſta, ſee the doore faſt, watch that narrowly.

Bapt. For one friend to keepe doore for another, is the office now amongſt gallants, common as the Law; Ile bee your porter Sir.

Ang. Shee does but ſlumber, *Fiametta*, Love.

Fia. The *Piſan* Prince comes: daggers at my heart.

Ang. Looke up, I am not hee, but *Angelo*?

Fia. Ha! who names *Angelo*?

Ang. Angelo himſelfe,
Who with one foote treads on the throat of death,
Whilſt t'other ſtepps to embrace thee, thus i'th ſhape
Of a French Doctor.

Fya. Oh my life, my ſoule.

Ang. Heare me.

Fya. Ime now not ſicke, Ile have no Phiſicke,
But what thy ſelfe ſhall give mee.

Ang. Let not Ioy confound our happineſſe, I am but dead,
If it be knowne I am heere.

Fya. Thou ſhalt not hence.

Ang. Be wiſe deare heart; ſee here the beſt of men,
Faithfull *Baptiſta* ———

Fya. Oh, I love *Baptiſta*,
Cauſe he loves thee; But my *Angelo* I love bove kings.

Bapt. Madam you'le ſpoile,
Vnleſſe you joyne with us in the ſafe plot
Of our eſcape.

Ang. Sweete *Fyametta* heare me,
For you ſhall hence with us.

Fya. Over ten worlds,
But Ile not hence; my *Angelo* ſhall not hence,

True love, like gold, is beſt being tried in fire;
Ile defie Father, and a thouſand deaths—for thee——
Knock within.

Ang. Vndone, vndone.

Bapt. At the Court gate,
I ſee a Iebbit already to hang's both;
Death! the Duke beates at the doore.

Fya. He ſhall come in; *Enter Omnes.*
One frowne at thee, my Tragedie ſhall begin;
See Father———

Flo. I told you that I heard—her tongue—

Fya. See Father.

Flo. What ſweete girle?

Fya. That's *Angelo*, and you ſhall pardon him.

Flo. With all my heart.

Fya. Hee ſays hee pardons thee with all his heart.

Ang. Mee Lor, be all mad, le braine crowe, and run whirabout like de windmill ſaile, pardona moy, por quoy my ſweete Madam, pardon your povera Doctor.

Fya. Becauſe thou art my baniſh't *Angelo.*

Flo. Starke mad.

Piſa. This her recoverie?

Fya. Hee is no Doctor,
Nor that his man, but his deare friend *Baptiſta*;
Has black't his beard like a Comœdian
To play the Mountibanke; away, Ile marry
None but that Doctor, and leave *Angelo.*

Ang. I doe pray Artely, Madam.

Fya. Leave off thy gibberiſhe, and I prethee ſpeake
Thy Native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French be-gor, ſhee be mad as the moone.

Flo. Sweet girle, with gentle hands ſir, take her hence.

Fya. Stand from mee, I muſt follow *Angelo.*

Piſa. Thine eyes drinke ſleepe from the ſweet god of reſt.

Fya. Oh, you ſhoote poyſon'd arrowes thorow my breaſt.

Manent Florence, Angelo, Baptiſta.

Flo. What ſtrange new furie now poſſeſſeth her?

Ang. Begar her Imaginaſhon be out a de vitts, and ſo dazell de two nyes, and come downe ſo into de bellie, and poſſibla for make her tink mee or you to be le ſhentle-man ſhee lovea, and ſo ſhee takea my man for a Iack-a-nape, mee know not who.

Bapt. For one *Baptiſta.*

Ang. Povera garſhon a ma trat.

Flo. I doe beleeve you both; but honeſt Doctor, Straine all thy Art, and ſo thou leave her well, I care not if you call up feinds from hell.

Ang. Dar be too much devill in de body all ready be my trat my Lor, mee no ſtay heere for ten hundred hundred Coronaes, ſhe cry upon mee 'tis Maſter *Angelo*, you tink ſo not one and two time, but a tyrd time, you ſmella me out; And ſo cutta my troate; adue my Lor.

Flo. Still your opinion holds to kill that villaine, And give her his heart dried.

Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.

Flo. This gold take for thy paines to make her ſownde, There needs a deſperate cure to a deſperate wounde.

Exit.

Ang. How blowes it now?

Bapt. Faire, with a proſperous gale.

Ang. Poore love, thou ſtill art ſtrucke with thine owne fate; My life hangs at a thred, friend I muſt flie.

Bapt. How, to be ſafe?

Ang. I will take ſanctuary, I know a reverend Fryar, in whoſe cell

Ile lurke till ſtormes blow ore ; If women knew
What men feele for them, None their ſcornes ſhould rue.

Enter Tibaldo in Womans attire, Alphonſina.

Alph. Is't come to this, have the walls of the Caſtle beene beſieged thus long, lien open for a breach ; and dare you not
Give fier to once piece ? oh y'ar a proper ſoldyor, good Siſter, brother follow your game more cloſe, or i'le leave you.

Tib. What wu'd you have me doe ?

Alp. Why I would ha' you (tho' you be in womans apparrell) to be your ſelfe a man, and do what you come for.

Tib. I have bin giving her a thouſand on ſetts,
And ſtill a bluſhing cheeke makes me retire ;
I ſpeake not three words, but my tongue is ready
To aske forgivenes of her.

Alp. Muſt thou needs at thy firſt encounter tell her thou art a man, why when you walke together, cannot you begin a tale to her, with once upon a time, there was a loving couple that having tyred themſelves with walking, ſat downe upon a banck, and kiſt, and embraced, and plaid, and ſo by degrees bring the tale about to your owne purpoſe. Can you not ? fie, you are the worſt at theſe things Sir.

Tib. I am ſiſter indeed.

Alp. And the more foole you indeed : you ſee how the old ſtinking fox her husband is ſtil rubbing me as if I had the palſy, Ile not have his wither'd hands (which are as moiſt as the ſide of ſtock-fiſh) lye pidling in my boſome, therefore determine ſome thing, or farewell.

Tib. I have deare ſiſter, if you will but heare me.

Alp. Come on, out with't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promiſe of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed ;

Rap'd with joy, he'le feigne buſineſſe of ſtate,
To leave his lady, and to lie alone.

Alp. Very good.

Tib. Then my requeſt ſhall be, that for that night
She would accept me for her bed-fellow,
And there's no queſtion ſifter of the grant,
Which being Injoy'd I doubt not but to manage
And carry all ſo even on levill ground,
That my offence ſhall in my love ſeeme drownde.

Alp. The clocke for your buſineſſe thus far goes true, but now for me, what ſhall I do with the old cock in my Rooſt?

Tib. Sifter, you have ſome tricke (no doubt) to keepe
Him within compaſſe.

Alp. No not I, beleeve me, I know not what to doe with him, unleſſe I ſhould give him a little *Nux vomica*, to make him ſleep away the night, but brother, to pleaſure you, Ile venter a joynte, and yet it troubles me too, that I ſhould prove a Traytor to my ſex, I doe betray an Innocent Lady, to what ill I know not.
But Love the author of it wil I hope
Turne it quite otherwiſe, and perhaps it may be
So welcome to her as a courteſie.

Tib. I doubt not but it ſhall.

Alp. We nothing can,
Vnleſſe man woman helpe, and woman man. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Trumpets ſounding. Enter Torrenti very brave, betweene the two Dukes, attended by all the Courtiers, wondring at his coſtly habit. Enter a maſk, women in ſtrang habitts. Dance. Exit. He gives jewells, and ropes of pearle to the Duke; and a chaine of gold to every Courtier. Exit. Nicholetti and he ſtay.

Nic. THou art my noble kinſman, and but thy mother
(Vpon my ſoule) was chaſt I ſhould beleeve
Some Emperor begot thee.
Tor. Why pray Vncle?
Nico. Suppoſe all kingdomes on the earth were balls,
And that thou held'ſt a racket in thy hand,
To toſſe 'em as thou wu'd'ſt, how wo'dſt thou play?
Tor. Why? as with balls, bandy 'em quite away.
Nico. A tennes-court of kings could do no more;
But faith what doeſt thou thinke, that I now think,
Of thy this days expence?
Torr. That it was brave.
Nico. I thinke thee a proud vaine-glorious bragging knaue,
That golden wombe thy father left ſo full,
Thou vulture-like eat'ſt thorough: oh heeres trim ſtuffe;
A good-mans ſtate, in Gartyres, ſtrings and ruffe;
Haſt not a ſaffron ſhirt on too? I feare th'art
Troubled with the greene-ſicknes, thou look'ſt wan.
Tor. With anger at thy ſnarling muſt my hoaſe
Match your old greaſy cod-piece?
Nico. No, but I'de have thee live in compaſſe.
Tor. Foole, I'le be
As the ſun in the Zodiack; I am he
That wood take Phaetons fall, tho' I ſet fire

On the whole world to be heavens charioteire,
(As he was) but one day.
Nico. Vaine riotous cockſcombe,
Tha'ſt fier'd to much already, Parkes, Forreſts, chaſes,
Have no part left of them, but names and places;
'Tis voic'd abroad thy lands are all at pawne.
Tor. They are, what then?
Nico. And that the mony went to
Entertaine the Popes great Nuntio,
On whom you ſpent the ranſome of a king.
Tor. You lye.
Nico. I thanke you Sir.
Tor. Say all this true
That I ſpent millions, what's that to you.
Were there for every day i'th'yeare a Pope,
For every houre i'th' yeare a Cardinall;
I'd melt both Indies, but I'de feaſt 'em all.
Nico. And leave your Curtezans bare, that leaving bare,
Will one day leave thee naked, one nights waking,
With a freſh-whore, coſt thee 4000. duckets.
Elſe the bawd lies.
Tor. Wert thou not mine uncle
I'de ſend thee with thy frozen-beard where furies
Should findge it off with fire-brands, touching
Wenching, that art thy ſelfe an old rotten whore-maſter.
Nico. I a whore-maſter?
To ſhew how much I hate it, harke, when next thy tomblers
Come to dance upon the ropes,
Play this jigg to 'em.
Tor. Goe, goe, idle droane,
Thou envieſt bees with ſtings, becauſe thine is gone,
Plate, jewells, revenues all ſhall flie.
Nico. They ſhall.
Tor. And then Sir I'le turne pickled theefe, a Pirate,
For as I to feed Ryot, a world did crave,

So nothing but the ſea ſhall be my grave,
Meane time that circle few began I've runne, tho' the
Devill ſtand i'th' Center.
Nico. What's that circle?
Torr. The vanitie of all man-kinde be mine,
In me all prodigalls looſenes freſh ſhall flowe,
Wine, harlots, ſurfetts, rich embroidered cloaths,
Faſhions, all ſenſuall ſins, all new coin'd oathes,
Shall feed me, fill me; Ile feaſt every ſence,
Nought ſhall become me ill, but innocence. *Exit.*
Nico. I hope a wallet hanging at thy backe,
Who ſpends all young, ere age comes, all will lacke.
Exit.

Enter an Apothecary give a ſerving-man gold, Iacomo, Servants in blew-coats: Stew. Broker, Goldſmith, Torrenti's Brother, a Trumpet.

Gent. What ſounds this trumpet for?
Omnes. Dinner my Lord.
Gent. To feaſt whome this day are my tables ſpread?
St. For ſea-men, wrack't, aged, or ſicke, or lame,
And the late ranſom'd captives from the Turke.
Gent. Cheere them with harty welcomes in my name,
Attend them as great Lords, let no man dare,
To ſend 'em ſad hence, bounty ſhall be plac'd
At the boards upper end; For Marriners
Are clocks of danger that do ne're ſtand ſtill,
Their dialls-hand ere points to'th ſtroake of death,
And (albeit ſeldome windleſſe) looſe their breath;
I love 'em, for they eat the deareſt bread,
That life can buy, when the elements make warrs;
Water and aire, they are ſav'd by their good ſtarrs.
And for the gally-ſlaves, make much of thoſe, love that man
Who ſuffers onely for being chriſtian; What ſuiters waite?

St. Come neere, one at once, keep back pray.
Bro. A ſorry man, a very ſorry man.
Gen. What makes thee ſorry?
Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which touches me to the quick, a boxe of my ſweete evidence my Lord.
Gent. Show me ſome proofe of this.
Brok. Alas too good proofe, all burnt, nor ſtick, nor ſtone, left.
Gent. What wo'dſt have me doe?
Brok. Beſtow but a bare 100.l. on me, to ſet me up.
Gent. Steward deliver him a 100.l.
Brok. Now all the——
Gent. Nay kneele not Sir, but heare me.
Brok. Oh my hony Lord!
Gent. Faces are ſpeaking pictures, thine's a booke,
Which if the leafe be truly printed ſhews
A page of cloſe diſſembling.
Brok. Oh my Lord!
Gent. But ſay thou art ſuch, yet the monie's thine,
Which I to Charitie give, not to her ſhrine;
If thou cheat'ſt me, thou art cheated? how? th'haſt got
(Being licoriſh) ratſ-bane from a gally-pot,
Taking it for ſugar; thou art now my debtor,
I am not hurt, nor thou I feare, much better;
Farewell.

Enter lame legg'd Souldier.

Soul. Cannons defend me, Gun-powder of hell,
Whom doeſt thou blow up heere?
Broak. Some honeſt ſcullar, row this lame dog to hanging.
Gent. What noiſe is that?
Stew. My Lord calls to you.
Soul. Was there ever call'd
A devill by name from hell? then this is one.

Gent. My friend, what is hee?
Soul. A Citie peſtilence,
A moath that eates up gownes, doublets and hoſe,
One that with Bills, leades ſmocks and ſhirts together
To linnen cloſe adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, ſo ſtrongly, that the owners
Dare never ſmell them after; hee's a broaker.
Gent. Suppoſe all this, what hurt hath hee done thee?
Soul. More then my limbs loſſe; in one weeke he eate
My wife up, and three children, this chriſtian Iew did;
Ha's a long lane of helliſh Tenements,
Built all with pawnes.
Gen. All that he had is burnt.
Soul. He keepes a whore indeede, this is the Raven,
Cryed knocke before you call, he may be fir'd,
His lowſie wardropes are not; to this hell-hound
I pawn'd my weapons to buy browne bread
To feede my brats and me; (they forfited)
Twice ſo much as his money him I gave,
To have my Armes redeem'd, the griping ſlave
Swore (not to ſave my ſoule) vnleſſe that I
Laid downe my ſtumpe heere, for the Intereſt,
And ſo hop home.
Gnnt. Vnheard of villaine!
Broker, is this true?
Brok. 'Twere ſinne my Lord, to lie.
Gent. Souldier, what is't thou now crau'ſt at my hands?
Soul. This my Pitition was, which now I teare,
My ſuite here was, When the next place did fall,
To be a Beadeſ-man in your Hoſpitall:
But now I come moſt pitiouſly complaining
Againſt this three-pile raſcall, widowes decayer,
The Orphans beggerer, and the poores betrayer;
Give him the *Ruſſian* law for all theſe ſinnes.

Gent. How?
Soul. But one hundred blowes on his bare ſhins.
Br. Come home and take thine Arms.
So. Ile have thoſe leggs.
Gent. Broaker, my ſoule foreſaw goods thus ill got,
Would as ill thrive, you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours; but crafty Broaker, you plaid the knave
To begg, not needing. This man now muſt have
His requeſt too, 'tis honeſt, faire, and juſt,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his ſhinnes,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blowes.
Broak. My Lord, my pitifull Lord.
Soul. I muſt beſtirre my ſtumps too. Iuſtice, my Lord.
Gent. I will not ravill out time; Broaker, I offer you
A hundred for a hundred.
Soul. That's his owne uſury.
Gent. A hundred pound, or elſe a hundred blowes,
Give him that money, he ſhall releaſe you thoſe.
Brok. Take it, and may'ſt thou rot with't. *Exit.*
Soul. Follow thee thy curſe,
Wo'd blowes might make all Broakers ſtill disburſe.
Gent. What next?
Serv. The Party ſir.
Gent. What party ſir?
If honeſt, ſpeake, I love no whiſperer.
Serv. This Gentleman is a great ſhuter.
Gent. In a Long-bow? how farre ſhootes hee?
Serv. To your Lordſhip, to be your Apothecary.
Gent. Vmh; what ſpie you in my face, that I ſho'd buy
Your druggs and drenches? beares not my cheeke a colour
As freſh as any old mans? doe my bones
Ake with youth's ryotts? or my blood boile hot
With feavers? or is't num'd with dropſies, cold
Coughes, Rhumes, Catarrhes, Gowts, Apoplexie fits?

The common ſoares of age, on me never ran,
Nor Galeniſt nor Paracelſian,
Shall ere reade Phiſicall Lecture upon me.
Apot. Two excellent fellowes my Lord.
Gent. I honour their profeſsion,
What the Creator does, they in part doe,
For a Phiſician's a man-maker too,——but honeſt friend,
My kitchin is my Doctor, and my Garden,
Truſtie Apothecare ; when they give me pills,
So gently worke they, I'me not choak'd with bills,
Which are a ſtronger purge then the diſeaſe.
Apo. Alas my Lord, and 'twere not for bills, our ſhops wo'd downe.
Gent. Sir, I beleeve you, bills nor pills Ile take ;
I ſtand on ſicknes ſhoare, and ſee men toſt
From one diſeaſe to another, at laſt loſt ;
But to ſuch ſeas of ſurfetts, where they're drown'd,
I never ventering am ever ſound.
Apo. Ever found my Lord? if all our Gallants ſho'd bee ſo, Doctors, Pothecaries, and Barber-ſurgeons, might feed upon Onyons and Butter-milke ; ever ſound ! a brave world then.
Gent. 'Tis their owne fault, if they feare ſprings or falls,
Wine-glaſſes fill'd too faſt, make urynalls ;
Man was at firſt borne ſound, and hee growes ill
Seldome by courſe of nature, but by will——
Diſtempers are not ours, there ſhould be then
(Were wee our ſelues) no Phiſicke, men to men
Are both diſeaſes cauſe, and the diſeaſe,
I'me free from (thankes good fate) either of theſe.
Apo. My 50. Crownes.
Ser. Not I.
Apo. No, muſt I give you a Gliſter?
Ser. Hiſt, hiſt.
Apo. If your Lordſhip will not allow me miniſter to your ſelfe, pray let me give your man a purgation.

Ser. Me a Purgation? my Lord, I'me paſſing well.

Gent. Him a Purge, why?

Apo. Or rather a vomit, that hee may caſt up 50 Crownes——

Which he ſwallowed as a Bribe to preferre me.

Gent. My health is bought and ſold ſir then by you,

A Doctor baits you next, whoſe meſh of potions
Striking me full of vlcers, a gibberiſh Surgion,
For 50. Crownes more, comes to drawe my will,
For mony, ſlaves their Soveraignes thus kill;
Nay, nay, ſo got, ſo keepe it; for his Fifty,
Give him a 100. Crownes, becauſe his will
Aym'd at my health I know, and not at ill:
Fare you well ſir.

Apo. Who payes mee ſir?

Sir. Follow me, I ſir. *Exit Ser. & Apothe.*

Enter Gold ſmith.

Gold. The fellow, my Lord, is faſt.

Gent. What fellow ſir?

Gold. The thiefe that ſtole this Iewell from your honour,

Hee came unto my ſtall my Lord.

Gent. So.

Gold. And ask'd mee
Not the fourth part in money it was worth,
And ſo ſmelling him out.

Gent. You did.

Goldſ. I did ſir,
Smell him out preſently, and under hand
Sent for a Conſtable, examined him,
And finding that he is your Stewards man,
Committed him toth' Iale.

Gent. What money had hee upon this Iewell of you?

Goldſ. None my good Lord, after I heard it yours.

Gent. Elſe you had bought it,
And beene the thiefes receiver, y'ar a varlet,
Go to, a ſawcie knave; if I want money,
And ſend my ſervants ſervant (cauſe the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawne, or ſell
Iewells, or Plate, tho' I looſe halfe in halfe,
Muſt you ſir, play the Marſhall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue; goe and releaſe him,
Send him home preſently, and pay his fees, doe you
fee ſir.
Gold. My Lord, I do fee.
Gent. Leaſt by the Innocent fellow,
I lay you faſt byth' heeles, doe this y'are beſt;
You may be gone.
Gold. Heere's a moſt excellent jeaſt. *Exit.*

Enter Steward.

Gent. Harke you, the Duke of *Florence* ſent me
once
A Iewell. have ye it? For you laid it up.
Ste. My Lord, I have it.
Gent. Are you ſure you have it?
Why change you colour? Know you this? doe you
know
Your man, you ſent to ſell it? You belike
Thought in my memory it had beene dead,
And ſo your honeſty too came buried,
'Tis well, out of mine eye; what wo'd you with mee?

Enter Brother, to Torrenti.

Broth. Your pitty on a wretch late wrackt at ſea,
Beaten a ſhore by penury, 3. yeares a Turkiſh
Gally-ſlave.
Gent. Your birth?
Broth. Such Sir,
As I dare write my ſelfe a gentleman,
In *Florence* ſtood my cradle, my houſe great,

In mony, not in mercy; I am poore,
And dare not with the begger paſſe their doore.
Gent. Name them, they ſhalbe forc't to thy reliefe.
Broth. To ſteale compaſsion from them like a thiefe,
Good my Lord pardon me, under your noble wing,
I had rather ſit, then on the higheſt tree ſing,
That ſhadowes their gay buildings.
Gent. Young man I doe commend thee, where's my ſteward?
Give me thy hand, I entertaine thee mine,
Make perfect your accounts, and ſee the books deliver'd
To this Gentleman.
St. This poore rogue Sir?
Gent. Thou art a villaine, ſo to tearme the man,
Whom I to liking take; Sir I diſcharge you;
I regard no mans out-ſide, 'tis the lineings
Which I take care for.
St. Not if you knew how louzie they were.
Gent. Caſt not thy ſcorne upon him, prove thou but juſt,
Ile raiſe the Cedars ſpring out firſt from duſt. *Exit.*

Enter Nicolletto, Dariene, Alphonſ. Alifandra, Tibaldo, Cargo.

Nic. Madam this night I have received from court,
A booke of deepe import, which I muſt reade,
And for that purpoſe will I lie alone.
Dar. Be Mr. of your owne content my Lord,
Ile change you for ſome femall bed-fellow.
Nic. With all my heart.
Tib. Pray madam then take me.
Nic. Doe prethee wife.
Dar. And Sir, ſhe is moſt welcome.
Nic. Wo'ld I were at it for it is a booke,
My fingers itch till I be turning o're;
Good reſt faire *Alphonſina* you'le not faile.

Alp. No, feare me not.
Nic. All all to bed, to bed.
Alp. Mine eyes are full of ſleepe ; Ile follow you.
Exit.
Dar. I to my cloſet, and then bed-fellow
Expect your company.
Tibal. I will be for your Lady.
Aleſſ. Madam ſo pleaſe you forfeit to my mother,
And let your ſelfe and I be bed-fellowes.
Tib. Deare heart I humbly thanke you, but I muſt not.
Aleſſ. Lady I rather wiſh your company,
Becauſe I know one maiden beſt conceales,
What's boſom'd in another : but Ile waite
With patience a time fitting.
Tib. Worthy Lady,
This time is yours and mine.
Aleſſ. Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot woe reliefe from you,
Let me at leaſt win pitty, I have fixt
Mine eye upon your brother ; whom I never
But once beheld here in this houſe, yet wiſh
That he beheld me now and heard me ;
You are ſo like your brother, that me thinkes I ſpeake to him,
And that provokes a bluſh to aſſaile my cheeke ;
He ſmiles like you, his eyes like you ; pray Lady
Where is the gentleman ? 'twas for his ſake
I would have lien with you, wo'd it were as lawfull to fellow nights with him.
Tib. Troth I do wiſh it.
Aleſſ. And if in this you inrich me with your counſell,
Ile be a gratefull taker.
Tib. Sure my brother
Is bleſt in your affection, and ſhall have
Good time to underſtand ſo.
Dar. *Alexandra.* within.
Aleſſ. Madam.

Dar. A word, come quickly. *Exit.*

Tib. O ye heavens! how ſtrangely one houre works upon an other. It was but now heart-ſick, and long'd for meat,
Which being ſet before me I abhorre.

Alp. Brother.

Enter Alphonſina.

Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber?

Alp. Such a fury as thou.

Tib. How now? haſt loſt thy witts?

Alp. Ile ſweare thou haſt, for thou haſt candied
Thy ſweete but poyſonous language to diſhonour
Me thy moſt wretched ſiſter, who no better then a vile
Inſtrument to thy deſires, deſerves to be ſtil'd,
Baud, worſe then the bauds.
Who every day i'th' weeke ſhake hands with hell.

Tib. Ha' patience deareſt ſiſter; I proteſt,
By all the graces that become a man,
I have not wrong'd *Dariene* nor her Lord.

Alp. Thou ſhalt not then by heaven.

Tib. By all goodnes, not
With a well bluſh diſcourſe faire *Aliffandra*,
Suppoſing me your ſiſter hath diſcover'd
The true pangs of her fancy towards *Tibaldo*,
And in it crav'd my aide, which heard, Even then,
My Brutiſh purpoſe broke its neck, and I
Will proue the daughters husband, that came hither,
A traytour to the Mother.

Alp. My noble brother,
Our doings are alike, for by *Trebatio*
(Whome I with honour name) his fathers foulenes ſhall be
Cut off and croſt.

Tib. Get to your chamber;
No longer will I play the womans part,
This night ſhall change my habit with my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Nicoletti with a light.

Nichol. In this chamber ſhe lies, and that's her window; wo'd I were in: the aire bites, but the bit that I ſhall bite anon, ſharpens my ſtomack, the watch-word is a cornet, (*Cornet within*) it ſpeakes, ſhe bids me come without a light, and reaſon, ſhes light enough herſelfe; wincke thou one-eyed baud, be thou an embleme of thy Mr. and burne in ſecret.

Enter Alphonſina, above.

Alp. My Lord.
Nic. What ſayes my moſt moiſt-handed ſweete Lady.
Alp. Who is there with you?
Nico. No chriſtian creature, I enter *ſolus.*
Alp. I feare I muſt entreate you to ſtay a little.
Nic. As long as thou deſir'ſt, but-wilt come downe?
Alp. I would be loth to looſe all upon reſt.
Nic. Shall I mount then?
Alp. For mine honour being once crack't.
Nic. Crack a pudding: Ile not meddle with thine honour.
Alp. Say you ſhould get me with childe.
Nic. I hope I am not the firſt Lord has got a lady with childe.
Alp. Is the night huſh't?
Nic. Ther's nothing ſtirring, the very mice are a ſleepe, as I am noble, Ile deale with thee like a gentleman.
Alp. Ile doe that then, which ſome Citizens will not doe, to ſome Lord.
Nico. What's that?
Alp. Take your word, I come.
Nico. Vd's my life!
Alp. What's the matter ſir? *Muſicke within.*
Nico. I heare a lute, and ſure it comes this way.

Alp. My moſt lov'd Lord, ſtep you aſide, I would not have you ſeene for the ſaving of my right hand, preſerve mine honour, as I preſerve your love.

Enter Trebatio with Muſicke.

Nico. Pox on your Catts guts.

Alp. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind?

Treb. Looke out of it, and 'tis the richeſt cafement That ever let in Ayre.

Alp. Trebatio.

Treb. I, my moſt faire Miſtris.

Alp. Neither of both good ſir;
Pray play upon ſome other, you abuſe mee,
And that which ſeemes worſe, in your fathers houſe.

Nico. Brave girle.

Alp. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter, the night has in it
Vnwholſome foggs, and blaſts; to bed my Lord,
Leaſt they attach your beautie: nothing more,
Ile pay you for your ſong. *Exit.*

Treb. Are you gone ſo?
Well, you hard-hearted one, you ſhall not ever
Be Lady of your ſelfe—away. *Exit.*

Enter Cargo running.

Car. Oh my Lord, I have ſtood Centinell as you bad me, but I am frighted.

Nico. With what?

Carg. The Night-mare rides you, my Lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devill lay her down, prevented in the very Act.

Carg. She workes by magick, and knowes all.

Enter Dariene.

Dari. Doe you ſhrinke backe my Lord? you may with ſhame; Have I tane you napping my Lord?

Nico. But not with the manner my Lady.

Dar. Have you no bird to flie at, but what fits on your owne ſonnes fiſte?

Nicho. How! my ſonnes fiſte?

Darie. Yes, the Lady whom you wrought to have bin your Harlot
Your ſonne has long ſince wonne to be his bride,
Both they and I have this night exercif'd
Our witts to mocke your dotage.

Nico. Am I then gull'd?

Dare. Yes my Lord, and bull'd too, yonders *Tibaldo Neri* come this morning.

Dare. So early, Is his ſiſter with him?

Car. Not that I ſaw, but I ſaw him kiſſe my yong Miſtris, three or foure times, I thinke 'twere good to aske the banes of Matrimony.

Nico. Wo't twere no worſe, let's in, and give 'em the mornings Salutation.

Dare. Ile tell him all.

Nicho. Sweete Lady, ſeal my pardon with a kiſſe,
He ne're was borne, that never did amiſſe. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Florence, Piero, Piſa, Mutio, Tornelli, Philippo.

Pier. SIr, I have found *Angelo* with long and buſie ſearch.

Flo. And will he come?

Pier. Your honour (as you charg'd me) I impawn'd
For his ſafe paſſage.
Flo. By my life hee ſhall; when will hee come?
Pie. My friend brings him along.
Flo. *Philippo Mutio*, goe and perſwade our daughter
To walke, and take the ayre.
Pifa. Ile play that Orator. *Exit.*
Flo. Attend the Duke of *Piſa*; prethee *Piero*
Diſcover where this *Angelo* lay lurking.
Pie. The world he has ſhut up, and now the booke
He reades, is onely heere, ſee where he comes.

Enter Angelo as a Fryar, Fyametta.

Flo. Way for my daughter; looke you, there's *Angelo.*
Fya. Ha? yes, 'tis the ſtarre I ſaile by; hold me not,
Why doe you ſticke like rocks, to barre my way,
And utterly to wracke mee?
Flo. Art thou mad?
Fya. Yes, I am mad, oh my beſt life, my ſoule! *Runs to him.*
Ang. Whom ſeeke you Lady?
Fya. Doe you not know me ſir?
Ang. Yes.
Fia. Doeſt thou not love mee?
Ang. Yes.
Fya. At very heart?
Ang. Yes, at the very ſoule.
Fya. Burnes not your love,
With that moſt holy fire, the god of marriage
Kindles in man and woman?
Ang. Noe.
Fia. Ha, no?

Flo. Hee ſayes no.
Fia. Then ſo, *quod dedi perdidi.*
Ang. How can I love you Lady?
I have clim'd too many of ſuch fruitleſſe trees.
Fia. Have you indeede?
Ang. Yes, and have pull'd the apples.
Fia. Now I beſhrew your fingers.
Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em turn'd to duſt.
Why ſhould you love me? I have chang'd my pleaſure
In beautious dames, more then I have my dreames,
Foure in one night.
Flo. Hee'le prove a luſtie Larrence;
This is the ſtarre you ſayle by tho.
Ang. Why ſhould you love me? I am but a Tombe,
Gay out-ſide, but within, rotten and foule.
Flo. Ile ſweare th'art moſt diſeaſ'd, even in thy ſoule;
Oh thou, thou moſt perfidious man alive,
So proſper, as my poore ſicke heart doth thrive;
Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare-thee-well.
Come, I make thee my heaven, wer't once my Hell.
To Piſa.
Piſa. I'me rap't above the ſpheares, Ioy ſtrikes me dumbe.
Flo. Th'aſt lent unto mine age a ſcore of yeares,
More then ere nature promiſ'd, by thy loving
This Noble Prince; th'art his then?
Fya. His—to prove it; hence
Thou from mee; ne're more behold mine eyes.
Ang. Now finde I, that a Lovers heart laſt dies.
Exit.
Flo. I, I, ſo, ſo; If it die, it ſhall be buried.
Fya. Good reverend Sir, ſtay you, and as you witneſſe
This my divorce, ſo ſhall you ſeale my contract.
Fryar. I will, your pleaſure.

Flo. *Fyametta*,
Make choice thy felfe of thine owne wedding day.
Fya. To morrow be it, Loves poyſon is delay,
Gallants, pray ſtirre betimes, and rowſe your Miſtreſſes;
Let ſome invite Lord *Vanni* and his Lady;
Wee dine to day with Lord *Iacomo*,
Thither let's haſten: Sir, this holy man,
Shall be this night my confeſſor; about mid-night,
Expect my ſending for you.
Fryer. Your devotion
Commands my ſervice. W'are leaſt i'th fryers ſtead.
The Prince be your confeſſor; girle prepare
To play the bride to morrow, and then being laid,
One night paſt o're, thinke nere to riſe a maide. *Exit.*

Trumpets ſounding ſervices carried over the ſtage, Poore attending Torrenti one, then enter Iacomo bare betwixt the two Dukes, Piero, Philippo, Tornelli, Mutio.

Flo. No more of complement, my Lord *Gentili*;
Such noble welcomes have we had this day,
We muſt take bluſhing leaves, cauſe we can pay
Nothing but thanks.
Gent. That's more then the whole debt comes to,
Ne're ſaw I tables crown'd with braver ſtore;
I know no man that ſpends, nay nor gives more,
And yet a full ſea ſtill: why yonder fellow,
The brave mock-prodigall has ſpent all indeed,
He that made beggers proud, begs now himſelfe for need.
Flo. But who releeves him now?
Gent. None, for I know
He that in riotous feaſting, waſtes his ſtore,
Is like a faire tree which in ſommer bore
Boughes laden till they crackt, with leaves and fruite,
Whoſe plenty laſting, all men came unto't;
And pluckt and filld their lapps and carry away;
But when the boughes grow bare, and leaves decay:

And the great tree ſtands ſapleſſe, wither'd dry,
Then each one caſts on it a ſcornfull eye,
And grieves to ſee it ſtand, nay do not greeve,
Albeit the Axe downe to the roote it cleave ;
The fall of ſuch a tree, will I beware,
I know both when to ſpend, and when to ſpare.
Flo. 'Tis nobly ſpoke.
Piſa. Nay good my Lord make haſt.
Pier. Here's a childe loſt i'th ſtaying.
Flo. Get 2. at night for't.
What is the bride yet dreſt ?
Pier. She's rigging Sir.
Flo. 'Tis well, muſicke ? from whence ?
What chambers that ?
Mut. It Ioynes cloſe to the
Lodgings of the bride.
Flo. Inquire
If ſhe be ready, *Mutio*, ſay her bride-groome
Attends on her below.
Mut. I ſhall my Lord.

Fiametta above.

Pier. Tarry, ſhe looks her ſelfe out.
Flo. Come, come loiterer.
Fia. Faire welcome to your grace, and to that Prince,
That ſhould have bin my bridegroome.
Flo. Should ha beene ?
Pier. Is the Moone chang'd already ?
Fia. In her changes
The Moone is conſtant, man is onely varying,
And never in one Circle long is tarying,
But one man in the moone at once appeares,
Such praiſe (being true to one) a woman beares.
Flo. Take thou that praiſe and to this Prince be true,
Come downe and marry him.
Fia. What would the world ſay,

If I ſhould marry two men in one day?
Flo. That villaine has bewitch't her.
Pier. Sir what villaine?
Flo. That ſlave, the baniſh't runnagate.
Pier. Caſt not on him
Such foule aſperſions, till you know his guilt;
Even now you ſaid he was a worthy ſpirit,
Crown'd him with praiſe, and do you now condemne
An abſent man unheard?
Flo. Ile hang thee traitor.
Piſa. Locke all the gates of Florence, leaſt he ſcape.
Flo. Our pardon, whoſoever takes and kill him.
Pier. Oh! who would truſt in Princes, the vaine breath,
Who in a minute gives one man life and death?
Fia. Come forth thou threatned man, here kill him all,
Lower then what you ſtand on, none can fall.

Angelo above.

Ang. I now muſt ſtand your arrowes, but you ſhoote
Againſt a breaſt as innocent —
Flo. As a traytors.
Ang. Your patience Sir,
Piſa. Talk'ſt thou of patience? that by thy moſt perfidious——

Enter frier above.

Ang. Heare me pray.
Of if not me, heare then this reverend man.
Piſa. VVhat makes that Fryer there?
Pier. Father ſpeake your minde.
Fryer. I was enjoyned to be her confeſſor,
And came, but then ſhe wonn me to a vow,
By oath of all my orders, face to face,

To heare her ſpeak unto *Angelo*, 'twas done,
He came, when falling downe on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in teares, ſhe opes a booke,
Chardging him read his oaths and promiſes,
The contract of their hands, hearts, yea and ſoules,
And askd if *Angelo* would marry her.

Flo. Very good.

Fry. He looking pale as death, ſaid faintly no.

Piſa. Faintly, he then was willing?

Pier. Pray heare him out.

Fry. Thrice tried: he thrice cried no; At which this Ladie
Deſperately ſnatching from her ſide two knives,
Had ſtab'd her ſelfe to th' heart, but that we knit
Our force againſt it, what ſhould I doe in this?
Not marry her, or rob her of heavens bliſſe?
Which glory had bin greater to have tane,
A husband from her, or to have ſeene her ſlaine?

Flo. Then you have married her?

Fry. I have.

Pier. Brave girle.

Piſa. Ile cut that knot aſunder with my ſword.

Fry. The hands which heaven hath joyn'd, no man can part.

Fia. The hands they may, but never ſhall the heart.

Flo. Why didſt thou make to him thy promiſe then?

Fia. Women are borne, but to make fooles of men.
She that's made ſure to him, ſhe loves not well,
Her banes are ask'd here, but ſhe wedds in hell;
Parents that match their children gainſt their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flo. Parrot, Parrot,
Ile ſtop your prating, breake into her chamber,
And lay the villaine bleeding at her feete. *Draw.*

Fia. Villaine? it is my husband.

Flo. Enter and kill him.

Pier. Enter, but kill him he that dares, I bluſh
To ſee two Princes ſo degenerate.
Fia. Oh noble brother!
Pier. What would you have him doe?
He well deſerves to have her to his wife;
Who gives to you a daughter, her a life,
In ſight of angels ſhe to him was given,
So that in ſtriking him, you fight with heaven.
Flo. You ſee there is no remedie.
Piſa. Troth none;
I threw at all (and gameſters lucke) all's gone;
Farewell brave ſpirited girle, he that gainſt winde,
Fier and the ſea, law and a womans minde,
Strives, is a foole, that's I, Ile now be wiſe,
And neuer more put truſt in woman's eyes.
Fia. I love thee for that word with-all my heart.
Flo. Will you come downe pray?
Fia. Sweare as you are a Duke.
Flo. Yet more adoe.
Piſa. Will you not truſt your father?
Fia. Why ſhould I? you ſee there is no truſt i'th' daughter;
Sweare by your hopes of good you will not touch
His naile to hurt him.
Flo. By my hopes I ſweare.
Fia. And you too?
Piſa. Yes, what's falling none can reare.
Fia. Wee come then noble friend, flagg not thy wings,
In this warr I defie a campe of Kings. *Exit.*

Enter Nicolletto, Tibaldo, Alphonſin. Dariene, Aliſſand, Trebatio.

Flo. See, ſee, more ſhoales of friends, moſt beauteous Ladies,
Faire welcomes to you all.
Nic. My Lord thoſe tides,
Are turn'd, theſe Ladies are transform'd to brides.

Flo. We heard the happy newes, and therefore ſent,
To marry joyes with joyes, yours, with our owne,
Yours (I ſee) proſper, ours are overthrowne.
Nic. How meane you overthrowne?

Enter Angel. Fiametta.

Flo. Your owne eyes ſhall be witneſſe how: nay, nay, pray riſe,
I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.
Ang. All that we ſtand in feare of is your frowne.
Fia. And all deare father which I begge of you,
Is that you love this man but as I doe.
Flo. What begg you of this Prince?
Fia. That he would take
One favour from me, which my ſelfe ſhall make.
Piſa. Pray let it be of willow.
Fia. Well then it ſhall.
Alph. Why willow? is the noble Prince forſaken?
Pier. All womens faults, one for another taken.
Alp. Now in good ſooth my Lord, ſhee has but vs'd you
As watermen uſe their fares, for ſhee look'd one way
And row'd another, you but wore her glove,
The hand was *Angeloes*, and ſhe dealt wiſely.
Let woman ne're love man, or if ſhe doe,
Let him nere know it, make him write, waite, woe,
Court, cogge, and curſe, and ſweare, and lie, and pine,
Till Love bring him to death's doore, elſe hee's not mine;
That fleſh eates ſweeteſt that's pick'd cloſe toth' bone,
Water drinkes beſt, that's hew'd euen from the ſtone;
Men muſt be put to 't home.
Nico. He that loves ducking, let him come learne of thee.
Flo. Shee has good skill;

At table will wee heare a full diſcourſe
Of all theſe changes, and theſe Marriages,
Both how they ſhuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards are beſt, after the trumpes were out,
Who plaid falſe play, who true, who fought to ſave
An Ace ith' bottome, and turn'd up a knave;
For Love is but a Card-play, and all's loſt,
Vnleſſe you cogg, hee that pack's beſt, wins moſt.

Alp. Since ſuch good gamſters are together met,
As you like this, wee'le play another ſett. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE

Sun's-Darling:

A Moral Maſque:

As it hath been often preſented by their Majeſties Servants; at the Cock-pit in *Drury Lane*, with great Applauſe.

Written by { *John Foard* and *Tho. Decker* } Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Bell*, for *Andrew Penneycuicke*,
Anno Dom. 1656.

To the Right Honorable

THOMAS WRIATHESLEY,

Earle of *Southampton*, Lord

WRIATHSLEY, of *Tichfield*, *&c.*

MY LORD!

HErodotus *Reports that the Ægyptians by Wrapping their Dead in Glaſſe, preſents them lively to all Poſterity; But your Lordſhip will do more, by the Vivifying beames of your Acceptation, Revive the parents of this Orphan Poem, and make them live to Eternity. While the Stage floriſht, the* POEM *liv'd by the breath of Generall Applauſes, and the Virtuall Fervor of the Court; But ſince hath languiſht for want of heate, and now neere ſhrunk up with Cold, creepes (with a ſhivering feare) to Extend it ſelfe at the*

Flames of your Benignity. My Lord, though it ſeems Rough and Forlorn, It is the iſſue of Worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accompliſht with their Vertue. Be pleaſed then (my Lord) to give it entertainement, the more Deſtitute and needy it is, the Greater Reward may be Challenged by your Charity; and ſo being ſhelter'd under your Wings, and Comforted by the Sun-ſhine of your Favoure, it will become Proofe againſt the Injuſtice of Time, and like one of Demetrius *ſtatues appeare freſher and freſher to all Ages. My Lord, were we not Confident of the Excellence of the Peece, we ſhould not dare to Aſſume an impudence to preferr it to a Perſon of your* HONOR, *and* KNOWN JUDGMENT; *whoſe* HEARTS *are ready* SACRIFICES *to your* NAME *and* HONOR, *Being my Lord*

Your Lordſhips moſt humble, and moſt

Obligedly, Submiſſive Servants,

Theophilus Bird.

*Andrew Penneycuicke.**

* In ſome copies of this play (1656) the ſame Epiſtle Dedicatory is addreſſed "To the Right Honorable My very good Lady, the Lady *Newton*, Wife to the worſhipfull Sir *Henry Newton*, Knight," and the name of Andrew Penneycuicke is alone ſubſcribed. Other copies bearing the date of 1657 have the names as above.

Vpon the SUN'S DARLING.

IS he then found? *Phœbus* make holliday:
Tye up thy Steeds; And let the *Cyclops* Play;
Mulceber leave thy Anvile, and be trim;
Combe thy black Muzle, be no longer Grim;
Mercury be quick, with mirth furniſh the heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at ſix and ſeavens;
And *Ganimede* be nimble, to the Brim
Fill Boules of *Nectar*, that the Gods may ſwim,
To ſolemnize their healths that did diſcover
The oſcure being of the *Suns* fon'd lover.
That from the Example of their liberall mirth
We may enjoy like freedome on Earth.

John Tatham.

READER.

IT is not here intended to preſent thee with the perfect Analogy betwixt the World and man, which was made for Man; Nor their Co-exiſtence, the World determining with Man: this I preſume hath bin by others Treated on, But drawing the Curtain of this Morall, you ſhall finde him in his progreſſion as followeth.

The firſt Seaſon.

PRefents him in the Twy-light of his age
Not Pot-gun-proofe, and, yet hee'l have his page:
This ſmale Knight-Errant will encounter things
Above his pearch, and like the partridge Springs.

The ſecond Seaſon.

FOlly, his Squire, the Lady Humor brings,
Who in his eare farr ſweeter Novells ſings.
He follows them; forſakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is ſeene.

The third Seaſon.

AS ſoone as *Nerv'd* with ſtrength, he becoms *Weake*,
Folly and *Humor*, doth his reaſon breake;
Hurries him from his Noon-tide to his even:
From *Summer* to his *Autumne* he is driven.

The fourth Seaſon.

AND now the *Winter*, or his nonage takes him;
The ſad remembrance of his errours wakes him;
Folly and *Humor*, Faine hee'd caſt away,
But they will never leave him, till hee's *Clay*.
Thus Man as Clay *Deſcends*, *Aſcends* in ſpirit;
Duſt, goes to duſt, The ſoule unto It's Merit.

The Names of the Perſons.

Phœbus the Sun,
Raybright the ſuns Darling
Lady Spring.
Youth.
Delight.
Health.
Summer.
Plenty.
Pomona.
Cupid.
Fortune.
Autumne.
Bacchanalian.
Bounty.
Winter.
Conceit.
Detraction.
Time.
Prieſt of the Sun.
Folly.
A Souldier.
A Spanyard.
An Italian Dancer.
A French Taylor.
A Forreſter.
Æolus.
Maskers.
3 *Clowns.*

THE

Sun's-Darling.

ACT. I.

An Altar.

Enter the Prieſt *of the* Sun.

Raybright *diſcovered ſleeping.*

Pr. Et your tunes, you ſweet-voic'd ſpears,
overtake him :
Charm his fancies, ope his ears,
now awake him. begin.

SONG.

Fancies are but ſtreams
of vain pleaſure :

They who by their dreams
true joies meaſure;
Feaſting, ſtarve; laughing, weep;
playing ſmart, whilſt in ſleep
fools with ſhadows ſmiling,
wake and finde
hopes like winde,
Idle hopes beguiling.
Thoughts flie away, Time hath paſt 'em
Wake now, awake, ſee and taſte 'em.

Ray. That I might ever ſlumber, and enjoy
Contents as happie as the ſoul's beſt wiſhes
Can fancie or imagine, 'tis a crueltie
Beyond example, to uſurp the peace
I ſate inthron'd in, who was't pluck'd mee from it.
Pr. Young man look hither.
Ray. Good; I envie not
The pomp of your high office: all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diſeaſes,
Infecting thoſe found parts which ſhould preſerve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulneſs;
The times are better to me; there's no taſte
Left on the pallate of my diſcontent
To catch at emptie hopes, whoſe onely bleſſedneſs
Depends on beeing miſerable.
Pr. Raybright:
Thou drawſt thy great deſcent from my grand patron
the Sun; whoſe prieſt I am.
Ray. For ſmall advantage;
Hee who is high-born never mounts yon battlement
Of ſparkling ſtars, unleſs I bee in ſpirit
As humble as the childe of one that ſweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honeſt thrift.
Pr. Haſt thou not flow'd in honors?
Ray. Honors, I'de not bee baited with my fears
Of looſing em, to bee their monſtrous creature
An age together, 'tis beſide as comfortable
To die upon the embrodrie of the graſs,

Unminded, as to ſet a world at gaze,
Whilſt from a pinacle I tumble down
And breake my neck, to bee talk'd of, and wonder'd at.
Pr. You have worn rich habits.
Ray. Fine Aſs-trappings.
A Pedler's heir turn'd gallant, follows faſhion.
Can by a croſs-legg'd Tailor be transform'd
Into a Jack a napes of paſſing bravery:
'Tis a ſtout happineſs to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool——mew.
Pr. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.
Ray. Monkyes and Parakeetoes are as prettie
To play withall, tho not indeed ſo gentle.
Honeſtie's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to bee diſcovered, troath ſir
I care for no long travels with loſt labor.
Pr. Pleaſures of every ſence have been your ſervants,
When as y'ave commanded them.
Ray. To threaten ruine,
Corrupt the puritie of knowledg, wreſt
Deſires of better life, to thoſe of theſe
This ſcurvie one, this life ſcarce worth the keeping.
Pr. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections: ſway your judgment,
You could not elſe bee thus loſt, or ſuſpect
The care your anceſtor the Sun takes of yee.
Ray. The care, the ſcorn hee throws on mee.
Pr. Fie, fie;
Have you been ſent out into ſtrange lands,
Seen Courts of forreign Kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home ſuch neglect.
Ray. I have reaſon for't.
Pr. Pray ſhew it.
Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More ſweets in one unprofitable dream,
Then in my lives whole pilgrimage.

Pr. Your fantaſie
Miſleads your judgment vainly, fir in brief
I am to tell you, how I have receiv'd
From your Progenitor, my Lord, the Sun,
A token, that he viſibly will deſcend
From the celeſtial orbe to gratifie
all your wilde longings.

Ray. Very likely, when pray:
The world the whiles ſhall be beholding to him
For a long night, new married men will curſe,
Tho their brides tickle for't, oh! candle and lanthorn
Will grow to an exceſſive rate i'th Citie.

Pr. Theſe are but flaſhes of a brain diſordered.
Contein your float of ſpleen in ſeemly bounds,
Your eies ſhall bee your witneſs.

Ray. Hee may come.

Enter Time *with a whip, whipping* Follie *before him.*

Tim. Hence, hence, thou ſhame of nature, man-kindes foil:
Time whipps thee from the world, kicks thee, and ſcorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world, why whip? am I a dog, a cur, a mungrel: baw waw. Do thy worſt, I defie thee.

Sings. *I will rore and ſquander,*
Cozen, and bee drunk too;
I will maintein my Pander,
Keep my Horſ and Punck too;
brawl and ſcuffle,
ſhift and ſhuffle,
Swagger in my Potmeals:
Dammes rank with,
do mad pranck with
Roaring boies and oatmeals.

Pox a time, I care not,
being paſt 'tis nothing:

I'le be free and ſpare not,
ſorrows are lives loathing:
melancholy
is but folly,
Mirth and youth are plotters.
Time go hang thee,
I will bang thee,
Though I die in cotters.

And what think you of this, you old doting moth-eaten bearded raſcal; as I am Follie by the mothers ſide, and a true-bred Gentleman, I will ſing thee to death, if thou vex mee: Cannot a man of faſhion, for his pleaſure, put on now and then his working-day robes of humility, but he muſt preſently be ſubject to a Beadles rod of Correction; goe mend thy ſelfe Caniball, 'tis not without need, I am ſure the Times were never more beggerly and proud, waiting-women flant it in Caſt-ſuits, and their Ladies fall for em; knaves over-brave wiſe men, while wiſe men ſtand with cap and knee to fooles: Pitifull Time! pitifull Time!

Ty. Out foul, prodigious, and abortive birth;
Behold the ſand glaſſe of thy dayes is broke.

Fol. Bring me another, I'le ſhatter that too.

Ty. No; th'aſt miſpent thy hours, laviſh fool, like
The circuit of thy life, in ceaſeleſſe riots
It is not therefore fit that thou ſhouldſt live
In ſuch a Court as the Sunnes Majeſty
Vouchſafes to illuminate with his bright beames.

Fol. In any Court, father bald-pate, where my granam the Moon ſhews her hornes, except the Conſiſtory Court, and there ſhe need not appeare; Cuckolds Carry ſuch ſharp Stelettoes in their fore-heads, I'le live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, mauger thy ſcurvie and abhominable beard.

Ty. Prieſt of the Sunne 'tis neere about the minute,
thy Patron will deſcend, ſcourge hence this trifle;

Time is ne're loſt, till in the common Schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilfull fooles. *Exit.*

Fol. Farewell 1538, I might have ſaid five thouſand, but the others long enough a Conſcience to be honeſt Condition'd, pox on him; it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time whipper.

Pre. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. I, I, a may give a charge, a has been a petty Court-holder ever ſince he was a minute old, he tooke you for a fore-man of a Jurie.

Ray. Pray ſir, what are you?

Fol. Noe matter what, what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates,
I am grand child to the Sun.

Fol. And I am Coſen german, ſome two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, ſir of what quality?

Fol. Quality; any quality in faſhion: Drinkeing, Whoring, Singing, Dancing, Dicing, Swearing, Roring, Foiſting, Lying, Cogging, Canting, & *cetera*, will you have any more.

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guid it.

Fol. Yes faith; ſo, ſo, I laugh not at thoſe whome I feare, I fear not thoſe whom I love, and I love not any whom I laugh not at, pretty ſtrange humor, is't not?

Ray. To any one who knowes you not, it is.

Pre. You muſt a void.

Enter Recorders.

Fol. Away away, I have no ſuch meaning indeed-la.

Pre. Hark the faire hour is com, draw to the Alter,
And with amazement, reverence, and comfort
Behold the broad ey'd lamp of heaven deſcending,—
Stand—— *The Sunne above.*

Fol. Oh brave!
Pre. Stand.

SONG.

Glorious and bright, loe here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy ſacred pleaſures, be pleaſed then
To ſhower thy comforts downe, that men
May freely taſte in lifes extreams
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Ray. Let not my fate too ſwiftly runne,
Till thou acknowledge me thy ſunne.
Oh theres no joy even from the wombe,
Of frailty: till we be called home.
Fol. Now am I an arrant raſcall, and cannot ſpeak one word for my ſelfe, if I were hang'd.
Sun. Ray-bright.
Pre. It calles yee, anſwer.
Ray. Lord and Father.
Sun. We know thy cares, appear to give releaſe,
Boldly make thy demands, for we wil pleaſe
To grant what ere thou ſaiſt for.
Ray. Fair beam'd ſir;
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternitie of earths delights,
Before that dutie which invites
My filial pietie, in this
Your love ſhall perfect my hearts bliſs;
If I, but for one onely year,
Enjoy the ſeveral pleaſures here,
With every ſeaſon in his kinde,
Can bleſs a mortal with.
Sun. I finde
Thy reaſon breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou maſter'ſt thy deſire, and ſhall not want it;
To the ſpring garden let him bee convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid:

All the varieties the Spring can ſhew,
Be ſubject to his will.

Pre. Lights Lord, wee go.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with ſuch fopperies. *Exit.*

Sun. We muſt deſcend, and leav a while our ſphere
To greet the world——ha, there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beames that ſhine,
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No let em ſhine out ſtill, for theſe are they,
By whoſe ſweet favors, when our warmths decay,
Even in the ſtorms of winter, daily nouriſh
Our active motions, which in Summer flouriſh
By their fair quickning dews of noble loves:
Oh may you all like ſtars, whilſt ſwift time moves,
Stand fixt in firmaments of bleſt contents:
Mean while recreations wee preſent,
Shall ſtrive to pleaſe; I have the foremoſt tract;
Each ſeaſon elſe begins and ends an Act. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Spring, Raybright, Youth, Health, and Delight.*

Spr. WElcom the mother of the year, the Spring;
That mother on whoſe back age ne're can ſit.
For age ſtill waits upon her that Spring the Nurſe;

Whoſe milk the Summer ſucks, and is made wanton.
Phyſitian to the ſick, ſtrength to the ſound ;
By whom all things above, and under-ground
Are quickned with new heat, freſh blood, brave vigor,
That Spring on thy fair cheeks, in kiſſes laies
Ten thouſand welcoms, free as are thoſe raies
From vvhich thy name thou borroweſt : glorious name !

Raybright, as bright in perſon as in fame.

Ray. Your eies amaz'd mee firſt, but now mine ears
Feel your tongues charms, in you move all the ſphears.
Oh Ladie ! would the Sun, which gave mee life,
Had never ſent me to you.

Spr. Why ! all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were com back,
And with his frozen beard have numm'd my lips
To hear that ſigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about mee
A firmament of ſuch full bleſſings ſhine,
I in your ſphear ſeem a ſtar more divine
Than in my Fathers Chariot ; ſhould I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Sp. Oh that ſweet breath revives mee ! if thou never
Part'ſt hence (as part thou ſhalt not) bee happie ever.

Ray. I know I ſhall.

Spr. Thou to buy, whoſe ſtate ?
Kings would lay down their crowns, freſh Youth wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.

You. Madam I ſhall,
And on his ſmoeth cheek ſuch ſweet roſes ſet,
You ſtill ſhall ſit to gather then, and when
Their colours fade, brave ſhall ſpring agen.

Spr. Thou (without whom they that have hills of gold
Are ſlaves and wretches) Health that canſt nor be ſold

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Springs paramour.
Hea. One of my hands is writing ſtill in heaven,
(For that's Healths librarie) t'other on the earth
Is Phyſicks treaſurer, and what wealth thoſe lay
Up for my queen, all ſhall his will obay.
Ray. Mortalitie ſure falls from me.
Spr. Thou to whoſe tunes
The five nice Sences dance; thou that doſt ſpin
Thoſe golden threds all women love to winde,
And but for whom, man would cut off mankinde.
Delight not baſe, but noble, touch thy Lire,
And fill my Court with brighteſt Delphick fire.
Del. Hover, you wing'd Muſicians, in the air;
Clouds leav your dancing, no windes ſtir but fair.
Hea. Leav bluſtring March ——

SONG.

What bird ſo ſings, yet ſo does wail,
'Tis Philomel the Nightingale;
Fugg, Fugg, Fugg, Terue ſhe cries,
And hating earth, to heauen ſhe flies—— Cuckow.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows ſing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.
Brave prick-ſong; who is't now we hear!
'Tis the larks ſilver leer a leer:
Chirrup the Sparrow flies away;
For hee fell too't ere break of day.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckcows ſing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.

Spr. How does my ſun-born ſweet-heart like his queen;
Her court, her train.
Ray. Wondrous, ſuch ne're were ſeen.
Hea. Freſher and freſher paſtimes, one delight
Is a diſeaſe to th' wanton appetite.

Del. Muſick take Ecchoes voice, and dance quick rounds
To thine owne times in repercuſſive ſounds. *Exit.*

Eccho of Cornets.

Spr. Enough? I will not weary thee, pleaſures change.
Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiack range.——

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd
Like lovers of your Laws, beg to bee grac'd
Before your Highneſs, to preſent their ſport.
Spr. What is't?
Del. A Morris.
Spr. Give them our Court:
Stay, theſe dull birds may make thee ſtop thine ear,
Take thou my lightning, none but Laurel here
Shall ſcape thy blaſting; whom thou wilt confound
Smite; let thoſe ſtand, who in thy choice ſit crown'd.
Ray. Let theſe then, I may ſurfet elſe on ſweets.
Sound ſleeps do not ſtill lie in Princes ſheets.
Spr. Becken the Rurals in, the Country-gray
Seldom ploughs treaſon, ſhouldſt thou be ſtoln away.
By great ones, thats my fear.
Ray. Fear it not Lady;
Should all the worlds black ſorceries bee laid
To blow mee hence, I move not.
Spr. I am made *Morris*
In that word the earths Empreſs——
Are not theſe ſports too ruſtick?
Ray. No; pretty and pleaſing.
Spr. My youngeſt girle, the violet-breathing *May*,
Being told by *Flora* that my love dwelt here,
Is com to do you ſervice, will you pleaſe
To honor her arrivall.
Ray. I ſhall attend.
Spr. On then, and bid my roſie-finger'd *May*
Morris

Rob hills and dales, with ſweets to ſtrow his way.
Exit.

Ray. An Empreſs, ſaiſt thou, ſaln in love with me.

Fol. Shee's a great woman, and all great women wiſh to be Empreſſes; her name, the Ladie *Humor.*

Ray. Strange name, I never ſaw her, knew her not:
What kinde of creature is ſhee?

Fol. Creature! of a skin ſoft as Pomatum, ſleek as Jellie, white as blanch'd Almonds; no Mercers wife ever handled yard with a prettier breath; ſweet as a Monkies; lips of cherries, teeth of pearle, eies of diamond, foot and leg as ——

Ray. And what's thy name?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.

Ray. Humor and Folly; to my liſtning ear
Thy Ladies praiſes often have been ſung,
The trumpet ſounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. Shee's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This Ladie, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green ſickneſs thing, I came by the way of a hobby-horſe letter of Attorney, ſent by my Ladie as a ſpie to you: *Spring* a hot Ladie, a few fields and gardens laſs, 'can you feed upon ſallets and tanzies, eat like an Aſſe upon graſſe every day at my Ladies, coms to you now a Gooſe, now a Woodcock, nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all cover'd with foul, and is not fowl very good fare?

Ray. Yea marry is't ſir, the fowl being kept clean.
My admiration waſtes it ſelf in longings
To ſee this rare piece, I'le ſee her; what are Kings, were not their
Pleaſures varied; ſhall not mine then? ſhould day
Laſt ever, 'twould bee loath'd as night.
Change is the ſawce that ſharpens appetite;
The way, I'le to her.

Fol. The way is windie and narrow; for look you, I do but winde this Cornet, and if another anſwer it, ſhe coms.

Ray. Be quick then—— *Cornets.*

Enter *Humor, a Souldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dance, a French Tailor.*

Hum. Is this that flower the *Spring* ſo dotes upon?

Fol. This is that hony-ſuckle, ſhe ſticks in her ruffe.

Hum. A bedfellow for a Fairie.

Ray. Admir'd perfection!
You ſet my praiſes to ſo high a tune,
My merits cannot reach em.

Hum. My heart-ſtrings ſhall then,
As mine eie gives that ſentence on thy perſon;
And never was mine eie a corrupt Judg,
That Judg to ſave thee would condemn a world,
And loſe mankinde to gain thee; 'tis not the *Spring*,
With all her gawdy arbors, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incenſe to the Sun,
For ſhooting glames at her, and for ſending
Whole quires of ſingers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kiſſe.

Ray. The roſe-lipp'd dawning
Is not ſo melting, ſo delicious.
Turne mee into a bird that I may ſit
Still ſinging in ſuch boughs.

Fol. What bird?

Sol. A Ring-tayl.

Hu. Thou ſhalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,
My Mine of pleaſures which no hand ſhall rifle
But this, which in warm Nectar bathes the palm:
Invent ſom other tyres; muſick; ſtay; none

Fol. Hoy-day.

Hu. New gowns, freſh faſhions, I am not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.
Ray. Not the Moon
Riding at midnight in her criſtal Chariot,
With all her Courtiers in their robes of ſtars
Is half ſo glorious.
Hu. This feather was a bird of Paradice,
Shall it bee yours.
Ray. No Kingdome buies it from mee.
Fol. Being in fools paradice he muſt not loſe his bawble.
Ray. I am wrapt.
Fol. In your mothers ſmock.
Ra. I am wrapt above mans being, in being ſpher'd
In ſuch a globe of rarities, but ſay Ladie
What theſe are that attend you.
Hu. All my attendants
Shall be to thee ſworn ſervants.
Fol. Follie is ſworn to him already, never to leav him.
Ray. Hee.
Fol. A French Gentleman that trayls a Spaniſh pike. A Tailor.
Tay. Wee Mounſieur, hey nimbla upon de croſſe caper, me take a de meaſure of de body from de top a de noddle to de heel and great toe, oh ſtiſh de fine: dis coller is cut out in anger ſcurvie, oh dis beeſhes pincha de bum, me put one French yard into de toder hoſe.
Fol. No French yards, they want a yard at leaſt.
Ray. Shall I bee brave then?
Hu. Golden as the ſun.
Ra. What's hee that looks ſo ſmickly?
Fol. A Flounder in a frying-pan, ſtill skipping, one that loves mutton ſo well, he alwaies carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs ſerve him to no other uſe then to do tricks, as if he had

bought em of a Jugler, hee's an Italian dancer, his name———

Dan. Signior Lavolta (Meſſer mio) me teſha all de bella Corantoes, galliardaes, piamettaes, capeorettaes, amorettaes dolche dolche to declamante do bona robaes de Tuſcana.

Ray. I ne're ſhall be ſo nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you powr quick-ſilver into your ſhin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now?

Fol. A moſt ſweet Spaniard.

Spa. A Confecianador, which in your tongue is, a Comfit-maker, of *Toledo*, I can teach ſugar to ſlip down your throat a million of waies.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all, oh *Toledo!*

Spa. In Conſervs, candies, marmalades, ſinkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, Bergamotu, aranxues muria, lymons, berengenas of *Toledo*, oriones, potatoes of *Malaga*, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions, a Spaniard can multiply.

Spa. I am your ſervidor.

Ray. My pallate pleas'd to, what's this laſt?

Sol. I am a Gun that can rore, two ſtelettoes in one ſheath, I can fight and bounce too, my Ladie by mee, preſents this ſword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable Miſtreſſe.

Hu. Put them on.

Sol. I'le drill you how to giue the lie, and ſtab in the punto, if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How: dare not fight! there's in me the Suns fire.

Hu. No more of this, dances awake the muſick. O yes! Muſick!

Ray. No more of this, this ſword arms me for battel.

Hu. Com then, let thou and I riſe up in arms,

The field embraces, kiſſes our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a Tailor, yet ſtand ſtill: ſtrike up. *Dance.*

Enter *Spring*, *Health*, *Youth*, *Delight.*

Spr. Oh! thou inticing ſtrumpet, how durſt thou
Throw thy voluptuous ſpells about a Temple
That's conſecrate to me.

Hu. Poor *Spring*, goodie herb-wife;
How dar'ſt thou caſt a glance on this rich jewel
I ha bought for mine own wearing.

Spr. Bought! art thou ſold then?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts, ſhe buyes me with her graces.

Heal. Graces! A Witch.

Spr. What can ſhe give thee.

Ray. All things.

Spr. Which I for one bubble cannot add a ſea too.

Fol. And ſhew him a hobbie-horſe in my likeneſs.

Spr. My *Raybright*, hear me; I regard not theſe.

Ray. What dowrie can you bring me?

Spr. Dowrie! ha! is't com to this? am I held poor and baſe?
A girdle make, whoſe buckles ſtretch'd toth' length
Shall reach from th'artick to th'antartick pole:
What ground ſoever thou canſt with that incloſe
I'le give thee freely, not a Lark that calls
The morning up, ſhall build on any turf
But ſhee ſhall be thy tenant, call thee Lord,
And for her rent pay thee in change of ſongs.

Ray. I muſt turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a ſong?

Hu. Live with mee ſtill, and all the meaſures
Plaid to by the ſpheres, I'le teach thee;
Let's but thus dallie, all the pleaſures
The Moon beholds, her man ſhall reach thee.

Ray. Divineſt!

Fol. Here's a Lady.

Spr. Is't come to who gives moſt?
The ſelf ſame Bay tree into which was turn'd:
Penean Daphne, I have ſtill kept green;
That tree ſhall now be thine, about it ſit
All the old poets with freſh Lawrel Crownd,
Singing in verſe the praiſe of chaſtity;
Hither when thou ſhalt come, they all ſhall riſe,
Sweet Cantoes of thy love, and mine to ſing:
And invoke none but thee as *Delian King*.

Ray. Live by ſinging ballets?

Fol. Oh! baſe, turn poet, I would not be one my ſelf.

Hu. Dwell in mine armes, aloft wee'l hover,
And ſee fields of armies fighting:
Oh! part not from mee, I will diſcover
There, all but books of fances writing;

Del. Not far off ſtands the *Hipocrenian* well,
Whither i'le leade thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muſes ſhall appear:
And with full bowles of knowledge thee inſpire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drowne your muſe.

Fol. I, I, or they'l drown themſelves in Sack & Claret.

Hu. Do not regard their toyes,
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curſe, ſhall fall a dying;
Call me their Empreſſe; time to ſee thee
Shall forget his art of flying.

Ray. Oh! my all excellence.

Sp. Speake thou for me; I am fainting.

Heal. Leave her, take this and travel, tell the world
I'le bring thee in to all the Courts of Kings;
Where thou ſhalt ſtay, and learn their languages;
Kiſſe Ladies, revell out the nights in dancing:
The day in manly paſtimes; ſnatch from time
His glaſſe, and let the golden ſands run forth
As thou ſhalt jogg them, riot it, go brave;
Spend halfe a world, my Queen ſhall beare thee out:

Yet all this while, tho thou climb hills of yeares,
Shall not one wrinckle ſit upon thy brow,
Nor any ſickneſſe ſhake thee ; Youth and Health,
As ſlaves, ſhall lackie by thy Chariot wheeles ;
And who, for two ſuch jewelles, would not ſell
The *Eaſt*, and *Weſt Indies* ; both are thine, ſo that——

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies gallap o're the world, and not grow old, nor be ſick ; a lie ; one gallant went but into *France* laſt day, & was never his own man ſince, another ſtept but into the low Countries, and was drunk dead under the table, another did but peep into *England*, and it coſt him more in good morrows blowne up to him under his window, by Drums and Trumpets, then his whole voiage, beſides he run mad upon't.

Hu. Here's my laſt farewel, ride along with me ;
I'le raiſe by art, out of baſe earth, a pallace ;
Whither thy ſelfe, waving a Chriſtal ſtream,
Shall call together the moſt glorious ſpirits
Of all the Kings that have been in the world ;
And they ſhall come onely to feaſt with thee.

Ray Rare !

Hu. At one end of this pallace ſhall be heard
That Muſique which gives motion to the Heaven ;
And in the midle *Orpheus* ſhall ſit and weep,
For ſorrow that his Lute had not the charmes
To bring his faire *Euredice* from hell ;
Then at an other end——

Ray. I'le hear no more ;
This ends your ſtrife, you onely I adore.

Sp. Oh ! I am ſick at heart ; unthankfull man
'Tis thou haſt wounded mee, farewel. *She is led in.*

Ray, Farewell ?

Fol. Health, recover her ; ſirrah Youth, look to her.

Hea. That bird that in her neſt ſleeps out the ſpring

May fly in Summer, but with ſickly wing. *Exit.*

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, Doctor.

Hu. The Spring will Dye ſure.

Ray. Let her?

Hu. If ſhe does, Folly here is a kind of a fooliſh poet,
And he ſhall write her Epitaph.

Ray. Againſt the morning
See it then writ, and I'le reward thee for it.

Fol. It ſhall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it ſhall not need, this is your Folly.

Hu. He ſhall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly,
Hee's one of our fellows.

Hu. In triumph now I lead thee; no, be thou *Ceſar*,
And lead me.

Ray. Neither; wee'l ride with equall ſtate
Both in one Chariot, ſince we have equall fate.

Hu. Each do his office to this man your Lord;
For tho Delight, and Youth, and Health ſhould leave him,
This Ivory gated pallace ſhall receive him. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Raybright* Melancholy.

Ray. OH my deer love the Spring, I am cheated of thee;
Thou hadſt a body the four elements

Dwelt never in a fairer ; a minde princely :
Thy language like thy fingers, Muſical.
How coole wert thou in anger, in thy dyet
How temperate, and yet ſumptuous ; thou wouldſt not waſte
The waight of a ſad violet in exceſſe ;
yet ſtill thy board had diſhes numberleſſe.
Dumbe beaſts even lov'd thee ; once a young Lark
Sate on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
Mounted and ſung, thinking them moving skies——

Enter *Follie.*

Fol. I ha don my Lord : my Muſe has pump'd hard for an Epitaph upon the late departed *Spring*, and here her lines ſpring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read ; ſo I will, pleaſe you to reach mee your high ears.

Here lie's the blith Spring,
Who firſt taught birds to ſing ;
Yet in April herſelf fell a crying :
Then May growing hot
A ſweating ſickneſs ſhee got,
And the firſt of June lay a dying.
Yet no mouth can ſay
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her Coffin with flowers great plenty,
The Cuckow ſung in verſe
An Epitaph o're her herſe,
But aſſure you the lines were not dainty.

Ray. No more are thine, thou Ideot ; haſt thou none
To poiſon with thy naſtie iggs but mine,
My matchleſs frame of nature, Creations wonder,
Out of my ſight.

Fol. I am not in't, if I were, you'd ſee but ſcurvily

you finde fault as Patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes ball'd one, beaſtly baſe one, blockiſh away;

Vex me not fool, turn out a doors your rorer,
French Tailor, and that Spaniſh ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper; then ſir, your ſelf.

Fol. My ſelf! Carbonado me, baſtinado me, ſtrapado me, hang me, I'le not ſtir; poor Follie, honeſt Follie, jocundary Follie forſake your Lordſhip; no true Gentleman hates me, and how many women are given daily to me (if I would take em) ſome not far off know; Tailor gon, Spaniſh figg gon, all gon but I———

Enter *Humor.*

Hu. My waiters coited off by you, you flea them; Whence com theſe thunder-bolts, what furies haunt you?

Ray. You.

Fol. Shee!

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw waw.

Ray. I ſhall grow old, diſeas'd, and melancholy;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that delight my Spring beſtow'd upon me:
But for you two, I ſhould be wondrous good;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn
From the embracements of the nobleſt creature.

Hu. Your *Spring.*

Ray. Yes ſhe, even ſhe, onely the *Spring*:
One morning ſpent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world:
She was unhappie never, but in two ſons,
March a rude roring fool.

Fol. And *April* a whining puppie.

Hu. But *May* was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed *May* was a ſweet creature, and yet a great raiſer of May-poles.

Hu. When will you ſing my praiſes thus?

Ray. Thy praiſes, that art a common creature.

Hu. Common!

Ray. Yes, common: I cannot paſſe through any Princes Court,
Through any Countrie, Camp, Town, Citie, Village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; a vengeance
On this your debauch'd Humor.

Fol. A Vintner ſpoke thoſe very words laſt night, to a company of roring boies, that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many baſtards haſt thou?

Hu. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie, bee judg by this your ſquire elſe.

Fol. Squire! worſhipful M^r^ Follie.

Ray. The Courtier has his Humor, has he not Follie?

Fol. Yes marry has he, follie; the Courtier's humor is to bee braue, and not pay for't; to bee proud, and no man cares for't.

Ray. Brave Ladies have their humors.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave Lords.

Ray. Your Citizens have brave humors.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humors.

Hu. Yet don.

Fol. Humor Madam, if all are your baſtards that are given to humor you, you have a companie of as arrant raſcals to your children, as ever went toth' gallows; a Collier being drunk joſſell'd a Knight into the kennel, and cry'd 'twas his humor; the Knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humor.

Ray. And yet you are not common.

Hu. No matter what I am:
Raile, curſe, be frantick, get you to the tomb
Of your rare Miſtreſſe; dig up your dead *Spring*
And lie with her, kiſſe her; me, have you loſt.

Fol. And I ſcorn to be found.

Ray. Stay : muſt I loſe all comfort, deareſt ſtay ;
There's ſuch a deal of magick in thoſe eies,
I'me charm'd to kiſſe theſe onely.

Fol. Are you ſo ? kiſſe on, I'le be kiſs'd ſom where I warrant.

Ray. I will not leav my Follie for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee my love, for worlds pil'd upon worlds.

Hu. If ever for the Spring you do but ſigh, I take my bells.

Fol. And I my hobby-horſe,—Will you be merry than, and jawfand.

Ray. As merry as the Cuckows of the ſpring.

Fol. Again.

Ray. How Ladie, lies the way ?

Hu. I'le be your convoy,
And bring you to the Court of the Suns queen,
(Summer a glorious and majeſtick creature)
Her face out-ſhining the poor Springs, as far
As a ſun-beam doe's a lamp, the moon a ſtar.

Ray. Such are the ſpheres I'de move in, attend us Follie. *Ext.*

Enter *Raybright* and *Humor.*

Ray. I muſe, my nimble Follie ſtaies ſo long.

Hu. Hee's quick enough of foot, and counts, (I ſwear)
That minute caſt away, not ſpent on you.

Ray. His companie is muſick, next to yours ;
Both of you are a Conſort ; and I, your tunes
Lull me aſleep, and when I moſt am ſad,
My ſorrows vaniſh from me in ſoft dreams :
But how far muſt we travel, is it our motion
Puts us in this heat ; or is the air
In love with us, it clings with ſuch embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth.

Hu. This ſhews, her Court

Is not far off, you covet ſo to ſee:
Her ſubjects ſeldom kindle needleſſe fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.
Ray. Has ſhe rare buildings.
Hu. Magnificent and curious; every noon
The horſes of the day bait there; whilſt he
(Who in a golden Chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o're the world) alights a while,
To give a love-kiſſe to the Summer-queen.
Ray. And ſhall we have fine ſights there?
Hu. Oh!
Ray. And hear more raviſhing muſick?
Hu. All the quiriſters
That learn't to ſing i'th Temple of the Spring;
But her attain ſuch cunning, that when the windes
Rore and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o're our head, their voices have ſuch charms,
They'l all ſtand ſtill to liſten——
Ray. Excellent.

Enter *Follie.*

Fol. I ſweat like a pamper'd jade of *Aſia*, and drop like a Cob-nut out of *Africa*——

Enter a Forreſter.

For. Back: whither go you?
Oyes! this way.
For. None muſt paſſe:
Here's kept no open Court; our Queen this day
Rides forth a hunting, and the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs to ſtifle her——back.
Exit.

Enter Summer *and* Delight.

Sum. And did break her heart then.
Del. Yes with diſdain.

Sum. The heart of my deer mother nurſe the *Spring*,
I'le breake his heart for't: had ſhe not a face,
Too tempting for a *Jove.*
Del. The graces ſate,
On her faire eye-lids ever, but his youth
Luſting for change, ſo doted on a Lady,
Phantaſtick, and yet fair; a peece of wonder:
They call her *Humor*; and her paraſite *Folly*,
He caſt the ſweet *Spring* off, and turn'd us from him;
Yet his celeſtial kinſman, for young *Raybright*
Is the *Suns* darling: knowing his jorneying hither
To ſee thy glorious Court, ſends mee before
To attend on you, and ſpend all my hours
In care for him——

Enter *Sun. Recorders.*

Sum. Obay your charge—oh thou builder,
Of me thy hand maid! Landlord of my life,
Life of my love, throne where my glories ſit;
I ride in tryumph on a ſilver clowd;
Now I but ſee thee.
Sun. Riſe; is *Raybright* come yet.
Del. Not yet.
Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And laviſh thou thy treaſure——

Enter *Plenty.*

Plen. Our princely Coſen *Raybright*,
Your darling, and the worlds delight, is come.
Sun. Who with them.
Ple. A goddeſſe in a woman, attended
By a prating ſawcie fellow, called *Follie.*
Sun. They'l confound him, but he ſhall run,
Go and receive him.
Sum. Your ſparkling eyes, and his arivall, drawes
Heapes of admirers: earth it ſelf will ſweat

To bear our weights; vouchſafe, bright power, to borrow
Winds not too rough from *Æolus*, to fan
Our glowing faces.
Sun. I will: ho *Æolus*;
Unlock the jayle, and lend a winde or two,
To fan my girle the Summer.
Æo. I will.
Sun. No rorers.
Æo. No.
Sun. Quickly. *Hoboyes.*
Æo. Fly you ſlaves, *Summer* ſweats; cool her.
The *Sun takes his ſeat above.*

Enter *Summer*, *Raybright*, *Humor*, *Plenty*, *Folly*, *Country-fellows* and *Wenches*.

SONG.

Hay-makers, Rakers, Reapers and Mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen,
Dreſſe up with Muſk-roſe her Eglentine bowers,
Daffadills ſtrew the greene,
Sing dance and play
'Tis Holy day.
the Sun does bravely ſhine
on our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearle
coms every girle,
this is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be born.

Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
com to behold our ſports,
Each bonny laſſe here is counted a rare one,
as thoſe in Princes Courts.
theſe and wee
with Countrie glee
will teach the woods to reſound,
and the hills with eccho's hollaw:

skipping lambs
their bleating dams
'mongſt kids ſhall trip it round,
for joy thus our wenches we follow.

Winde, jollie Hunts-men, your neat Bugles ſhrilly,
Hounds make a luſtie crie:
Spring up, you Faulconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks flie.
Horſes amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chace;
'tis a ſport to content a King.
So ho ho, through the skies,
how the proud bird flies,
and ſowcing kills with a grace,
Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring.——

The Sun by degrees is clowded.

Sum. Leav off, the Sun is angry, & has drawn
A clowd before his face.
Hu. He is vex'd to ſee
That proud ſtar ſhine near you, at whoſe riſing
The Spring fell ſick and dy'd; think what I told you,
His coynes will kill you elſe.
Sum. It cannot—fair Prince!
Though your illuſtrious name has touch'd mine ear:
Till now I never ſaw you, nor never ſaw
A man whom I more love, more hate.
Ray. Ha Ladie!
Sum. For him I love you, from whoſe glittering raies
You boaſt your great name, for that name I hate you,
Becauſe you kill'd my mother, and my nurſe.
Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother, Plenty will never
Hold you byth' hand again.
Sum. You have free leave
To thruſt your arm into our treaſurie
As deep as I my ſelf: *Plenty* ſhall wait
Still at your elbow, all my ſports are yours,

Attendants yours, my ſtate and glorie's yours;
But theſe ſhall be as ſun-beams from a glaſſe
Reflected on you, not to give you heat
To dote on a ſmooth face, my ſpirit's too great. *Exit.*

Ray. Divineſt! *Floriſh.*

Hu. Let her go.

Fol. And I'le goe after, for I muſt and will have a fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne're was ſcorn'd till now.

Hu. This is that *Alteza*,
That Rhodian wonder, gaz'd at by the Sun:
I fear'd thine eies ſhould have beheld a face,
The Moon has not a clearer, this! a dowdie.

Fol. An Ouzle, this a queen-apple; or a crab ſhe gave you.

Hu. She bid's you ſhare her treaſure, but who keeps it.

Fol. She point's to trees great with childe with fruit, but when delivered grapes hang in ropes, but no drawing, not a drop of wine: whole ears of corn lay their ears together for bread, but the divel a bit I can touch.

Hu. Be rul'd by me once more, leave her.

Ray. In ſcorn, as he doe's me.

Fol. Scorn! If I be not deceived, I ha ſeen Summer go up and down with hot Codlings; and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying ſix bunches of Raddiſh for a peny.

Hu. Thou ſhalt have nobler welcoms, for I'le bring thee
To a brave and bounteous houſe-keeper, free Autumne.

Fol. Oh! there's a lad—— let's go then.

Plen. Where's this Prince, my mother; for the Indies
Muſt not have you part——

Ra. Muſt not?

Sum. No; muſt not.
I did but chide thee like a whiſtling winde

Playing with leavie dancers: when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied; I doat upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th' Heſperides,
By draggons kept (the Apples beeing pure gold)
Take all that fruit, 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother, I'le give thee corn enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn;
What land ſoe're, the worlds ſurveyor, the Sun
Can meaſure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to, I am free
Of every Countrie; in the four elements
I have as deep a ſhare as an Emperor:
All beaſts whom the earth bears are to ſerv me,
All birds to ſing to me, and can you catch me
With a tempting golden Apple.

Plen. Shee's too good for thee;
When ſhe was born, the Sun for joy did riſe
Before his time, onely to kiſſe thoſe eies,
Which having touch'd, he ſtole from them ſuch ſtore
Of light, ſhe ſhone more bright then e're before:
At which he vow'd, when ever ſhee did die,
Hee'd ſnatch them up, and in his ſiſters ſphere
Place them, ſince ſhe had no two ſtars ſo clear.

Ray. Let him now ſnatch them up away.

Hu. Away, and leav this Gipſie.

Sum. Oh! I am loſt.

Ray. Love ſcorn'd, of no triumph more then love can boaſt. *Exit.*

Plen. This ſtrump will confound him. *Recorders.*

Sum. Shee has me deluded——

Enter *Sun.*

Sun. Is Raybright gon.

Sum. Yes, and his ſpightful eies
Have ſhot darts through me.

Sun. I, thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy daies, his followers gon.

Cupid and *Fortune* take you charge of him.
Here thou, my brighteſt Queen, muſt end thy reign,
Som nine months hence I'le ſhine on thee again.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Pomona*, *Raybright*, *Cupid* and *Fortune*..

Ray. YOur entertainment, Autumns bounteous queen,
Have feaſted me with rarities as delicate,
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.
Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread Lord the Sun,
From whom thou draw'ſt thy name; the feaſt of fruits
Our gardens yield, are much too courſe for thee;
Could we contract the choice of natures plenty
Into one form, and that form to contein
All delicates, which the wanton ſence
Would reliſh: or deſire to invent to pleaſe it,
The preſent were unworthie far to purchaſe
A ſacred league of friendſhip.
Ray. I have rioted
In ſurfets of the ear, with various muſick
Of warbling birds; I have ſmelt perfumes of roſes,
And every flower with which the freſh-trim'd earth

Is mantled in : the Spring could mock my ſences
With theſe fine barren lullabies, the Summer
Invited my then ranging eies to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, preſenting trifles
Of wateriſh pettie dainties, but my taſte
Is onely here pleas'd, t'other objects claim
The ſtyle of formal, theſe are real bounties.
Pom. We can tranſcend thy wiſhes, whom the creatures
Of every age and qualitie poſts, madding
From land to land, and ſea to ſea to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, *Fortune* and *Cupid*,
Love yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up
To this great Prince of Time, before him *Fortune*,
Powr out thy mint of treaſures, crown him ſovereign
Of what his thoughts can glorie to command :
He ſhall give paiment of a roial prize
To Fortune, Judgment, and to Cupids eies.
Fort. Be a Merchant, I will fraight thee
With all ſtore that time is bought for.
Cup. Bee a lover, I will wait thee
With ſucceſſe in life moſt ſought for.
For. Be enamored on bright honor,
And thy greatneſſe ſhall ſhine glorious.
Cup. Chaſtitie, if thou ſmile on her,
Shall grow ſervile, thou victorious.
Fort. Be a warrior, conqueſt ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.
Cup. Be a Courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.
Fort. Fortunes wheel is thine, depoſe me,
I'me thy ſlave, thy power hath bound me.
Cup. Cupids ſhafts are thine, diſpoſe me,
Love loves love, thy graces wound me.
Fort. Cup. Live, reign, pitie is fames jewel ;
We obay, oh ! be not cruel.
Ray. You raviſh me with infinites, and lay

A bountie of more ſovereigntie and amazement,
Then the Atlas of mortalitie can ſupport——

Enter *Humor* and *Follie.*

Hu. Whats here.

Fol. Nay pray obſerve.

Ray. Be my hearts Empreſſe, build your kingdom there.

Hu. With what an earneſtneſſe he complies.

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn *Coſtermonger*, and is projecting how to foreſtall the market; I ſhall crie Pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now, my longings were ne're ſatisfied,
And the deſires my ſenſuall appetite
Were onely fed with barren expectations,
To what I now am fill'd with.

Fol. Yes we are fill'd and muſt be emptied, theſe wind fruits have diſtended my guts into a Lenten pudding, theres no fat in them, my belly ſwells, but my ſides fall away, a month of ſuch diet would make me a living Anatomie.

Po. Theſe are too little, more are due to him,
That is the patterne of his fathers glorie;
Dwell but amongſt us, induſtrie ſhall ſtrive,
To make another artificiall nature;
And change all other ſeaſons into ours.

Hu. Shall my heart breake, I can containe no longer.

Ray. How fares my lov'd *Humor*?

Hu. A little ſtirr'd, no matter, i'le be merry:
Call for ſome Muſick, do not; i'le be melancholly.

Fol. A ſullen humor, and common, in a dicer that has loſt all his money.

Po. Lady! I hope 'tis no neglect of Courteſie
In us, that ſo diſturbs you, if it riſe
From any diſcontent, reveal the cauſe,
It ſhall be ſoone removed.

Hu. Oh! my heart, helpe to unlace my gowne.
Fol. And unlace your peticoate.
Hu. Sawcie, how now! 'tis well you have ſome ſweet heart, ſome new freſh ſweet heart; i'me a goodly foole to be thus plaied on, ſtall'd, and foyl'd.
Po. Why Madam?
We can be courteous without ſtaine of honor;
'Tis not the raging of a luſtfull blood
That we deſire to tame with ſatisfaction:
Nor hath his maſculine graces in our breſt
Kindled a wanton fire, our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaſte and honorable.
Hu. Nay 'tis all one, I have a tender heart,
Come, come, let's drink.
Fol. A humor in faſhion with gallants, and brought out of the low Countries.
Hu. Fie! there's no muſick in thee, let us ſing.
Fol. Here's humor in the right trim, a few more ſuch toies would make the little world of man runne mad, as the *Puritan* that ſold his conſcience for a May pole—— *Floriſh: ſhowte.*
Ray. The meaning of this mirth.
Po. My Lord is coming.
Ray. Let us attend, to humble our beſt thanks,
For theſe high favours——

Enter *Autumne* & *Baccanalian*, *Humor* & *Follie.*

Pom. My deareſt Lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have with all obſervance,
Given entertainement to this noble ſtranger.
Au. The Sun-born *Raybright*, minion of my love,
Let us be twins in heart, thy grandſires beames
Shine graciouſly upon our fruits, and vines:
I am his vaſſail-ſervant, tributarie:
And for his ſake, the kingdomes I poſſeſſe,
I will divide with thee, thou ſhalt command
The *Lidian Tmolus*, and *Campanian* mounts,
To nodd their grape-crownd heads into thy bowles,

Expreſſing their rich juice: a hundred graines
Both from the *Beltick* and *Sicilian fields*,
Shall be Congeſted for thy ſacrifice
In *Ceres* ſane, *Tiber* ſhall pay thee Apples,
And *Sicyon Olives*, all the Choiceſt fruits,
Thy Fathers heat doth ripen.
Ray. Make me but treaſurer
Of your reſpected favours, and that honor
Shall equall my ambition.
Au. My *Pomona*,
Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties;
This is a day of reſt, and we the whiles,
Will ſport before our friends, and ſhorten time
With length of wonted revels.
Pom. I obay:
Will't pleaſe you Madam, a retirement
From theſe extreames in men, more tollerable,
Will better fit our modeſties.
Hu. I'le drink, and be a *Bacchanalian*; no, I will not;
Enter, i'le follow; ſtay, i'le go before.
Po. Ee'ne what humor pleaſeth. *Exit. Floriſhes.*
Au. *Raybright*, a health to *Phœbus*——*Drinks.*
Theſe are the Peans which we ſing to him,
And ye wear no baies, our cups are onely
Crowned with *Lyeus* blood, to him a health——
Drinks.
Ray. I muſt pledge that too.
Au. Now one other health
To our grand *Patron*, called, good fellowſhip;
Whoſe livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in.——— *Drinks.*
Ray. I am for that too.
Au. 'Tis well, let it go round, and as our cuſtome is
Of recreations of this nature, joyne,
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing *Jos* unto *Baccus*.
ol Hey hoes, a god of windes, there's at

leaſt four and twenty of them impriſoned in my belly; if I ſigh not forth ſome of them, the reſt will break out at the back door; and how ſweet the Muſick of their roring will be, let an *Iriſhman* judge.

Ray. He is a ſongſter too.

Fol. A very fooliſh one; my Muſiques naturall, and came by inheritance; my father was a *French* Nightingall, and my mother an Engliſh wagtaile; I was born a Cuckow in the *Spring*, and loſt my voice in *Summer*, with laying my egges in a ſparrowes neſt; but i'le venture for one, fill my diſh; every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Au. Begin.

Fol. *Caſt away care, hee that Loves ſorrow,*
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to morrow:
Money is traſh, and he that will ſpend it,
let him drink merrily, Fortune will ſend it.
Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Oh ho.
Play it off ſtiffly, we may not part ſo: merrily &c.

Wine is a Charme, it heates the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;
quickens the wit, and makes the back able;
ſcornes to ſubmit to the watch or Conſtable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more Liquor;
Brothers of a rowt, our braines will flow quicker;
emptie the Cask, ſcore up, wee care not,
fill all the Pots again, drink on, and ſpare not,
Merrily, &c.

Now have I more air then ten Muſicians, beſides there is a whirlwinde in my braines, I could both caper and turn round.

Au. Oh! a Dance by all meanes,
Now ceaſe your healths, and in an active motion
Beſtir yee nimbly, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too, 'twill jogge down the lees of theſe rowſes into a freer paſſage; but take heed of ſure footing, 'tis a ſlippery ſeaſon; many men fall by riſing, and many women are raiſed by falling——— *Dance.*

Au. How likes our friend this paſtime?

Ray. Above utterance,
Oh! how have I in ignorance and dullneſſe,
Run through the progreſſe of ſo many minutes;
Accuſing him, who was my lifes firſt author,
Of ſlackneſſe and neglect, whilſt I have dream't
The *folly* of my daies in vaine expence,
Of uſeleſſe taſte and pleaſure; pray my Lord
Let one health paſſe about, whilſt I bethink me
What courſe I am to take, for being deniſon
In your unlimited courteſies.

Au. Deviſe a round,
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to *Autumns* ſelfe.
And here let time hold ſtill his reſtleſſe glaſſe,
That not another golden ſand may fall
To meaſure how it paſſeth.

Au. Continue here with me, and by thy preſence
Create me favorite to thy faire progenitor;
And be mine heire.

Ray. I want words to expreſſe
my thankfullneſſe.

Au. What ere the wanton *Spring*,
When ſhe doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to *Autumne*, *Summers* ſweats
Either in paſturing her furlongs, reaping
The cropp of bread, ripening the fruits for food.
Autumnes garners houſe them, *Autumnes* jollities
Feeds on them; I alone in every land
Traffique my uſefull merchandize, gold and jewells,
Lordly poſſeſſions, are for my commodities

Morgag'd and loſt, I ſit Cheeſe moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd *Summer*, and th' extreames
Of *Winters* tedious froſt ; nay, in my ſelfe
I do containe another teaming *Spring*:
Surety of health, proſperity of life
Belongs to *Autumne*, if thou then canſt hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be ſpent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the yeers great emperor.

Au. On now, to new variety of feaſts ;
Princely contents are fit for princely gueſts. *Exit.*

Ray. My Lord I'le follow ; ſure I am not well.
Floriſh.

Fol. Surely I am halfe drunk, or monſtrouſly miſtaken, you mean to ſtay here belike.

Ray. Whither ſhould I go elſe ?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill your ſelfe in your own defence, I'le not be of your Jurie———

Enter *Humor.*

Hu. You have had precious pleaſures, choice of drunkenneſſe ; will you be gon ?

Ray. I feele a warr within me,
And every doubt that reſolution kills
Springs up a greater in the years revolution ;
There cannot be a ſeaſon more delicious,
When Plenty (*Summers* daughter) empties daily
Her *cornucopia*, fill'd with choiceſt viands.

Fol. Plenties horne is alwaies full in the City.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes ;
When day and night have their diſtinguiſhment
With a more equall meaſure.

Hu. Ha ! in contemplation.

Fol. Troubling himſelf with this windy-gutts ; this belly-aking *Autumne*; this Apple *John Kent*, and warden of Fruiterers hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly diſtant beames
guilds ripen'd fruit.

Hu. And what fine meditation tranſports you thus,
You ſtudy ſome *Encomium*
Upon the beauty of the gardens Queene,
You'd make the paleneſſe to ſupply the vacancie
Of *Cinthia's* dark defect.

Fol. Madam! let but a green ſickneſſe chamber-maid be throughly ſteel'd, if ſhe get not a better color in one month, I'le bee forfeited to *Autumne* for ever, and fruite-eat my fleſh into a conſumption.

Hu. Come *Raybright*, whatſoer'e ſuggeſtions
Have won on thy apt weakeneſſe, leave theſe empty
And hollow ſounding pleaſures, that include
Onely a windy ſubſtance of delight,
Which every motion alters into ayre:
I'le ſtay no longer here.

Ray. I muſt.

Hu. You ſhall not,
Theſe are adulterate mixtures of vain follies; I'le bring thee
Into the Court of
Winter, there thy food:
Shall not be ſicklie fruits, but healthfull broathes,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Porke, Beefe, Mutton, (very ſweet Mutton, veale Venſon, Capon, fine fat Capon, partridge, Snite, plover, larkes, Teale, admirable Teale, my Lord.

Hu. Miſtery there, like to another nature,
Confects the ſubſtance of the choiſeſt fruits,
In a rich candy, with ſuch imitation
Of forme and colour, 'twill deceive the eye:
Untill the taſte be raviſhed.

Fol. Comfits and Carawaies, Marchpaines and Marmalades
Suger-plums and Pippin-pies, gingerbread and Walnuts

Hu. Nor is his bounty limited, hee'le not ſpare
T'exhauſt the treaſure of a thouſand *Indies*.

Fol. Two hundred pound ſuppers, and neither fidlers nor broken glaſſes reckoned, beſides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out ſo long.

Ray. You tell mee wonders!
Be my conductreſſe, I'le flie this place in ſecret;
Three quarters of my time is almoſt ſpent,
The laſt remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me;
'Twas Humor, join'd with Follie, did miſlead me.

Hu. Leav this naked ſeaſon,
Wherein the very trees ſhake off their locks,
It is ſo poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair fall's off, I have heard a Poet ſay, 'tis no good ſign of a ſound bodie.

Ray. Com let's go taſte old Winter's freſh delights,
And ſwell with pleaſures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumne, and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring;
An embleme of four Provinces we ſway,
Shall all attend our paſtimes night and day;
Shall both be ſubject to our glorious ſtate,
While wee enjoy the bleſſings of our fate:
And ſince wee've notice that ſom barbarous ſpirits
Mean to oppoſe our entrance, if by words
They'l not deſiſt, wee'l force our way with ſwords.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter three Clowns.

1. HEar you the news neighbor?

2. Yes, to my grief neighbor; they ſay our Prince *Raybright* is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of Courtiers; wee'r like to have a fine time on't neighbors.

3. Our Wives and Daughters are, for they are ſure to get by the bargain, tho our barn be emptied, they will be ſure to bee with barn for't: Oh! theſe Courtiers, neighbors, are peſtilent knaves; but ere I'le ſuffer it, I'le pluck a Crow with ſom of em.

1. Faith neighbor let's lay our heads together, and reſolve to die like men, rather then live like beaſts.

2. I, like horn-beaſts, neighbor; they may talk and call us Rebells, but a figg for that, 'tis not a fart matter; let's be true amongſt our ſelvs, and with our ſwords in hand reſiſt his entrance——

Enter *Winter.*

Wint. What ſuch murmurings does your gall bring forth,
Will you prov't true, no good coms from the North;
Bold ſawcie mortals, dare you then aſpire
With ſnow and ice to quench the ſphere of fire:
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience:

How durſt you elſe with force think to withſtand
Your Princes entrie into this his land ;
A Prince who is ſo excellently good,
His virtue is his honor, more then blood ;
In whoſe clear nature, as two Suns, do riſe
The attributes of Merciful, and Wiſe :
Whoſe laws are ſo impartial, they muſt
Be counted heavenly, cauſe th'are truly juſt :
Who does with princely moderation give
His ſubjects an example how to live ;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought moſt to affect :
That as the Sun does unto all diſpence
Heat, light, nay life from his full influence,
Yet you wilde fools, poſſeſt with gyant rage,
Dare, in your lawleſſe furie, think to wage,
War againſt heaven, and from his ſhining thone
Pull *Jove* himſelf, for you to tread upon ;
Were your heads circled with his own green Oak,
Yet are they ſubject to his thunder-ſtroak ;
And he can ſink ſuch wretches as rebell,
From heaven's ſublime height, into the depth of hell.

1. The divel a can as ſoon, we fear no colors, let him do his worſt ; there's many a tall fellow beſides us, will die rather then ſee his living taken from them, nay even eat up ; all things are grown ſo dear, there's no enduring more mouths then our own, neighbor.

2. Thou 'rt a wiſe fellow, neighbor, prate is but prate ; they ſay this Prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rights into the Temples of our gods, and that's abominable, wee'l all bee hang'd firſt——

Wint. A moſt fair pretence,
To found rebellion upon conſcience ;
Dull ſtubborn fools, whoſe perverſe judgments ſtill
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reaſon, which to you
Coms, as in droughs the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth, 'twets, but does not give
Moiſture enough to make the plants to live :

Things void of foul, can you conceive that he,
Whofe every thought's an act of pietie,
Who's all religious, furnifh'd with all good
That ever was compris'd in flefh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the fitteft way
To ferv thofe powers, to which himfelf does pay
True zealous worfhip, nay's fo near ally'd
To them, himfelf muft needs be deified——

Enter *Follie.*

Fol. Save you Gentlemen ! 'tis very cold, you live in froft, y'ave Winter ftill about you.

2. What are you fir ?

Fol. A Courtier fir ; but you may gueffe, a very fooliſh one, to leav the bright beams of my Lord, the Prince, to travel hither ; I have an Ague on me, do you not fee me fhake : Well, if our Courtiers, when they com hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines, and fires to heat their bloods, 'twill freez into an Apoplexie ; farewell froft, I'le go feek a fire to thaw me, I'me all ice I fear already. *Exit.*

1. Farewel and be hang'd, ere fuch as thefe fhall eat what we have fweat or, wee'l fpend our bloods ; com neighbors, let's go call our company together, and go meet this Prince he talks fo of.

3. Som fhall have but a fowr welcom of it, if my Crab-tree cudgel hold here.

Wint. 'Tis, I fee,
Not in my power to alter deftinie :
You'r mad in your rebellious mindes, but hear
What I prefage, with underftanding clear :
As your black thoughts are miſtie, take from me
This as a true and certain augurie,
This Prince fhall com, and by his glorious fide
Lawrel-crown'd conqueft fhall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the juſtice that attend's his cauſe,
You fhall with penitence embrace his laws :
Hee to the frozen northern clime fhall bring

A warmth ſo temperate, as ſhall force the Spring
Uſurp my privilege, and by his Ray
Night ſhall bee chang'd into perpetual day.
Plentie and happineſſe ſhall ſtill increaſe,
As does his light, and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms, while all
That envie him ſhall like ſwift Comets fall,
By their own fire conſum'd, and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of deſtinie,
Shall have a long and proſperous reign on earth,
Then flie to heaven, and give a new ſtar birth.

Floriſh.

Enter *Raybright*, *Humor*, *Bountie*, *Winter* and *Delight.*

But ſee, our ſtar appear's, and from his eie
Flie thouſand beams of ſparkling majeſtie.
Bright ſon of *Phebus!* welcom, I begin
To feel the ice fal from my criſled skin;
For at your beams the Waggoner might thow
His Chariot, axell'd with *Riphean* ſnow;
Nay, the ſlow moving North-ſtar having felt
Your temperate heat, his iſicles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious Catives dare diſturb
The happie progreſſe of our glorious peace.
Contemne the Juſtice of our equall lawes,
Prophane thoſe ſacred rights, which ſtil muſt bee
Attendant on monarchall dignitie.
I came to frolick with you, and to chear
Your drouping foules by vigor of my beams;
And have I this ſtrange welcom! reverend Winter!
I'me come to be your gueſt; your bounteous free
Condition does aſſure, I ſhall have
A welcom entertainment.

Win. Illuſtrious ſir! I am ignorant
How much expreſſion my true zeale will want
To entertain you fitlie, yet my love,
And hartie dutie, ſhall be farr above
My outward welcome, to that glorious light

Of heaven, the Sunne which chaces hence the night;
I am ſo much a vaſſaile, that I'le ſtrive,
By honoring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave Prince, tho you, who do inherit
Your fathers cheerefull heat, and quickning ſpirit;
Therefore as I am Winter, worne and ſpent
So farre with age, I am Tymes monument;
Antiquities example, in my zeale,
I, from my youth, a ſpan of Tyme will ſteale
To open the free treaſures of my Court,
And ſwell your ſoul with my delights and ſport.
Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleaſure;
So royall, ſo aboundant in earth's bleſſings,
Should not partake the comfort of thoſe beames,
With which the Sun beyond extent doth cheere
The other ſeaſons, yet my pleaſures with you,
From their falſe charmes, doth get the ſtart as farr
As heaven's great lamp from every minor ſtarr.
Boun. Sir! you can ſpeak wel, if your tongue deliver
The meſſage of your heart, without ſome cuning
Of reſtraint, we may hope to enjoy
The laſting riches of your preſence hence,
Without diſtruſt or change.
Ray. Winters ſweet bride,
All Conquering Bounty, queen of harts, life's glory,
Natures perfection; whom all love, all ſerve;
To whom Fortune, even in extreame's a ſlave,
When I fall from my dutie to thy goodneſs,
Then let me be ranck'd as nothing.
Boun. Come, you flatter mee.
Ray. I flatter you! Why Madam? you are Bounty;
Sole daughter to the royall throne of peace.
Hu. He minds not mee now.
Ray. Bounties ſelf!
For you he is no ſouldier dares not fight,
No Scholar he, that dares not plead your merites,

Or ſtudy your beſt Sweetneſs, ſhould the Sun,
Eclips'd for many yeares, forbeare to ſhine
Upon the boſome of our naked paſtures,
Yet where you are, the glories of your ſmiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm hartleſs miſery,
And cheriſh deſolation. Deed I honor you,
And as all others ought to do, I ſerve you.

Hu. Are theſe the rare ſights, theſe the promis'd Complements.

Win. Attendance on our revells, let delight
Conjoyn the day with ſable-footed night;
Both ſhall forſake their orbes, and in one ſphere
Meet in ſoft mirth, and harmleſſe pleaſures here;
While plump *Lyeus* ſhall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-Ivie, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and ſhall dame Ceres call
To waite on you, at Winters feſtivall:
While gawdy Summer, Autumne, and the Springe,
Shall to my Lord their Choyceſt viands bring.
Wee'l robb the ſea, and from the ſubtill ayre,
Fetch her inhabitant, to ſupply our fare.
That were *Apicious* here, he in one night
Should fate with dainties his ſtrong appetite.
Begin our revells then, and let all pleaſure
Flow like the Ocean, in a boundleſſe meaſure——

Floriſh.

Enter *Conceit*, and *Detraction*.

Con. Wit and pleaſure ſoft attention,
Grace the ſports of our invention.

De. Conceit peace, for *Detraction*
Hath already drawn a faction,
Shall deride thee.

Con. Antick leave me;
For in laboring to bereave me
Of a ſcholars praiſe, thy dotage
Shall be hiſt at.

De. Here's a hot age;

When ſuch pettie penmen covet
Fame by folly, on, I'le prove it
Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
By thine owne wit.

Con. I defie thee,
Here are nobler Judges, wit
Cannot ſuffer where they ſit.

De. Pri'thee fooliſh Conceit, leave off thy ſet-ſpeeches, and come to the conceit it ſelfe in plain languages; what goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

Con. Detraction doe thy worſt, Conceit appears,
In honour of the Sunne, their fellow-friend,
Before thy cenſure; know then that the ſpheres,
Have for a while reſigned their orbes, and lend
Their ſeats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
With the Four known Complexions, have atton'd
A noble league, and ſeverally put on
Materiall bodies; here amongſt em none
Obſerves a difference; Earth and Ayre alike
Are ſprightly active; Fire and Water ſeek
No glory of preheminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have ſtood
In contrarieties, now meet for pleaſure,
To entertain Time in a courtly meaſure.

De. Impoſſible and improper; firſt to perſonate inſenſible Creatures, and next to compound quite oppoſite humors; fie, fie, fie, i'ts abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how dareſt thou vainly ſcan
Impoſſibility; what reignes in man
Without diſorder; wiſely mixt by nature, *Maskers.*
To faſhion and preſerve ſo high a creature.

De. Sweete ſir! when ſhall our mortall eyes behold this new peece of wonder;
We muſt gaze on the ſtarres for it doubtleſſe.

Con. See, thus the clouds flie off, and run in chaſe,
When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace.
The Maskers diſcover'd.

De. Fine ifaith; pretty, and in good earneſt; but ſirrah ſcholar; will they come down too?

Con. Behold em well, the foremoſt repreſents Ayr, the moſt ſportive of the Elements.

De. A nimble raſcall, I warrant him ſome Aldermans ſon; wonderous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Det. A cholerick gentleman, I ſhould know him, a younger brother and a great ſpender, but ſeldom or never carries any money about him; he was begot when the ſign was in *Taurus*, for he rores like a Bull, But is indeed a Bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Det. A phlegmatick cold piece of ſtuff, his father me thinks ſhould be one of the Dunce-table, and one that never drunk ſtrong beer in's life but at feſtival times, and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a Term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Det. A ſhrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great lover of news; I gueſſe at the reſt, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are ſworn brothers, and ſo are Earth and Melancholie.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task
To ſing them down, and rank them in a mask.—

SONG. *See the Elements conſpire,*
Nimble Air doe's court the Earth,
Water doe's commix with Fire,
To give our Princes pleaſure birth;
Each delight, each joy, each ſweet,
In one compoſition meet.
All the ſeaſons of the year,
Winter doe's invoke the Spring,
Summer doe's in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this Holy-day;

In which the Darling *of the* Sun *is com,*
To make this place a new Eliſium.

Wint. How do theſe pleaſures pleaſe?
Hu. Pleaſures!
Boun. Live here,
And be my Lord's friend, and thy ſports ſhall vary
A thouſand waies, invention ſhall beget
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change
Can aim at.
Hu. Trifles: progreſſe o're the year
Again my *Raybright*, therein like the Sun,
As he in heaven runs his circular courſe,
So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed
With ſtale delights, breeds dulneſſe and contempt;
Think on the Spring.
Ray. She was a lovely Virgin.
Wint. My roial Lord!
Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure, do not ſcorn
My age, nor think, cauſe I appear forlorn,
I ſerve for no uſe, 'tis my ſharper breath
Does purge groſſe exhalations from the earth;
My froſts and ſnows do purifie the air
From choking foggs, makes the skie clear and fair:
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charitie;
And can, my Lord, by grave and ſage advice,
Bring you toth' happie ſhades of Paradice.
Ray. That wonder; Oh! can you bring me thither?
Wint. I can direct and point you out a path.
Hu. But where's the guide?
Quicken thy ſpirits, *Raybright*, I'le not leav thee,
Wee'l run the ſelf ſame race again, that happineſſe
Theſe lazie, ſleeping, tedious winters nights
Becom not noble action.
Ray. To the *Spring* *Recorders.*

I am reſolv'd——Oh! what ſtrange light appears;
The *Sun* is up ſure. *The Sun above.*

Sun. Wanton Darling look, and worſhip with amazement.

Ray. Yes! gracious Lord.

Sun. Thy ſands are numbred, and thy glaſſe of frailtie
Here runs out to the laſt · here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
The ſeaſon of the *Spring* dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing *Childhood* with unreliſh'd beauties
Of gawdie ſights; the *Summer*, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of *Youth*, and ripens ſtrength
To *Autumns Manhood*, here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicitie in follie;
Winter at laſt draws on the Night of Age;
Yet ſtill a humor of ſom novel fancie
Untaſted, or untry'd, puts off the minute
Of reſolution, which ſhould bid farewel
To a vain world of wearineſſe and ſorrows.
The powers from whom man do's derive his pedigree
Of his creation, with a roial bountie
Give him health, youth, delight for free attendants
To rectifie his carriage: to be thankful
Again to them, Man ſhould caſheer his riots,
His boſom whoriſh ſweet-heart, idle Humor;
His Reaſons dangerous ſeducer, Follie;
Then ſhall like four ſtreight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly ſtructure of mortalitie;
Then ſhall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, ſtreaming in his bodie,
Nouriſh and comfort every vein and ſinew.
No ſickneſſe of contagion, no grim death
Of deprivation of healths real bleſſings
Shall then affright the creature built by heaven,
Reſerv'd to immortalitie, henceforth
In peace go to our Altars, and no more
Queſtion the power of ſupernal greatneſſe,
But given us leav to govern as wee pleaſe

Nature, and her dominion, who from us,
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preſervation; no replies but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;
Heavens power above him, his own peace within him.

FINIS.

The Witch of Edmonton:

A known true STORY.

Composed into

A TRAGI-COMEDY

By divers well-esteemed Poets;

William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

Acted by the Princes Servants, often at the Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*, once at Court, with singular Applause.

Never printed till now.

London, *Printed by* J. Cottrel, *for* Edward Blackmore, *at the Angel in* Paul's *Church-yard.* 1658.

Actors Names.

Sir Arthur Clarington.
Old Thorney, a Gentleman.
Old Carter, a rich Yeoman.
Old Banks, a Country-man.
W. Mago. }
W. Hamluc. } *two Country-men.*
Three other Country-men.
Warbeck. }
Somerton. } *Suitors to Carter's Daughters.*
Frank, Thorney's Son.
Young Cuddy Banks, the Clown.
Four Morice-Dancers.
Old Ratcliffe.
Sawgut, an old Fidler.
Poldavis, a Barbers boy.
Juſtice.
Conſtable.
Officers.
Servingmen.
Dog, a Familiar.
A Spirit.

Women.

Mother Sawyer, the Witch.
Anne, Ratcliff's Wife.
Suſan. }
Katharine. } *Carters Daughters.*
Winnifride, Sir Arthur's Maid.

The whole Argument is this Dyſtich.

FOrc'd Marriage, Murder; Murder, Blood requires:
Reproach, Revenge; Revenge, Hells help deſires.

PROLOGUE.

THe *Town of* Edmonton *hath lent the Stage*
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparifons it were uncivil,
Between ſo even a pair, a Witch and Devil.
But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former Spring;
So has this Witch enjoy'd the firſt, and reaſon
Preſumes ſhe may partake the other ſeaſon:
In Acts deſerving name, the Proverb ſays,
Once good, and euer: *Why not ſo in Plays?*
Why not in this? ſince (*Gentlemen*) *we flatter*
No Expectation: here is Mirth and Matter.

Mr. Bird.

The Witch of Edmonton.

Act. I. Scæn. I.

Enter Frank Thorney, Winnifride *with-child.*

Frank. COme Wench; why here's a buſineſs
ſoon diſpatch'd.
Thy heart I know is now at eaſe: thou needſt not
Fear what the tattling Goſſips in their cups
Can ſpeak againſt thy fame: thy childe ſhall know
Who to call *Dad* now.

Win. You have diſcharg'd the true part of an honeſt man;
I cannot requeſt a fuller ſatisfaction
Then you have freely granted: yet methinks
'Tis an hard caſe, being lawful man and wife,
We ſhould not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promiſe of my truth to thee, we muſt
Have then been ever ſundred; now the longeſt
Of our forbearing eithers company,
Is onely but to gain a little time

For our continuing thrift, that ſo hereafter
The Heir that ſhall be born may not have cauſe
To curſe his hour of birth, which made him feel
The miſery of beggery and want;
Two Devils that are occaſions to enforce
A ſhameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preſerv'd, when he ſhall underſtand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confeſs it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
Wonne by degrees, not bluntly, as our maſters,
Or wronged friends are; and beſides, I'll uſe
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's paſt, th' inheritance
To which I am born Heir, ſhall be aſſur'd:
That done, why let him know it; if he like it not,
Yet he ſhall have no power in him left
To croſs the thriving of it.

Win. You who had
The conqueſt of my Maiden-love, may eaſily
Conquer the fears of my diſtruſt. And whither
Muſt I be hurried?

Frank. Prithee do not uſe
A word ſo much unſuitable to the conſtant
Affections of thy Husband: thou ſhalt live
Neer *Waltham Abbey*, with thy Unkle *Selman*:
I have acquainted him with all at large:
He'll uſe thee kindly: thou ſhalt want no pleaſures,
Nor any other fit ſupplies whatever
Thou canſt in heart deſire.

Win. All theſe are nothing
Without your company.

Frank. Which thou ſhalt have
Once every month at leaſt.

Win. Once every month!
Is this to have a Husband?

Frank. Perhaps oftner:

That's as occaſion ſerves.
Win. I, I, in caſe
No other Beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remembred,
And ſee you now and then. Faith, I did hope
Youl'd not have us'd me ſo: 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my ſake, have ſome pity
Upon the childe I go with, that's your own.
And, 'leſs you'll be a cruel hearted Father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows how.
Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought; Once more in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow, that never henceforth
Diſgrace, reproof, lawleſs affections, threats,
Or what can be ſuggeſted 'gainſt our Marriage,
Shall cauſe me falſifie that Bridal-Oath
That bindes me thine. And, *Winnifride*, whenever
The wanton heat of youth by ſubtle baits
Of beauty, or what womans Art can practice,
Draw me from onely loving thee; let Heaven
Inflict upon my life ſome fearful ruine.
I hope thou doſt believe me.
Win. Swear no more;
I am confirm'd, and will reſolve to do
What you think moſt behoofeful for us.
Frank. Thus then; make thyſelf ready: at the
furtheſt houſe
Upon the Green, without the Town, your Unckle
Expects you. For a little time farewel.
Win. Sweet,
We ſhall meet again as ſoon as thou canſt poſſibly?
Frank. We ſhall. One kiſs. Away.

Ent. Sir Art. Clarington.

Sir Art. Frank Thorney.

Frank. Here Sir.

Sir Art. Alone? then muſt I tell thee in plain terms, thou haſt wrong'd thy Maſter's houſe baſely and lewdly.

Frank. Your houſe, Sir?

Sir Art. Yes, Sir, if the nimble devil
That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd againſt
All rules of honeſt duty. You might, Sir,
Have found out ſome more fitting place then here,
To have built a Stewes in. All the Country whiſpers
How ſhamefully thou haſt undone a Maid,
Approv'd for modeſt life, for civil carriage,
Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her
To forfeit ſhame. Will you be honeſt yet?
Make her amends and marry her?

Frank. So, Sir,
I might bring both my ſelf and her to beggery;
And that would be a ſhame worſe then the other.

Sir Art. You ſhould have thought on this before, and then
Your reaſon would have overſway'd the paſſion
Of your unruly luſt. But that you may
Be left without excuſe, to ſalve the infamy
Of my diſgraced houſe, and 'cauſe you are
A Gentleman, and both of you my ſervants,
I'll make the Maid a portion.

Frank. So you promis'd me
Before, in caſe I married her. I know
Sir *Arthur Clarington* deſerves the credit
Report hath lent him; and preſume you are
A Debtor to your promiſe: but upon
What certainty ſhall I reſolve? Excuſe me
For being ſomewhat rude.

Sir Art. 'Tis but reaſon.
Well *Frank*, what thinkſt thou of 200l.
And a continual friend?

Fra. Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion; yet to right

A wronged Maid, and to preſerve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.
Sir Art. Art thou?
Frank. Sir, we ſhall every day have need to employ
The uſe of what you pleaſe to give.
Sir Art. Thou ſhalt have't.
Fran. Then I claim your promiſe.
We are man and wife.
Sir Art. Already?
Frank. And more then ſo, I have promis'd her
Free entertainment in her Unkle's houſe,
Neer *Waltham Abbey*, where ſhe may ſecurely
Sojourne, till time and my endeavours work
My fathers love and liking.
Sir Art. Honeſt *Frank*.
Frank. I hope, Sir, you will think I cannot keep her
Without a daily charge.
Sir Art. As for the money,
'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make thee
A preſent payment, yet thou ſhalt be ſure
I will not fail thee.
Frank. But our occaſions.
Sir Art. Nay, nay, talk not of your occaſions, truſt my bounty: it ſhall not ſleep. Haſt married her, yfaith *Frank*?
'Tis well, 'tis paſſing well: then *Winnifride*,
Once more thou art an honeſt woman. *Frank*,
Thou haſt a Jewel. Love her; ſhe'll deſerve it.
And when to *Waltham*?
Frank. She is making ready.
Her Unkle ſtays for her.
Sir Art. Moſt provident ſpeed.
Frank, I will be a friend, and ſuch a friend.
Thou'lt bring her thither?
Fran. Sir, I cannot: newly

My father ſent me word I ſhould come to him.
Sir Art. Marry, and do: I know thou haſt a wit
To handle him.
Frank. I have a ſuit t'ye.
Sir Art. What is't?
Any thing, *Frank*, command it.
Frank. That you'll pleaſe,
By Letters to aſſure my Father, that
I am not married.
Sir Art. How?
Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him that I purpos'd
To marry *Winnifride;* on which he threatned
To diſ-inherit me, to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your Letters, which he ſeeing
Will credit; and I hope ere I return,
On ſuch conditions as I'll frame, his Lands
Shall be aſſur'd.
Sir Art. But what is that to quit
My knowledge of the marriage?
Frank. Why you were not
A witneſs to it.
Sir Art. I conceive: and then,
His Land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him throughly
With all that's paſt.
Frank. I mean no leſs.
Sir Art. Provided,
I never was made privy to it.
Frank. Alas, Sir,
Am I a talker?
Sir Art. Draw thy ſelf the Letter,
I'll put my hand to it. I commend thy policy
Th'art witty, witty *Frank*; nay, nay, 'tis fit,
Diſpatch it.
Frank. I ſhall write effectually. *Exit.*
Sir Art. Go thy way Cuckow; have I caught the young man?

One trouble then is freed. He that will feaſt
At others coſt, muſt be a bold-fac'd gueſt.

Enter Win. *in a riding-ſuit.*

Win. I have heard the news, all now is ſafe.
The worſt is paſt.
Sir Art. Thy lip, wench: I muſt bid
Farewel, for faſhions ſake; but I will viſit thee
Suddenly, Girl. This was cleanly carried:
Ha! was't not *Win*?
Win. Then were my happineſs,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The Dower of a Virginity. Sir, forgive me;
I have been much to blame. Had not my Laundreſs
Given way to your immoderate waſte of Vertue,
You had not with ſuch eagerneſs purſu'd
The error of your goodneſs.
Sir Art. Dear, dear *Win.*
I hug this Art of thine, it ſhews how cleanly
Thou canſt beguile in caſe occaſion ſerve,
To practice. It becomes thee, now we ſhare
Free ſcope enough, without controle or fear,
To interchange our pleaſures; we will furfeit
In our embraces, Wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting?
Win. What to do?
Sir Art. Good, good, to con the leſſon of our loves,
Our ſecret game.
Win. O bluſh to ſpeak it further!
As y'are a noble Gentleman, forget
A ſin ſo monſtrous: 'tis not gently done,
To open a cur'd wound. I know you ſpeak
For trial; troth you need not.
Sir Art. I for trial?
Not I, by this good Sun-ſhine.
Win. Can you name

That ſyllable of good, and yet not tremble,
To think to what a foul and black intent,
You uſe it for an Oath? Let me reſolve you,
If you appear in any Viſitation
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abuſed *Thorney*, my kinde husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not throughly perfum'd with ſighs
For former deeds of luſt: May I be curs'd
Even in my prayers, when I vouchſafe
To ſee or hear you. I will change my life,
From a looſe whore, to a repentant wife.

Sir Art. Wilt thou turn monſter now? art not aſham'd
After ſo many months to be honeſt at laſt?
Away, away, fie on't.

Win. My reſolution
Is built upon a Rock. This very day
Young *Thorney* vow'd with Oaths not to be doubted,
That never any change of love ſhould cancel
The bonds in which we are to either bound,
Of laſting truth. And ſhall I then for my part
Unfile the ſacred Oath ſet on Record
In Heaven's Book? *Sir Arthur*, do not ſtudy
To add to your laſcivious luſt, the ſin
Of Sacriledge: for if you but endeavour
By any unchaſte word to tempt my conſtancy,
You ſtrive as much as in you lies to ruine
A Temple hallowed to the purity
Of holy Marriage. I have ſaid enough:
You may believe me.

Sir Ant. Get you to your Nunnery,
There freeze in your old Cloyſter. This is fine.

Win. Good Angels guide me. Sir, you'l give me leave
To weep and pray for your converſion.

Sir Art. Yes, away to *Waltham*. Pox on your honeſty.

Had you no other trick to fool me? Well,
You may want mony yet.
Win. None that I'll ſend for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my juſt complaint:
I was your Devil, O be you my Saint! *Exit* Win.
Sir Art. Go, go thy ways, as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd Knight. I'm glad I'm rid of her.
Honeſt? marry hang her. *Thorney* is my Debtor,
I thought to have paid him too: but fools have fortune. *Exit S. A.*

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Old Thorney, *and Old* Carter.

O. *Thor.* You offer Mr. *Carter*, like a Gentleman, I cannot finde fault with it, 'tis ſo fair.

O. *Cart.* No Gentleman, I, Mr. *Thorney*, ſpare the Maſterſhip, call me by my name, *John Carter*; Maſter is a title my Father, nor his before him, were acquainted with. Honeſt *Hertforſhire* Yeomen, ſuch an one am I; my word and my deed ſhall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no ſecurity for the Marriage-money.

O. *Thor.* How? no ſecurity? although it need not, ſo long as you live; yet who is he has ſurety of his life one hour? *Men*, the Proverb ſays, *are mortal*: elſe, for my part, I diſtruſt you not, were the ſum double.

O. *Cart.* Double, trebble, more or leſs; I tell you, Mr. *Thorney*, I'll give no ſecurity. Bonds and Bills are but Tarriers to catch Fools, and keep lazy Knaves buſie; my ſecurity ſhall be preſent payment. And we here, about *Edmonton*, hold preſent payment as ſure as an Alderman's Bond in *London*, Mr. *Thorney*.

O. *Thor.* I cry you mercy, Sir, I underſtood you not.

O. *Cart.* I like young *Frank* well, ſo does my *Suſan* too. The Girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my Purſe. There be other Suitors within, that make much noiſe to little purpoſe. If *Frank* love *Sue*, *Sue* ſhall have none but *Frank*. 'Tis a mannerly Girl, Mr. *Thorney*, though but an homely man's Daughter. There have worſe Faces look'd out of black Bags, Man.

O. *Thor.* You ſpeak your minde freely and honeſtly. I marvel my Son comes not: I am ſure he willl be here ſometime to day.

O. *Cart.* To day or to morrow, when he comes he ſhall be welcome to Bread, Beer and Beef, Yoeman's fare; we have no Kickſhaws: full Diſhes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the ſlender City-Suppers, you might ſend me to Barber-Surgeons Hall the fourth day, to hang up for an Anatomy——Here come they that——
How now Girls? every day play-day with you?

Enter Warbeck *with* Suſan, Somerton *with Katherine.*

Valentine's day too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our Graves, Mr. *Thorney*. Here's all the care they take. And how do you finde the Wenches, Gentlemen? have they any minde to a looſe Gown and a ſtrait Shooe? Win 'em, and wear 'em. They ſhall chuſe for themſelves by my conſent.

Warb. You ſpeak like a kinde Father. *Sue*, thou heareſt the liberty that's granted thee. What ſayeſt thou? wilt thou be mine?

Suſ. Your what, Sir? I dare ſwear, never your wife.

Warb. Canſt thou be ſo unkinde? conſidering how dearly I affect thee; nay, dote on thy perfections.

Suf. You are ſtudied too Scholar-like in words: I underſtand not. I am too courſe for ſuch a Gallants love as you are.

Warb. By the honour of Gentility.

Suf. Good Sir, no ſwearing: yea and nay with us Prevails above all oathes you can invent.

Warb. By this white hand of thine.

Suf. Take a falſe oath? Fie, fie, flatter the wife: fools not regard it; and one of theſe am I.

Warb. Doſt thou deſpiſe me?

O. *Cart.* Let 'em talk on, Mr. *Thorney.* I know *Sue's* minde. The Flye may buz about the Candle, he ſhall but ſinge his Wings when all's done. *Frank, Frank* is he has her heart.

Som. But ſhall I live in hope, *Kate?*

Kat. Better ſo, then be a deſperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou thinkſt it is thy Portion
I level at: wert thou as poor in Fortunes,
As thou art rich in Goodneſs; I would rather
Be Suitor for the Dower of thy Vertues,
Then twice thy Father's whole Eſtate; and prithee
Be thou reſolved ſo.

Kat. Mr. *Somerton,* it is an eaſie labour to deceive
A Maid that will believe Mens ſubtil promiſes:
Yet I conceive of you as worthily
As I preſume you do deſerve.

Som. Which is
As worthily in loving thee ſincerely,
As thou art worthy to be ſo belov'd.

Kat. I ſhall finde time to try you.

Som. Do, *Kate,* do:
And when I fail, may all my joys forſake me.

O. *Cart.* *Warbeck* and *Sue* are at it ſtill. I laugh to my ſelf, Mr. *Thorney,* to ſee how earneſtly he beats the Buſh, while the Bird is flown into anothers boſom. A very unthrift, Mr. *Thorney*; one of the Country roaring Lads: we have ſuch as well as the City, and as arrant Rake-hells as they are, though not ſo nimble at their prizes of wit. *Sue* knows the

Raskal to an hairs breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

O. *Thor.* What is the other Gentleman?

O. *Cart.* One *Somerton*, the honeſter man of the two, by 5*l.* in every ſtone-weight. A civil Fellow. He has a fine convenient Eſtate of land in *Weſt-ham* by *Eſſex*. M. *Ranges* that dwells by *Enfield*, ſent him hither. He likes *Kate* well. I may tell you, I think ſhe likes him as well. If they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that *Warbeck* is ſuch another ——. I uſe him kindly for Mr. *Somerton's* ſake: for he came hither firſt as a Companion of his. Honeſt men, Mr. *Thorney*, may fall into Knaves company, now and then.

Warb. Three hundred a yeer Ioynture, *Sue.*

Suſ. Where lies it, by Sea or by Land? I think by Sea.

Warb. Do I look like a Captain?

Suſ. Not a whit, Sir.

Should all that uſe the Seas be reckon'd Captains,
There's not a Ship ſhould have a Scullion in her
To keep her clean.

Warb. Do you ſcorn me, Mrs. *Suſan?*
Am I a ſubject to be jeer'd at?

Suſ. Neither
Am I a property for you to uſe
As ſtale to your fond wanton looſe diſcourſe.
Pray Sir be civil.

Warb. Wilt be angry, Waſp?

O. *Cart.* God-a-mercy, *Sue.* Shee'll firk him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter Frank.

Mr. *Francis Thorney*, you are welcome indeed. Your Father expected your coming. How does the right worſhipful Knight, Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your Maſter?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

O. *Thor.* Now
You come as I could wiſh.
Warb. *Frank Thorney*, ha!
Suſ. You muſt excuſe me.
Frank. Vertuous Mrs. *Sufan.*
Kinde Mrs. *Katherine.* Gentlemen, to both
Salutes them.
Good time o'th' day.
Som. The like to you.
Warb. 'Tis he.
A word, Friend. On my life, this is the Man
Stands fair in croſſing *Sufan's* love to me.
Som. I think no leſs. Be wiſe, and take no notice on't.
He that can win her, beſt deſerves her.
Warb. Marry
A Servingman? mew.
Som. Prethee Friend no more.
O. Cart. Gentlemen all, there's within a ſlight Dinner ready, if you pleaſe to taſte of it: Mr. *Thorney*, Mr. *Francis*, Mr. *Somerton*. Why Girls? what, Huſwives, will you ſpend all your forenoon in tittle-tattles? away: It's well yfaith. Will you go in, Gentlemen?
O. *Thor.* We'll follow preſently: my Son and I
Have a few words of buſineſs.
O. *Cart.* At your pleaſure. *Ex. the reſt.*
O. *Thor.* I think you gueſs the reaſon, *Frank*, for which
I ſent for you.
Frank. Yes, Sir.
O. *Thor.* I need not tell you
With what a labyrinth of dangers dayly
The beſt part of my whole Eſtate's encumbred:
Nor have I any Clew to winde it out,
But what occaſion proffers me. Wherein
If you ſhould faulter, I ſhall have the ſhame,
And you the loſs. On theſe two points relie

Our happineſs or ruine. If you marry
With wealthy *Carter*'s Daughter, there's a Portion
Will free my Land: all which I will inſtate
Upon the marriage to you. Otherwiſe,
I muſt be of neceſſity enforc'd
To make a preſent ſale of all: and yet,
For ought I know, live in as poor diſtreſs,
Or worſe, then now I do. You hear the ſum:
I told you thus before. Have you conſidered on't?
Frank. I have, Sir. And however I could wiſh
To enjoy the benefit of ſingle Freedom,
For that I finde no diſpoſition in me
To undergo the burthen of that care
That Marriage brings with it; Yet to ſecure
And ſettle the continuance of your Credit,
I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands.
O. *Thor.* You have already us'd
Such thriving proteſtations to the Maid,
That ſhe is wholly yours. And ſpeak the truth,
You love her, do you not?
Frank. 'Twere pity, Sir,
I ſhould deceive her.
O. *Thor.* Better y'had been unborn.
But is your love ſo ſteady that you mean,
Nay, more, deſire to make her your Wife?
Frank. Elſe, Sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted.
O. *Thor.* True,
It were: and you will marry her?
Frank. Heaven proſper it:
I do intend it.
O. *Thor.* O thou art a Villain!
A Devil like a Man. Wherein have I
Offended all the Powers ſo much, to be
Father to ſuch a graceleſs godleſs Son?
Frank. To me, Sir, this? O my cleft heart!
O. *Thor.* To thee,

Son of my curſe. Speak truth, and bluſh, thou monſter,
Haſt thou not married *Winnifride*? a Maid
Was fellow-ſervant with thee.
Fra. Some ſwift ſpirit
Has blown this news abroad. I muſt out-face it.
O. *Thor.* D'you ſtudy for excuſe? why all the country
Is full on't.
Fra. With your licenſe, 'tis not charitable,
I am ſure it is not fatherly, ſo much
To be o'reſway'd with credulous conceit
Of meer impoſſibilities. But Fathers
Are privileg'd to think and talk at pleaſure.
O. *Thor.* Why canſt thou yet deny thou haſt no wife?
Frank. What do you take me for? an Atheiſt?
One that nor hopes the bleſſedneſs of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To ſuch a make the Marriage-bed an Inne,
Which Travellers day and night,
After a toylſome lodging leave at pleaſure?
Am I become ſo inſenſible of loſing
The glory of Creations work? My ſoul!
O I have liv'd too long,
O. *Thor.* Thou haſt, diſſembler;
Dareſt thou perſevere yet? and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to ſtrike thee quick
Into the Grave of horror? I believe thee not.
Get from my ſight.
Fran. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a ſtronger witneſs then the cleerneſs
Of an unperiſh'd conſcience; yet for that
I was enform'd, how mainly you had been
Poſſeſs'd of this untruth, To quit all ſcruple
Pleaſe you peruſe this Letter: 'tis to you.
O. *Thr.* From whom?
Fran. Sir *Arthur Clarington* my Maſter.

O. Thor. Well, Sir.

Fran. On every ſide I am diſtracted ; Am waded deeper into miſchief, then vertue can avoid. But on I muſt : Fate leads me : I will follow. There you read what may confirm you.

O. *Thor.* Yes, and wonder at it. Forgive me, *Frank.* Credulity abus'd me. My tears expreſs my joy : and I am ſorry I injur'd innocence.

Frank. Alas ! I knew your rage and grief proceeded from your love to me : ſo I conceiv'd it.

O. *Thor.* My good Son, I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter. Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is ſoon concluded.

Enter Old *Carter.*

O. *Cart.* Why Mr. *Thorney*, d'ye mean to talk out your dinner? the Company attends your coming. What muſt it be, Mr. *Frank*, or Son *Frank* ? I am plain Dunſtable,

O. *Thor.* Son, Brother, if your Daughter like to have it ſo.

Frank. I dare be confident, ſhe's not alter'd
From what I left her at our parting laſt :
Are you, fair Maid ?

Suſ. You took too ſure poſſeſſion
Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

O. *Cart.* Marry and much good may it do thee, Son. Take her to thee. Get me a brace of Boys at a burthen, *Frank.* The nurſing ſhall not ſtand thee in a pennyworth of Milk. Reach her home and ſpare not. When's the day ?

O. *Thor.* To morrow, if you pleaſe. To uſe ceremony
Of charge and cuſtome, were to little purpoſe :
Their loves are married faſt enough already.

O. *Cart.* A good motion. We'll e'en have an houſhold Dinner; and let the Fiddlers go ſcrape. Let the Bride and Bridegroom dance at night together: no matter for the Gueſts. To morrow, *Sue*, to morrow. Shall's to Dinner now?

O. *Thor.* We are on all ſides pleas'd, I hope.

Suf. Pray Heaven I may deſerve the bleſſing ſent me.
Now my heart is ſettled.

Frank. So is mine.

O. *Cart.* Your Marriage-money ſhall be receiv'd before your Wedding-ſhooes can be pull'd on. Bleſſing on you both.

Frank. No man can hide his ſhame from Heaven that views him.
In vain he flees, whoſe deſtiny purſues him.

Exeunt Omnes.

Act. II. Scæn. 1.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, *gathering ſticks.*

Sawy. And why on me? why ſhould the envious world
Throw all their ſcandalous malice upon me?
'Cauſe I am poor, deform'd and ignorant,
And like a Bow buckl'd and bent together,
By ſome more ſtrong in miſchiefs then my ſelf?
Muſt I for that be made a common ſink,
For all the filth and rubbiſh of Men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me Witch;
And being ignorant of my ſelf, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad uſage made ſo)
Foreſpeaks their Cattle, doth bewitch their Corn,

Themſelves, their Servants, and their Babes at nurſe.
This they enforce upon me: and in part

Enter O. *Banks.*

Make me to credit it. And here comes one
Of my chief Adverſaries.

O. *Bank.* Out, out upon thee, Witch.

Sawy. Doſt call me Witch?

O. *Bank.* I do, Witch, I do: and worſe I would, knew I name a more hateful. What makeſt thou upon my ground?

Sawy. Gather a few rotten ſticks to warm me.

O. Bank. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin elſe.

Sawy. You won't, Churl, Cut-throat, Miſer: there they be. Would they ſtuck croſs thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

O. *Bank.* Sayſt thou me ſo? Hag, out of my ground.

Sawy. Doſt ſtrike me, ſlave? curmudgeon, now thy bones aches, thy joynts cramps, and convulſions ſtretch and crack thy ſinews.

O. *Bank.* Curſing, thou Hag! take that, and that. *Exit.*

Sawy. Strike, do, and wither'd may that hand and arm
Whoſe blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten Trunk.
Abuſe me! beat me! call me Hag and Witch!
What is the name? where and by what Art learn'd?
What ſpells, what charms, or invocations?
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd?

Enter Young Banks, *and three or four more.*

Y. *Bank.* A new head for the Tabor, and ſilver

tipping for the Pipe. Remember that, and forget not five leſh of new Bells.

1. Double Bells: *Crooked Lane* ye ſhall have 'em ſtraight in. *Crooked Lane*: double Bells all, if it be poſſible.

Y. *Bank.* Double Bells? double Coxcombs; Trebles: buy me Trebles, all Trebles: for our purpoſe is to be in the Altitudes.

2. All Trebles? not a Mean?

Y. *Bank.* Not one: The Morrice is ſo caſt, we'll have neither Mean nor Baſe in our company, Fellow *Rowland.*

3. What? nor a Counter?

Y. *Bank.* By no means, no hunting Counter; leave that to *Envile Chaſe* Men: all Trebles, all in the Altitudes. Now for the diſpoſing of Parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will ſerve.

2. If you that be minded to follow your Leader, know me, an ancient Honor belonging to our houſe, for a Fore-horſe, team, and for gallant in a Morrice: my Father's Stable is not unfurniſh'd.

3. So much for the Fore-horſe: but how for a good Hobby-horſe?

Y. *Bank.* For a Hobby-horſe? Let me ſee an Almanack. *Midſummer*-Moon, let me ſee ye. When the Moon's in the full, then's wit in the wane. No more. Uſe your beſt skill. Your Morrice will ſuffer an Eclipſe.

1. An Eclipſe?

Y. *Bank.* A ſtrange one.

2. Strange?

Y. *Bank.* Yes, and moſt ſudden. Remember the Fore-gallant, and forget the Hobby-horſe. The whole body of your Morrice will be darkned. There be of us. But 'tis no matter. Forget the Hobby-horſe.

1. *Cuddy Banks*, have you forgot ſince he pac'd it from *Envile Chaſe* to *Edmonton*? *Cuddy*, honeſt *Cuddy*, caſt thy ſtuff.

Y. *Bank.* Suffer may ye all. It ſhall be known, I

can take mine eaſe as well as another Man. Seek your Hobby-horſe where you can get him.

1. *Cuddy*, honeſt *Cuddy*, we confeſs, and are ſorry for our neglect.
2. The old Horſe ſhall have a new Bridle.
3. The Capariſons new painted.
4. The Tail repair'd.
1. The Snaffle and the Boſſes new ſaffron'd o're.
1. Kinde:
2. Honeſt:
3. Loving, ingenious:
4. Affable *Cuddy*.

Y. *Bank.* To ſhew I am not flint; but affable, as you ſay, very well ſtuft, a kinde of warm Dowe or Puff-paſte, I relent, I connive, moſt affable *Jack*: let the Hobby-horſe provide a ſtrong back, he ſhall not want a belly when I am in 'em. But Uds me, Mother *Sawyer*.

1. The old Witch of *Edmonton.* If our mirth be not croſs'd.
2. Bleſs us, *Cuddy*, and let her curſe her tother eye out. What doſt thou?

Y. *Bank. Vngirt, unbleſs'd*, ſays the Proverb. But my Girdle ſhall ſerve a riding knit: and a fig for all the Witches in Chriſtendom. What wouldſt thou?

1. The Divel cannot abide to be croſs'd.
2. And ſcorns to come at any man's whiſtle.
3. Away.
4. With the Witch.

Omn. Away with the Witch of *Edmonton.*

Ex. in ſtrange poſtur.

Sawy. Still vex'd? ſtill tortur'd? That Curmudgeon *Banks*
Is ground of all my ſcandal. I am ſhunn'd
And hated like a ſickneſs: made a ſcorn
To all degrees and ſexes. I have heard old Beldames
Talk of Familiars in the ſhape of Mice,
Rats, Ferrets, Weaſels, and I wot not what,

That have appear'd, and ſuck'd, ſome ſay, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I'm now ignorant: would ſome power good or bad
Inſtruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this Churl, I'd go out of my ſelf,
And give this Fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd Cottage, ready to fall with age:
Abjure all goodneſs: be at hate with prayer;
And ſtudy Curſes, Imprecations,
Blaſphemous ſpeeches, Oaths, deteſted Oaths,
Or anything that's ill; ſo I might work
Revenge upon this Miſer, this black Cur,
That barks, and bites, and ſucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
To be a Witch, as to be counted one.
Vengeance, ſhame, ruine, light upon that Canker.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Ho! have I found thee curſing? now thou art mine own.
Sawy. Thine? what art thou?
Dog. He thou haſt ſo often importun'd to appear to thee, the Devil.
Sawy. Bleſs me! the Devil?
Dog. Come, do not fear, I love thee much too well
To hurt or fright thee. If I ſeem terrible,
It is to ſuch as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd: have ſeen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come out of my love
To give thee juſt revenge againſt thy foes.
Sawy. May I believe thee?
Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any miſchief unto Man or Beaſt,

And I'll effect it, on condition,
That uncompell'd thou make a deed of Gift
Of Soul and Body to me.
Sawy. Out, alas!
My Soul and Body?
Dog. And that inſtantly,
And ſeal it with thy blood: if thou denieſt,
I'll tear thy body in a thouſand pieces.
Sawy. I know not where to ſeek relief: But ſhall I
After ſuch Covenants ſeal'd, ſee full revenge
On all that wrong me?
Dog. Ha, ha, ſilly woman!
The Devil is no lyer to ſuch as he loves.
Didſt ever know or hear the Devil a lyer
To ſuch as he affects?
Sawy. When I am thine, at leaſt ſo much of me,
As I can call mine own.
Dog. Equivocations?
Art mine or no? ſpeak, or I'll tear.
Sawy. All thine.
Dog. Seal't with thy blood.
See, now I dare call thee mine; [*Sucks her arm, thunder and lightning.*
For proof, command me, inſtantly I'll run,
To any miſchief, goodneſs can I none.
Sawy. And I deſire as little. There's an old Churl, one *Banks*—
Dog. That wrong'd thee: he lam'd thee, call'd thee Witch.
Sawy. The ſame: firſt upon him I'ld be reveng'd.
Dog. Thou ſhalt: Do but name how.
Sawy. Go, touch his life.
Dog. I cannot.
Sawy. Haſt thou not vow'd? Go, kill the ſlave.
Dog. I wonnot.
Sawy. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha!
Sawy. Doſt laugh?
Why wilt not kill him?
Dog. Fool, becauſe I cannot.
Though we have power, know, it is circumſcrib'd,
And ti'd in limits: though he be curs'd to thee,
Yet of himſelf he is loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor. Now Men
That, as he, love goodneſs, though in ſmalleſt meaſure,
Live without compaſs of our reach. His Cattle
And Corn, I'll kill and mildew: but his life
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Curſing and ſwearing) I have no power to touch.
Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.
Dog. I ſhall.
The Witch of *Edmonton* ſhall ſee his fall.
If ſhe at leaſt put credit in my power,
And in mine onely; make Oriſons to me,
And none but me.
Saw. Say how, and in what manner?
Dog. I'll tell thee, when thou wiſheſt ill;
Corn, Man or Beaſt, would ſpoyl or kill,
Turn thy back againſt the Sun,
And mumble this ſhort Oriſon:
If thou to death or ſhame purſue 'em,
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.
Sawy. *If thou to death or ſhame purſue 'em,*
Sanctibecetur nomen tuum.
Dog. Perfect. Farewel. Our firſt-made promiſes
We'll put in execution againſt *Banks.* *Exit.*
Sawy. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert Scholar;
Speak Latine, or I know not well what Language,
As well as the beſt of 'em. But who comes here?

Enter Y. *Ba.*

The Son of my worſt Foe. *To death purſue 'em,*
Et ſanctabecetur nomen tuum.

Y. *Bank.* What's that ſhe mumbles? the Devils *Pater noſter*?
Would it were elſe. Mother *Sawyer*, Good morrow.

Sawy. Ill morrow to thee, and all the world, that flout a poor old woman. *To death purſue 'em, and ſanctabacetur nomen tuum.*

Y. *Bank.* Nay, good Gammer *Sawyer*, what e're it pleaſes my Father to call you, I know you are

Sawy. A Witch.

Y. *Bank.* A Witch? would you were elſe yfaith.

Sawy. Your Father knows I am by this.

Y. *Bank.* I would he did.

Sawy. And ſo in time may you.

Y. *Bank.* I would I might elſe. But Witch or no Witch, you are a motherly woman: and though my Father be a kinde of God bleſs us, as they ſay, I have an earneſt ſuit to you; and if you'll be ſo kinde to ka me one good turn, I'll be ſo courteous as to kob you another.

Sawy. What's that? to ſpurn, beat me, and call me Witch, as your kinde Father doth?

Y. *Bank.* My Father? I am aſham'd to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a Playſter: and a ſmall courteſie I would require at thy hands.

Sawy. You ſeem a good young Man, and I muſt diſſemble, the better to accompliſh my revenge. But for this ſilver, what wouldſt have me do? bewitch thee?

Y. *Bank.* No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already. I would have thee ſo good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

Sawy. I underſtand thee not. Be plain, my Son.

Y. *Bank.* As a Pike-ſtaff, Mother: you know *Kate Carter.*

Sawy. The wealthy Yeomans Daughter. What of her?

Y. *Bank.* That ſame Party has bewitch'd me.

Sawy. Bewitch'd thee?

Y. *Bank.* Bewitch'd me, *Hiſce auribus.* I ſaw a little Devil flie out of her eye like a Burbolt, which ſticks at this hour up to the Feathers in my heart. Now my requeſt is, to ſend one of thy what d'ye call 'ems, either to pluck that out, or ſtick another as faſt in hers. Do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Sawy. We ſhall have ſport. Thou art in love with her.

Y. *Bank.* Up to the very hilts, Mother.

Sawy. And thou'ldſt have me make her love thee too.

Y. *Bank.* I think ſhe'll prove a Witch in earneſt. Yes, I could finde in my heart to ſtrike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Sawy. But doſt thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Y. *Bank.* Truely, Mother Witch, I do verily believe ſo: and when I ſee it done, I ſhall be half perſwaded ſo too.

Sawy. It's enough. What Art can do, be ſure of: turn to the Weſt, and whatſoe'er thou heareſt or ſeeſt, ſtand ſilent, and be not afraid. *She ſtamps.*

Enter the Dog; he fawns and leaps upon her.

Y. *Bank.* Afraid, Mother Witch? turn my face to the Weſt? I ſaid I ſhould always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. And her little Devil ſhould be hungry, come ſneaking behinde me, like a cowardly Catchpole, and clap his Talents on my Haunches. Tis woundy cold ſure. I dudder and ſhake like an Aſpen-leaf every joynt of me.

Sawy. To ſcandal and diſgrace purſue 'em,
Et ſanctabicetur nomen tuum.
How now, my Son, how is't? *Exit Dog.*

Y. *Bank.* Scarce in a clean life, Mother Witch. But did your Gobblin and you ſpout Latine together?

Sawy. A kinde of Charm I work by. Didſt thou hear me?

Y. *Bank.* I heard I know not the Devil what

mumble in a ſcurvy baſe tone, like a Drum that had taken cold in the head the laſt Muſter. Very comfortable words: what were they? and who taught them you?

Sawy. A great learned Man.

Y. *Bank.* Learned Man? learned Devil it was as ſoon? But what? what comfortable news about the Party?

Sawy. Who? *Kate Carter*? I'll tell thee, thou knowſt the Style at the Weſt-end of thy Father's Peaſe-Field, be there to morrow-night after Sun-ſet; and the firſt live thing thou ſeeſt, be ſure to follow, and that ſhall bring thee to thy Love.

Y. *Bank.* In the Peaſe-field? Has ſhe a minde to Codlings already? The firſt living thing I meet, you ſay, ſhall bring me to her.

Sawy. To a ſight of her, I mean. She will ſeem wantonly coy, and flee thee: but follow her cloſe, and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and ſhe is thine own.

Y. *Bank.* At the Style, at the Weſt-end of my Father's Peaſe-land, the firſt live thing I ſee, follow and embrace her, and ſhe ſhall be thine. Nay, and I come to embracing once, ſhe ſhall be mine; I'll go neer to make at Eaglet elſe. *Exit.*

Sawy. A ball well bandied: now the ſet's half won:
The Father's wrong I'll wreak upon the Son. *Exit.*

SCÆN 2.

Enter Carter, Warbeck, Somerton.

Care. How now Gentlemen, cloudy? I know Mr. *Warbeck*, you are in a fog about my Daughters marriage.

Warb. And can you blame me, Sir?

Cart. Nor you me juſtly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a Proverb; and Deſtiny is the Juggler that unties the knot. My hope is, you are reſerved to a richer fortune then my poor Daughter.

Warb. However, your promiſe.

Cart. Is a kinde of debt, I confeſs it.

Warb. Which honeſt men ſhould pay.

Cart. Yet ſome Gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, Sir.

Som. I confeſs thou haſt had a little wrong in the Wench: but patience is the onely ſalve to cure it. Since *Thorney* has won the Wench, he has moſt reaſon to wear her.

Warb. Love in this kinde admits no reaſon to wear her.

Cart. Then love's a fool, and what wiſe man will take exception?

Som. Come, frolick *Ned*, were every man maſter of his own fortune, Fate might pick ſtraws, and Deſtiny go a wool-gathering.

Warb. You hold yours in a ſtring though. 'Tis well: but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like uſage e're long.

Som. In my love to her Siſter *Katherine*? Indeed, they are a pair of Arrows drawn out of one Quiver, and ſhould flie at an even length, if ſhe do run after her Siſter.

Warb. Look for the ſame mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a ſurer compaſs. I have too ſtrong a confidence to miſtruſt her.

Warb. And that confidence is a winde, that has blown many a married Man aſhore at Cuckolds Haven, I can tell you: I wiſh yours more proſperous though.

Cart. Whate're you wiſh, I'll maſter my promiſe to him.

Warb. Yes, as you did to me.

Cart. No more of that, if you love me. But for the more aſſurance, the next offer'd occaſion ſhall conſummate the Marriage: and that once ſeal'd,

Enter Young Thorney *and* Suſan.

Som. Leave the mannage of the reſt to my care. But ſee, the Bridegroom and Bride comes; the new pair of *Sheffeild*-Knives fitted both to one ſheath.

Warb. The Sheath might have been better fitted, if ſome body had their due. But—

Cart. No harſh language, if thou loveſt me. *Frank Thorney* has done—

Warb. No more then I, or thou, or any man, things ſo ſtanding, would have attempted.

Som. Good morrow Mr. Bridegroom.

Warb. Come, give thee joy. Mayſt thou live long and happy in thy fair choice.

Y. *Thor.* I thank yee Gentlemen. Kinde Mr. *Warbeck*, I find you loving.

Warb. *Thorney*, that creature, (much good do thee with her)
Vertue and beauty hold faire mixture in her.
She's rich no doubt in both. Yet were ſhe fairer,
Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, *Thorney*,
'Tis nobleneſs in thee, in her but duty.
The match is fair and equal: the ſucceſs
I leave to cenſure. Farewell, Mrs. Bride:
Till now elected, thy old ſcorne deride. *Exit.*

Som. Good Mr. *Thorney*.

Cart. Nay, you ſhall not part till you ſee the Barrels run a-tilt, Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Su. Why change you your face, ſweet-Heart?

Y. *Thor.* Who? I? For nothing.

Suſ. Dear, ſay not ſo: a Spirit of your conſtancy cannot endure this change for nothing. I have obſerv'd ſtrange variations in you.

Y. *Thor.* In me?

Suſ. In you, Sir. Awake: you ſeem to dream,

and in your ſleep you utter ſudden and diſtracted accents, like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband, if I may dare to challenge any intereſt in you, give me the reaſon fully: you may truſt my breſt as ſafely as your own.

Y. *Thor.* With what? you half amaze me, prithee.

Suſ. Come, you ſhall not; indeed, you ſhall not ſhut me from partaking the leaſt diſlike that grieves you. I am all yours.

Y. *Thor.* And I all thine.

Suſ. You are not, if you keep the leaſt grief from me: but I find the cauſe; it grew from me.

Y. *Thor.* From you?

Suſ. From ſome diſtaſte in me or my behaviour: you are not kinde in the concealment. 'Las, Sir, I am young, ſilly, and plain; more ſtrange to thoſe contents a wife ſhould offer. Say but in what I fail, I'll ſtudy ſatisfaction.

Y. *Thor.* Come, in nothing.

Suſ. I know I do. Knew I as well in what, you ſhould not long be ſullen. Prithee Love, if I have been immodeſt or too bold, ſpeak't in a frown: if peeviſhly too nice, ſhew't in a ſmile. Thy liking is the glaſs by which I'll habit my behaviour.

Y. *Thor.* Wherefore doſt weep now?

Suſ. You, Sweet, have the power
To make me paſſionate as an *April*-day:
Now ſmile, then weep; now pale, then crimſon red.
You are the powerful Moon of my bloods Sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Y. *Thor.* Change thy conceit, I prithee:
Thou art all perfection: *Diana* herſelf
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous *Cupid* ſits
Feathering Love-ſhafts, whoſe golden heads he dip'd
——— In thy chaſte breſt. In the other lies
Bluſhing *Adonis* ſcarft in modeſties.
And ſtill as wanton *Cupid* blows Love-fires,

Adonis quenches out unchaſte deſires.
And from theſe two I briefly do imply
A perfect Embleme of thy modeſty.
Then, prithee Dear, maintain no more diſpute ;
For where thou ſpeakſt, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Suf. Come, come, thoſe golden ſtrings of flattery
Shall not tie up my ſpeech, Sir ; I muſt know
The ground of your diſturbance.

Y. *Thor.* Then look here ;
For here, here is the fen in which this Hydra
Of diſcontent grows rank.

Suf. Heaven ſheild it : where ?

Y. *Thor.* In mine own boſom : here the cauſe has root ;
The poyſoned Leeches twiſt about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.

Suf. You ſpeak Riddles.

Y. *Tho.* Take't plainly then : 'twas told me by a woman
Known and approv'd in Palmeſtry,
I ſhould have two wives.

Suf. Two wives ? Sir, I take it exceeding likely. But let not conceit hurt you : you are afraid to bury me ?

Y. *Thor.* No, no, my *Winnifride.*

Suf. How ſay you ? *Winnifride* ? you forget me.

Y. *Thor.* No, I forget my ſelf, *Sufan.*

Suf. In what ?

Y. *Thor.* Talking of wives, I pretend *Winnifride,*
A Maid that at my Mothers waited on me
Before thy ſelf.

Suf. I hope, Sir, ſhe may live to take my place. But why ſhould all this move you ?

Y. *Thor.* The poor Girl, ſhe has't before thee, and that's the Fiend torments me.

Suf. Yet why ſhould this raiſe mutiny within you ? ſuch preſages prove often falſe : or ſay it ſhould be true ?

Y. *Thor.* That I ſhould have another wife ?

Suf. Yes, many ; if they be good, the better.

Y. *Thor.* Never any equal to thee in goodneſs.

Suf. Sir, I could wiſh I were much better for you ;
Yet if I knew your fate
Ordain'd you for another, I could wiſh
(So well I love you, and your hopeful pleaſure)
Me in my grave, and my poor vertues added
To my ſucceſſor.

Y. *Thor.* Prithee, prithe, talk not of death or graves ; thou art ſo rare a goodneſs, as Death would rather put itſelf to death, then murther thee. But we, as all things elſe, are mutable and changing.

Suf. Yet you ſtill move in your firſt ſphere of diſcontent. Sweet, chaſe thoſe clouds of ſorrow, and ſhine cleerly on me.

Y. *Thor.* At my return I will.

Suf. Return ? ah me ! will you then leave me ?

Y. *Thor.* For a time I muſt : but how ? as Birds their young, or loving Bees their Hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Suf. Leave me ? Now has my fear met its effect.
You ſhall not, coſt it my life, you ſhall not.

Y. *Thor.* Why ? your reaſon ?

Suf. Like to the Lap-wing have you all this while with your falſe love deluded me ? pretending counterfeit ſenſes for your diſcontent, and now at laſt it is by chance ſtole from you.

Y. *Thor.* What ? what by chance ?

Suf. Your pre-appointed meeting of ſingle combate with young *Warbeck.*

Y. *Thor.* Hah !

Suf. Even ſo : diſſemble not ; 'tis too apparent. Then in his look I read it : deny it not ; I ſee't apparent : coſt it my undoing, and unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Y. *Thor.* Not until when ?

Suf. Till he and you be Friends.

Was this your cunning? and then flam me off
With an old Witch, two Wives, and *Winnifride?*
Y'are not ſo kinde indeed as I imagin'd.

Y. *Thor.* And you more fond by far then I expected.

It is a vertue that attends thy kinde.
But of our buſineſs within: and by this kiſs,
I'll anger thee no more; troth Chuck I will not.

Suſ. You ſhall have no juſt cauſe.

Y. *Thor.* Dear *Sue*, I ſhall not. *Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scæn. I.

Enter Cuddy Banks, *and Morice-dancers.*

1. NAy, *Cuddy*, prithee do not leave us now: if we part all this might, we ſhall not meet before day.

1. I prithee *Banks*, let's keep together now.

Clow. If you were wiſe, a word would ſerve: but as you are, I muſt be forc'd to tell you again, I have a little private buſineſs, an hours work; it may prove but an half hours, as luck may ſerve; and then I take horſe and along with you. Have we e're a Witch in the Morice?

1. No, no; no womans part, but Maid-marian, and the Hobby-horſe.

Clow. I'll have a Witch; I love a Witch.

1. Faith, Witches themſelves are ſo common now adays, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They

ſay we have three or four in *Edmonton*, beſides Mother *Sawyer*.

2. I would ſhe would dance her part with us.

3. So would not I; for if ſhe comes, the Devil and all comes along with her.

Clow. Well, I'll have a Witch: I have lov'd a Witch ever ſince I play'd at Cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horſe dreſs'd: give him Oats; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it firſt?

2. To Sir *Arthur Clarington's* firſt, then whither thou wilt.

Clow. Well, I am content: but we muſt up to *Carter's*, the rich Yeoman. I muſt be ſeen on Hobby-horſe there.

1. O, I ſmell him now: I'll lay my ears *Banks* is in love, and that's the reaſon he would walk melancholy by himſelf.

Clow. Hah! who was that ſaid I was in love?

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

Clow. Go to: no more of that. When I underſtand what you ſpeak, I know what you ſay: believe that.

1. Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it: I meant no hurt in't. I have ſeen you walk up to *Carter's* of *Cheſſum*. *Banks*, were you not there laſt Shrovetide?

Clow. Yes, I was ten days together there the laſt Shrovetide.

2. How could that be, when there are but ſeven dayes in the week?

Clow. Prithee peace, I reckon *ſtila nova*, as a Traveller: thou underſtandeſt as a freſh-water Farmer, that never ſaweſt a week beyond Sea. Ask any Souldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How doſt thou think they riſe in high *Germany*, *Italy*, and thoſe remoter places?

3. I, but ſimply there are but ſeven days in the week yet.

Clow. No, ſimply as thou underſtandeſt. Prithee, look but in the Lover's Almanack, when he has been but three days abſent; Oh, ſays he, I have not ſeen my Love theſe ſeven yeers: there's a long cut. When he comes to her again, and embraces her, O, ſays he, now methinks I am in Heaven; and that's a pretty ſtep: he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey. You may ride a hundred days in a Caroch, and be further off then when you ſet forth. But I pray you, good Morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1. Well, ſince he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

Omn. But remember, *Banks.*

Clow. The Hobby-horſe ſhall be remembred. But hark you: get *Poldavis*, the Barber's Boy for the Witch; becauſe he can ſhew his Art better then another. *Exeunt.*

Well, now to my walk. I am neer the place where I ſhould meet I know not what: ſay I meet a Thief, I muſt follow him, if to the Gallows: ſay I meet a Horſe, or Hare, or Hound, ſtill I muſt follow; ſome ſlow-pac'd Beaſt, I hope: yet Love is full of lightneſs in the heavieſt Lovers. Ha! my Guide is come. A Water-Dog. I am thy firſt man, Sculler: I go with thee: ply no other but my ſelf: away with the Boat: land me but at *Katherine*'s Dock, my ſweet *Katherine*'s Dock, and I'll be a Fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt, thou know'ſt the way better then I. Fine gentle Cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a ducking, Spaniel; thou ſhalt fetch me the Ducks, pretty kinde Raſcal.

Enter Spirit in ſhape of Katherine, *vizarded, and takes it off.*

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own eſſential horror,
And take the ſhape of a ſweet lovely Maid

Whom this Fool doats on. We can meet his folly,
But from his Vertues muſt be Run-aways.
We'll ſport with him: but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive: th' Witch pays for all.
(*Dog barks.*

Clow. I? is that the watch-word? She's come. Well, if ever we be married, it ſhall be at *Barking*-Church, in memory of thee. Now, come behinde, kinde Cur.

And have I met thee, ſweet *Kate?*
I will teach thee to walk ſo late.

O ſee, we meet in Metre. What? doſt thou trip from me? Oh that I were upon my Hobby-horſe, I would mount after thee ſo nimble. Stay, Nymph, ſtay, Nymph, ſing'd *Apollo*: tarry and kiſs me; ſweet Nymph ſtay: tarry and kiſs me, Sweet. We will to *Cheſſum-ſtreet*, and then to the houſe ſtands in the high-way. Nay by your leave, I muſt embrace you. Oh help, help, I am drown'd, I am drown'd.

Ex. Spir. and Banks.

Enter wet.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. This was an ill night to go a wooing in; I finde it now in *Pond's* Almanack: thinking to land at *Katherine's* Dock, I was almoſt at *Gravesend.* I'll never go to a Wench in the Dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this Dog-trick? a mangie take that black hide of yours: I'll throw you in at *Limehouſe* in ſome Tanner's Pit or other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. How now? who's that laughs at me? Hiſt to him [*Dog barks.*] Peace, peace; thou didſt but thy kinde neither. 'Twas my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou truſteſt the Devil another time.

Clow. How now? who's that ſpeaks? I hope you have not your reading Tongue about you.

Dog. Yes, I can ſpeak.

Clow. The Devil you can. You have read *Eſop's* Fables then; I have play'd one of your parts then; the Dog that catch'd at the ſhadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little: What might one call your name, *Dog?*

Dog. My Dame calls me *Tom.*

Clow. 'Tis well; and ſhe may call me *Aſs*: ſo there's an whole one betwixt us, *Tom-Aſs.* She ſaid, I ſhould follow you, indeed. Well, *Tom*, give me thy fiſt; we are Friends: you ſhall be mine Ingle: I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of theſe ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved. Cheriſh me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

Clow. Well, you ſhall have Jowls and Livers: I have Butchers to my Friends that ſhall beſtow 'em: and I will keep Cruſts and Bones for you, if you'll be a kinde Dog, *Tom.*

Dog. Any thing: I'll help thee to thy Love.

Clow. Wilt thou? That promiſe ſhall coſt me a brown Loaf, though I ſteal it out of my Father's Cupboard. You'll eat ſtollen Goods, *Tom*, will you not?

Dog. Oh beſt of all. The ſweeteſt bits, thoſe.

Clow. You ſhall not ſtarve, *Ningle Tom*; believe that, if you love Fiſh, I'll help you to Maids and Soles. I'm acquainted with a Fiſhmonger.

Dog. Maids and Soles? Oh, ſweet bits! Banquetting ſtuff, thoſe.

Clow. One thing I would requeſt you, *Ningle*, as you have play'd the Knaviſh Cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongſt our Morrice-Dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing: I'll be there, but unſeen

to any but thy ſelf. Get thee gone before: feare not my preſence. I have work to night. I ſerve more Maſters, more Dames then one.

Clow. He can ſerve *Mammon* and the Devil too.

Dog. It ſhall concern thee, and thy Loves purchaſe:

There's a gallant Rival loves the Maid;
And likely is to have her. Mark what a miſchief
Before the Morrice ends, ſhall light on him.

Clow. Oh ſweet *Ningle*, thy neuſe once again. Friends muſt part for a time: farewel, with this remembrance; ſhalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honeſt Devil, 'twill be the Devil of *Edmonton*, I ſee. Farewell *Tom.* I prithee dog me as ſoon as thou canſt. *Ex.* Banks.

Dog. I'll not miſs thee, and be merry with thee. Thoſe that are joys denied, muſt take delight
In ſins and miſchiefs, 'tis the Devil's right. *Ex. Dog.*

Enter Young Thorney, Winnifride *as a Boy.*

Frank. Prithee no more: thoſe tears give nouriſhment
To weeds and briers in me, which ſhortly will
O'regrow and top my head: my ſhame will ſit
And cover all that can be ſeen of me.

Win. I have not ſhewn this cheek in company,
Pardon me now; thus ſingled with your ſelf,
It calls a thouſand ſorrows round about.
Some going before, and ſome on either ſide;
But infinite behinde: all chain'd together.
Your ſecond adulterous Marriage leads;
That's the ſad Eclipſe, the effects muſt follow.
As, plagues of ſhame, ſpight, ſcorn, and obloquy.

Y. Tho. Why? haſt thou not left one hours patience
To add to all the reſt? One hour bears us

Beyond the reach of all theſe Enemies.
Are we not now ſet forward in the flight,
Provided with the Dowry of my ſin,
To keep us in ſome other Nation?
While we together are, we are at home
In any place.

Win. 'Tis fowl ill gotten coyn,
Far worſe then Uſury or Extortion.

Y. *Thor.* Let my Father then make the reſtitution,
Who forc'd me take the bribe: it is his gift
And patrimony to me; ſo I receive it.
He would not bleſs, nor look a Father on me,
Until I ſatisfied his angry will.
When I was ſold, I ſold my ſelf again
(Some Knaves have done't in Lands, and I in Body)
For money, and I have the hire. But, ſweet, no more,
'Tis hazard of diſcovery, our diſcourſe;
And then prevention takes off all our hopes.
For only but to take her leave of me,
My Wife is coming.

Win. Who coming? your Wife?

Y. *Tho.* No, no, thou art here: the woman; I knew
Not how to call her now: but after this day
She ſhall be quite forgot, and have no name
In my remembrance. See, ſee, ſhe's come.

Enter Suſan.

Go lead the horſes to the hills top, there I'll meet thee.

Suſ. Nay, with your favour, let him ſtay a little.
I would part with him too, becauſe he is
Your ſole Companion; and I'll begin with him,
Reſerving you the laſt.

Y. *Thor.* I, with all my heart.

Suſ. You may hear, if it pleaſe you, Sir.

Y. *Thor.* No, 'tis not fit.

Some rudiments, I conceive, they muſt be,
To overlook my ſlippery footings. And ſo.
Suſ. No, indeed, Sir.
Y. *Thor.* Tuſh, I know it muſt be ſo, and 'tis neceſſary.
On, but be brief.
Win. What charge ſo'ere you lay upon me, Miſtreſs,
I ſhall ſupport it faithfully (being honeſt)
To my beſt ſtrength.
Suſ. Believe't ſhall be no other. I know you were
Commended to my husband by a noble Knight.
Win. Oh Gods! Oh, mine eyes!
Suſ. How now? what ailſt thou, Lad?
Win. Something hit mine eye, it makes it water ſtill,
Even as you ſaid, *Commended to my Husband.*
Some door I think it was. I was, forſooth,
Commended to him by Sir *Arthur Clarington.*
Suſ. Whoſe ſervant once my *Thorney* was himſelf.
That title methinks ſhould make you almoſt Fellows,
Or at the leaſt much more then a Servant;
And I am ſure he will reſpect you ſo.
Your love to him then needs no ſpur for me,
And what for my ſake you will ever do;
'Tis fit it ſhould be bought with ſomething more
Then fair entreats. Look here's a Jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton Label for thine ear;
And I would have it hang there, ſtill to whiſper
Theſe words to thee, *Thou haſt my Jewel with thee.*
It is but earneſt of a larger bounty,
When thou returnſt, with praiſes of thy ſervice,
Which I am confident thou wilt deſerve.
Why, thou art many now, beſides thy ſelf:
Thou maiſt be Servant, Friend, and Wife to him.
A good Wife is then all. A Friend can play
The Wife and Servants part, and ſhift enough.

No leſs the Servant can the Friend and Wife.
'Tis all but ſweet ſociety, good counſel,
Enterchang'd loves; yes, and counſel-keeping.
Y. *Thor.* Not done yet?
Suf. Even now, Sir.
Win. Miſtreſs, believe my vow, your ſevere eye
Were it preſent to command; your bounteous hand,
Were it then by to buy or bribe my ſervice,
Shall not make me more dear or neer unto him,
Then I ſhall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, Friend, Wife to him.
Suf. Wilt thou?
Now bleſſings go with thee for't: courteſies
Shall meet thee coming home.
Win. Pray you ſay plainly, Miſtreſs,
Are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.
Suf. Sayſt thou ſo?
I would thou hadſt a womans boſom now.
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas,
There's nothing ſo ſtrong in us as ſuſpicion:
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my *Thorney.*
Win. Believe it, Miſtreſs,
I'll be no Pander to him; and if I finde
Any looſe lubrick ſcapes in him, I'll watch him,
And at my return, proteſt I'll ſhew you all.
He ſhall hardly offend without my knowledge.
Suf. Thine own diligence is that I preſs,
And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewel: if I ſhould never ſee thee more,
Take it for ever.
Y. *Thor.* Prithee take that along with thee,
Gives his ſword.
And haſte thee to the hills top; I'll be there inſtantly.
Ex. Win.
Suf. No haſte I prithee, ſlowly as thou canſt.
Pray let him obey me now: 'tis happily his laſt

Service to me. My power is e'en a going out of
fight.
Y. *Thor.* Why would you delay? we have no
other
Buſineſs now but to part.
Suſ. And will not that, ſweet heart, ask a long
time?
Methinks it is the hardeſt piece of work
That e're I took in hand.
Y. *Thor.* Fie, fie, why look,
I'll make it plain and eaſie to you: Farewel. *Kiſſes.*
Suſ. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet.
I muſt have it read over an hundred times.
Pray you take ſome pains, I confeſs my dulneſs.
Y. *Thor.* What a Thorne this Roſe grows on?
parting were ſweet,
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it?
Come, again and again, farewel. Yet wilt return?
Kiſſes.
All queſtions of my journey, my ſtay, imployment,
And reviſitation, fully I have anſwered all.
There's nothing now behinde, but nothing.
Suſ. And that nothing is more hard then any
thing,
Then all the every things. This Requeſt.
Y. *Thor.* What is it?
Suſ. That I may bring you through one paſture
more
Up to yon knot of trees: amongſt thoſe ſhadows
I'll vaniſh from you, they ſhall teach me how.
Y. *Thor.* Why, 'tis granted: come, walk then.
Suſ. Nay, not too faſt.
They ſay ſlow things have beſt perfection:
The gentle ſhowre wets to fertility.
The churliſh ſtorm may miſchief with his bounty.
The baſer beaſts take ſtrength, even from the
womb:
But the Lord Lion's whelp is feeble long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early miſchief and a ſudden :
The minde's about it now. One touch from me
Soon ſets the body forward.

Enter Young Thorney, Suſan.

Y. Thor. Your requeſt is out : yet will you leave me ?

Suſ. What ? ſo churliſhly ? you'll make me ſtay for ever,
Rather then part with ſuch a ſound from you.

Y. Thor. Why you almoſt anger me. Pray you be gone.
You have no company, and 'tis very early ;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Suſ. Tuſh, I fear none.
To leave you, is the greateſt hurt I can ſuffer :
Beſides, I expect your Father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.
They began to ſtir when I came after you :
I know they'll not be long.

Y. Thor. So, I ſhall have more trouble.
Dog rubs him.
Thank you for that. Then I'll eaſe all at once.
'Tis done now ; what I ne'er thought on. You ſhall not go back.

Suſ. Why ? ſhall I go along with thee ? ſweet muſick !

Y. Thor. No, to a better place.

Suſ. Any place, I :
I'm there at home, where thou pleaſeſt to have me.

Y. Thor. At home ? I'll leave you in your laſt lodging.
I muſt kill you.

Suſ. Oh fine ! you'ld fright me from you.

Y. Thor. You ſee I had no purpoſe : I'm unarm'd.

'Tis this minutes decree, and it muſt be. Look, this will ſerve your turn.

Suſ. I'll not turn from it, if you be earſt, Sir.

Yet you may tell me wherefore you'll kill me.

Y. *Thor.* Becauſe you are a whore.

Suſ. There's one deep wound already : a whore ?

'Twas even further from me then the thought

Of this black hour : a whore ?

Y. *Thor.* Yes, I'll prove it,

And you ſhall confeſs it. You are my whore,

No wife of mine. The word admits no ſecond.

I was before wedded to another, have her ſtill.

I do not lay the ſin unto your charge,

'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft.

For I eſpous'd your dowry, and I have it :

I did not purpoſe to have added murther ;

The Devil did not prompt me : till this minute

You might have ſafe returned ; now you cannot :

You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*

Suſ. And I deſerve it.

I'm glad my fate was ſo intelligent.

'Twas ſome good Spirits motion. Die ? Oh, 'twas time !

How many years might I have ſlept in ſin ?

Sin of my moſt hatred too, Adultery ?

Y. *Thor.* Nay, ſure 'twas likely that the moſt was paſt ;

For I meant never to return to you

After this parting.

Suſ. Why then I thank you more,

You have done lovingly, leaving your ſelf,

That you would thus beſtow me on another.

Thou art my Husband, Death, and I embrace thee

With all the love I have. Forget the ſtain

Of my unwitting ſin : and then I come

A Chryſtal Virgin to thee. My Soul's purity

Shall with bold Wings aſcend the Doors of Mercy ;

For Innocence is ever her Companion.

Y. *Thor.* Not yet mortal? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab.
Suf. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worſe for me.
I did not think that death had been ſo ſweet;
Nor I ſo apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I ſtaid forty yeers for preparation:
For I'm in charity with all the World.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven;
Do to this man as I him free forgive.
And may he better die, and better live. *Moritur.*
Y. *Tho.* 'Tis done; and I am in: once paſt our height,
We ſcorn the deepſt Abyſs. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dreſſing of the Weapon:
Arms, thighs, hands, any place; we muſt not fail,
[*Wounds himſelf.*
Light ſcratches giving ſuch deep ones. The beſt I can
To binde my ſelf to this Tree. Now's the ſtorm,
Which if blown o're, many fair days may follow.
[*Dog ties him.*
So, ſo, I'm faſt; I did not think I could
Have done ſo well behinde me. How proſperous
And effectual miſchief ſometimes is? Help, help;
Murther, murther, murther.

Enter Carter, *and Old* Thorney.

Cart. Ha! Whom tolls the Bell for?
Y. *Thor.* Oh, oh!
O. *Thor.* Ah me! the cauſe appears too ſoon: my Child, my Son.
Cart. Sufan, Girl, Child. Not ſpeak to thy Father? Hah!
Y. *Tho.* O lend me ſome aſſiſtance to o'retake this hapleſs woman.
O. *Thor.* Let's o'retake the murtherers. Speak whilſt thou canſt; anon may be too late. I fear thou haſt deaths mark upon thee too.

Y. *Thor.* I know them both; yet ſuch an Oath is paſs'd,
As pulls damnation up if it be broke;
I dare not name 'em: think what forc'd men do.

O. *Thor.* Keep oath with murtherers? that were a conſcience to hold the Devil in.

Y. *Thor.* Nay, Sir, I can deſcribe 'em;
Shall ſhew them as familiar as their names.
The Taller of the two at this time wears
His Satten-doublet white, but Crimſon lin'd;
Hoſe of black Satten, Cloak of Scarlet.

O. *Thor.* *Warbeck*, *Warbeck*, *Warbeck*: Do you liſt to this, Sir?

Cart. Yes, yes, I liſten you: here's nothing to be heard.

Y. *Thor.* Th' others Cloak branch'd Velvet black,
Velvet lin'd his Suit.

O. *Thor.* I have 'em already: *Somerton*, *Somerton*.
Binal revenge, all this. Come, Sir, the firſt work
Is to purſue the Murtherers, when we have remov'd
Theſe mangled bodies hence.

Cart. Sir, take that Carcaſe there, and give me this.
I'll not own her now; ſhe's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb ſhew? No, I'll have life.
This is my Son too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine; take you halfe that ſilence for't.
When I ſpeak, I look to be ſpoken to: forgetful Slut?

O. *Thor.* Alas! what grief may do now?
Look, Sir, I'll take this load of ſorrow with me.

Cart. I, do, and I'll have this. How do you, Sir?

Y. *Thor.* O, very ill, Sir.

Cart. Yes, I think ſo; but 'tis well you can ſpeak yet.
There's no muſick but in ſound, ſound it muſt be.
I have not wept theſe twenty yeers before,

And that I gueſs was e're that Girl was born :
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's ſo full, I could weep night and day.
Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, Warbeck, Somerton.

Sir Art. Come, Gentlemen, we muſt all help to grace
The nimble-footed youth of *Edmonton*,
That are ſo kinde to call us up to day
With an high Morrice.

Warb. I could wiſh it for the beſt, it were the worſt now.
Abſurditie's in my opinion ever the beſt Dancer in a Morrice.

Som. I could rather ſleep then ſee 'em.

Sir Art. Not well, Sir ?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden ; yet I know no cauſe for't.

Warb. Now am I beyond mine own condition highly diſpos'd to mirth.

Sir Art. Well, you may yet have a Morrice to help both ;
To ſtrike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter Fidler and Morrice ; all but Banks.

Fidl. Come, will you ſet your ſelves in Morrice-ray ? the fore-Bell, ſecond Bell, Tenor and Great Bell ; Maid-marion for the ſame Bell. But where's the Weather-cock now ? the Hobby-horſe ?

1. Is not *Banks* come yet ? What a ſpight 'tis ?

Sir Art. When ſet you forward, Gentlemen ?

1. We ſtay but for the Hobby-horſe, Sir : all our Footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your Horſe ſhould be behinde your Foot.

2. Yes, Sir: he goes further about: we can come in at the Wicket, but the broad Gate muſt be opened for him.

Enter Banks, *Hobby-horſe and Dog.*

Sir Art. Oh, we ſtaid for you, Sir.

Clow. Onely my Horſe wanted a Shooe, Sir: but we ſhall make you amends e're we part.

Sir Art. I? well ſaid, make 'em drink e're they begin.

Ent. ſerv. with beer.

Clow. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my Horſe, he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I muſt drink to him, he'll not pledge elſe. Here Hobby. [*Holds him the bowl.*] I pray you: No? not drink? You ſee, Gentlemen, we can but bring our horſe to the Water; he may chuſe whether he'll drink or no.

Som. A good Moral made plain by Hiſtory.

1. Strike up, Father *Sawgut*, ſtrike up.

Fidl. E'en when you will, Children. Now in the name of the beſt foot forward. How now? not a word in thy Guts? I think, Children, my Inſtrument has caught cold on the ſudden.

Clow. My *Ningle*'s knavery: black *Tom*'s doing.

Omn. Why what mean you, Father *Sawgut*?

Clow. Why what would you have him do? You hear his Fiddle is ſpeechleſs.

Fidl. I'll lay mine Ear to my Inſtrument, that my poor Fiddle is bewitch'd. I play'd *The Flowers in* May, e'en now, as ſweet as a Violet; now 'twill not go againſt the hair: you ſee I can make no more Muſick then a Beetle of a Cow-turd.

Clow. Let me ſee, Father *Sawgut*, ſay, once you had a brave Hobby-horſe, that you were beholding

to. I'll play and dance too. *Ningle*, away with it.

[*Dog plays the Morrice; which ended, enter a Conſtable and Officers.*

Omn. I marry, Sir!

Conſt. Away with jollity, 'tis too ſad an hour.
Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your own aſſiſtance,
In the Kings Name, I charge, for apprehenſion
Of theſe two Murderers, *Warbeck* and *Somerton*.

Sir Art. Ha! flat Murtherers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha, this has awakened my melancholy.

Warb. And ſtruck my mirth down flat. Murtherers?

Conſt. The accuſation is flat againſt you, Gentlemen.
Sir, you may be ſatisfied with this. I hope
You'll quietly obey my power;
'Twill make your cauſe the fairer.

Ambo. Oh! with all our hearts, Sir.

Clow. There's my Rival taken up for Hang-man's meat. *Tom* told me he was about a piece of Villany. Mates and Morrice-men, you ſee here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of Murder has ſlain the Morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well: I am for a Gallop. Come, *Ningle*. *Exe.*

Fidl. [*Strikes his Fiddle.*] I? Nay and my Fiddle be come to himſelf again, I care not. I think the Devil has been abroad amongſt us to day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now if I can. *Exe.*

Sir Art. Theſe things are full of horror, full of pity.
But if this time be conſtant to the proof,
The guilt of both theſe Gentlemen I dare take
Upon mine own danger; yet howſoever, Sir,
Your power muſt be obey'd.

Warb. Oh moſt willingly, Sir.
'Tis a moſt ſweet affliction. I could not meet
A joy in the beſt ſhape with better will.
Come, fear not, Sir ; nor Judge, nor Evidence,
Can binde him o're, who's freed by conſcience.
Sem. Mine ſtands ſo upright to the middle Zone,
It takes no ſhadow to't, it goes alone. *Exeunt.*

Act. IV. Scæn. I.

Enter Old Banks, *and two or three Country-men.*

O. *Bank.* MY Horſe this morning runs moſt pitiouſly of the Glaunders, whoſe noſe yeſternight was as clean as any Man's here now coming from the Barbers ; and this I'll take my death upon't is long of this Jadiſh Witch, Mother *Sawyer.*

1. I took my Wife and a Servingman in our Town of *Edmonton,* thraſhing in my Barn together, ſuch Corn as Country-Wenches carry to Market ; and examining my Polecat why ſhe did ſo, ſhe ſwore in her conſcience ſhe was bewitch'd : and what Witch have we about us, but Mother *Sawyer* ?

2. Rid the Town of her, elſe all our Wives will do nothing elſe but dance about other Country Maypoles.

3. Our Cattel fall, our Wives fall, our Daughters

fall, and Maid-ſervants fall; and we our ſelves ſhall not be able to ſtand, if this Beaſt be ſuffered to graze amongſt us.

Enter W. Hamlac, *with Thatch and a Link.*

Haml. Burn the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

Omn. What haſt got there?

Homl. A handful of Thatch pluck'd off a Hovel of hers: and they ſay, when 'tis burning, if ſhe be a Witch, ſhe'll come running in.

O. *Bank.* Fire it, fire it: I'll ſtand between thee and home for any danger.

As that burns, enter the Witch.

Sawy. Diſeaſes, Plagues; the curſe of an old Woman follow and fall upon you.

Omn. Are you come, you old Trot?

O. *Bank.* You hot Whore, muſt we fetch you with fire in your tail?

1. This Thatch is as good as a Jury to prove ſhe is a Witch.

Omn. Out Witch; beat her, kick her, ſet fire on her.

Sawy. Shall I be murthered by a bed of Serpents? help, help!

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, *and a Juſtice.*

Omn. Hang her, beat her, kill her.

Juſt. How now? Forbear this violence.

Sawy. A crew of Villains, a knot of bloody Hangmen ſet to torment me I know not why.

Juſt. Alas, neighbour *Banks*, are you a Ringleader in miſchief? Fie, to abuſe an aged woman!

O. *Bank.* Woman? a She-hell-cat, a Witch: to prove her one, we no ſooner ſet fire on the Thatch of her Houſe, but in ſhe came running, as if the Devil

had ſent her in a Barrel of Gunpowder ; which trick as ſurely proves her a Witch, as the Pox in a ſnuffling noſe, is a ſign a Man is a Whore-maſter.

Juſt. Come, come ; firing her Thatch ? ridiculous : take heed Sirs what you do : unleſs your proofs come better arm'd, inſtead of turning her into a Witch, you'll prove your ſelves ſtarke Fools.

Omn. Fools ?

Juſt. Arrant Fools.

O. *Bank.* Pray, Mr. Juſtice what do you call 'em, hear me but in one thing : This grumbling Devil owes me I know no good will ever ſince I fell out with her.

Sawy. And brakedſt my back with beating me.

O. *Bank.* I'll break it worſe.

Sawy. Wilt thou ?

Juſt. You muſt not threaten her : 'tis againſt Law. Go on.

O. *Bank.* So, Sir, ever ſince, having a Dun-Cow tied up in my Back-ſide, let me go thither, or but caſt mine eye at her, and if I ſhould be hang'd I cannot chuſe, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the Cow, and taking up her tail, kiſs (ſaving your Worſhip's Reverence) my Cow behinde ; That the whole Town of *Edmonton* has been ready to bepiſs themſelves with laughing me to ſcorn.

Juſt. And this is long of her ?

O. *Bank.* Who the Devil elſe ? for is any man ſuch an Aſs, to be ſuch a Baby, if he were not bewitch'd ?

Sir Art. Nay, if ſhe be a Witch, and the harms ſhe does end in ſuch ſports, ſhe may ſcape burning.

Juſt. Go, go ; pray vex her not : ſhe is a Subject, and you muſt not be Judges of the Law to ſtrike her as you pleaſe.

Omn. No, no, we'll finde cudgel enough to ſtrike her.

O. *Bank.* I, no lips to kiſs but my Cows ——?

Exeunt.

Sawy. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine.

Juſt. Here's none now, Mother *Sawyer*, but this Gentleman, my ſelf and you; let us to ſome milde Queſtions, have you milde Anſwers? Tell us honeſtly, and with a free confeſſion, (we'll do our beſt to wean you from it) are you a Witch, or no?

Sawy. I am none.

Juſt. Be not ſo furious.

Sawy. I am none. None but baſe Curs ſo bark at me. I am none. Or would I were: if every poor old Woman be trod on thus by ſlaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten, as I am daily, ſhe to be reveng'd had need turn Witch.

Sir Art. And you to be reveng'd have ſold your Soul to th' Devil.

Sawy. Keep thine own from him.

Juſt. You are too ſawcie, and too bitter.

Sawy. Sawcie? by what commiſſion can he ſend my Soul on the Divel's Errand, more then I can his? is he a Landlord of my Soul, to thruſt it when he liſt out of door?

Juſt. Know whom you ſpeak to.

Sawy. A Man: perhaps, no Man. Men in gay clothes, whoſe Backs are laden with Titles and Honours, are within far more crooked then I am; and if I be a Witch, more Witch-like.

Sir Art. Y'are a baſe Hell-hound. And now, Sir, let me tell you, Far and neer ſhee's bruited for a woman that maintains a Spirit that ſucks her.

Sawy. I defie thee.

Sir Art. Go, go, I can, if need be, bring an hundred voyces e'en here in *Edmonton*, that ſhall lowd proclaim thee for a ſecret and pernicious Witch.

Sawy. Ha, ha!

Juſt. Do you laugh? why laugh you?

Sawy. At my name: the brave name this Knight gives me, Witch.

Juſt. Is the Name of Witch ſo pleaſing to thine Ear?

Sir Art. Pray, Sir, give way, and let her Tongue gallop on.

Sawy. A Witch? who is not?
Hold not that univerſal Name in ſcorne then.
What are your painted things in Princes Courts?
Upon whoſe Eye-lids Luſt ſits blowing fires
To burn Mens Souls in ſenſual hot deſires:
Upon whoſe naked Paps, a Leachers thought
Acts Sin in fouler ſhapes then can be wrought.

Juſt. But thoſe work not as you do.

Sawy. No, but far worſe:
Theſe, by Inchantments, can whole Lordſhips change
To Trunks of rich Attire: turn Ploughs and Teams
To *Flanders* Mares and Coaches; and huge trains
Of ſervitors, to a *French* Butter-Flie.
Have you not City-witches who can turn
Their husbands wares, whole ſtanding ſhops of wares,
To ſumptuous Tables, Gardens of ſtoln ſin?
In one yeer waſting, what ſcarce twenty win.
Are not theſe Witches?

Juſt. Yes, yes, but the Law
Caſts not an eye on theſe.

Sawy. Why then on me,
Or any lean old Beldame? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age. Now an old woman
Ill-favour'd grown with yeers, if ſhe be poor,
Muſt be call'd Bawd or Witch. Such ſo abus'd
Are the courſe Witches: t'other are the fine,
Spun for the Devil's own wearing.

Sir Art. And ſo is thine.

Sawy. She on whoſe tongue a whirlwind ſits to blow

A man out of himſelf, from his ſoft pillow,
To lean his head on Rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that Scold a Witch? The Man of Law
Whoſe honeyed hopes the credulous Client draws,
(As Bees by tinkling Baſons) to ſwarm to him,
From his own Hive, to work the Wax in his;
He is no Witch, not he.

Sir Art. But theſe Men-Witches
Are not in trading with Hells Merchandize,
Like ſuch as you are, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a Coal of fire, kill Men,
Children and Cattel.

Sawy. Tell them, Sir, that do ſo:
Am I accus'd for ſuch an one?

Sir Art. Yes, 'twill be ſworn.

Sawy. Dare any ſwear I ever tempted Maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chaſtity,
To come and loſe her honour? and being loſt,
To pay not a Denier for't? Some ſlaves have done it.
Men-witches can without the Fangs of Law,
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit pieces
Away for true Gold.

Sir Art. By one thing ſhe ſpeaks,
I know now ſhe's a Witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the Fury.

Juſt. Let's then away:
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

Exeunt.

Sawy. For his confuſion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy welcome.
I am torn in pieces by a pack of Curs
Clap'd all upon me, and for want of thee:
Comfort me: thou ſhalt have the Teat anon.

Dog. Bough wough: I'll have it now.

Sawy. I am dri'd up

With curſing and with madneſs ; and have yet
No blood to moyſten theſe ſweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kiſs me, my *Tommy*,
And rub away ſome wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to ſhrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What haſt thou done? Let's tickle,
Haſt thou ſtruck the horſe lame as I bid thee?

Dog. Yes, and nip'd the ſucking-childe.

Sawy. Ho, ho, my dainty.
My little Pearl. No Lady loves her Hound,
Monkey, or Parakeet, as I do thee.

Dog. The Maid has been churming Butter nine hours ; but it ſhall not come.

Sawy. Let 'em eat Cheeſe and choak.

Dog. I had rare ſport
Among the Clowns i'th' Morrice.

Sawy. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my Curl-pate,
That Jade, that foul-tongu'd whore, *Nan Ratcliff*,
Who for a little Soap lick'd by my Sow,
Struck, and almoſt had lam'd it ; Did not I charge thee,
To pinch that Quean to th' heart?

Dog. Bough, wough, wough : Look here elſe.

Enter Anne Ratcliff *mad.*

Ratc. See, ſee, ſee ; the Man i'th' Moon has built a new Windmill, and what running there's from all quarters of the City to learn the Art of Grinding!

Sawy. Ho, ho, ho ! I thank thee, my ſweet Mungrel.

Ratc. Hoyda ! a-pox of the Devil's falſe Hopper ! all the golden Meal runs into the rich Knaves purſes, and the poor have nothing but Bran. Hey derry down ! Are not you Mother *Sawyer*?

Sawy. No, I am a Lawyer.

Ratc. Art thou? I prithee let me ſcratch thy

Face; for thy Pen has flea'd off a great many mens skins. You'll have brave doings in the Vacation; for Knaves and Fools are at variance in every Village. I'll fue Mother *Sawyer*, and her own Sow ſhall give in evidence againſt her.

Sawy. Touch her.

Ratc. Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hoſe, and they break. There's a *Lancaſhire* Horn-pipe in my throat: hark how it tickles it, with Doodle, Doodle, Doodle, Doodle. Welcome Serjeants: welcome Devil. Hands, hands; hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round.

Enter Old Banks, *his Son the Clown, Old* Ratcliff, *Country-fellows.*

O. *Ratc.* She's here; alas, my poor wife is here.

O. *Bank.* Catch her faſt, and have her into ſome cloſe Chamber do, for ſhe's as many Wives are, ſtark mad.

Clow. The witch, Mother *Sawyer*, the witch, the devil. [*Car. her off.*

O. *Ratc.* O my dear Wife! help, Sirs!

O. *Bank.* You ſee your work, Mother *Bumby*.

Saw. My work? ſhould ſhe & all you here run mad, is the work mine?

Clow. No, on my conſcience, ſhe would not hurt a Devil of two yeers old.

Enter Old Ratcliff, *and the reſt.*

How now? what's become of her?

O. *Ratc.* Nothing: ſhe's become nothing, but the miſerable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as Reeds in a mighty Tempeſt: ſpight of our ſtrengths, away ſhe brake; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but the Devil, the Witch, the Witch, the Devil; ſhe beat out her own brains, and ſo died.

Clow. It's any Man's caſe, be he never ſo wiſe, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

O. *Banks.* Maſters, be rul'd by me; let's all to a Juſtice. Hag, thou haſt done this, and thou ſhalt anſwer it.

Sawy. *Banks*, I defie thee.

O. *Bank.* Get a Warrant firſt to examine her, then ſhip her to *Newgate*: here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a Witch. You have a Spirit, they ſay, comes to you in the likeneſs of a Dog; we ſhall ſee your Cur at one time or other: if we do, unleſs it be the Devil himſelf, he ſhall go howling to the Goal in one chain, and thou in another.

Sawy. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worſt.

Clow. How, Father? you ſend the poor dumb thing howling to th' Goal? He that makes him howl, makes me roar.

O. *Bank.* Why, fooliſh Boy, doſt thou know him?

Clow. No matter, if I do or not. He's baylable I am ſure by Law. But if the Dog's word will not be taken, mine ſhall.

O. *Bank.* Thou Bayl for a Dog?

Clow. Yes, or a Bitch either, being my Friend. I'll lie by the heels my ſelf, before Puppiſon ſhall: his Dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

O. *Bank.* What manner of Dog is it? didſt ever ſee him?

Clow. See him? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The Dog is no Court foyſting Hound, that fills his belly full by baſe wagging his tayl; neither is it a Citizens Water-Spaniel, enticing his Maſter to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilſt his Wife makes Ducks and Drakes at home: this is no *Paris*-Garden Bandog neither, that keeps a Bough, wough, woughing, to have Butchers bring their Curs thither; and when all comes to all, they

run away like Sheep: neither is this the black Dog of *New-gate.*

O. *Bank.* No, Good-man Son-fool, but the Dog of Hell-gate.

Clow. I ſay, Good-man Father-fool, it's a lye.

Omn. He's bewitch'd.

Clow. A groſs lye as big as my ſelf. The Devil in St. *Dunſtan's* will as ſoon drink with this poor Cur, as with any Temple Bar-Laundress, that waſhes and wrings Lawyers.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Omn. O the Dog's here, the Dog's here.

O. *Bank.* It was the voice of a Dog.

Clow. The voice of a Dog? if that voice were a Dog's, what voice had my Mother? ſo am I a Dog: bough, wough, wough: it was I that bark'd ſo, Father, to make Cocks-combs of theſe Clowns.

O. *Bank.* However, we'll be Cocks-comb'd no longer; away therefore to th' Juſtice for a Warrant; and then, Gammer *Gurton*, have at your Needle of Witch-craft.

Sawy. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peeviſh Fools. *Exe.*

Clow. Ningle, you had like to have ſpoyl'd all with your Boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my Dog-tricks, on a ſudden, I am bewitch'd, little Coſt-me-nought, to love thee—a Pox, that Morrice makes me ſpit in thy mouth. I dare not ſtay. Farewel, *Ningle*; you whoreſon Dogs-noſe. Farewel Witch. *Exit.*

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Sawy. Minde him not, he's not worth thy worrying: run at a fairer Game: that fowl-mouth'd Knight, ſcurvy Sir *Arthur*, flie at him, my *Tommy*; and pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there a Dog already biting's conſcience.

Sawy. That's a ſure Blood-hound. Come, let's home and play.
Our black work ended, we'll make holiday. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Katherine : *a Bed thruſt forth, on it* Frank *in a ſlumber.*

Kat. Brother, Brother ! So ſound aſleep ? that's well.
Frank. No, not I, Siſter : he that's wounded here,
As I am ; (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.
Kat. My good ſweet Brother,
(For now my Siſter muſt grow up in you)
Though her loſs ſtrikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by ſeeing you caſt away
In your own helpleſs ſorrow. Good Love, ſit up :
And if you can give Phyſick to your ſelf,
I ſhall be well.
Frank. I'll do my beſt.
Kat. I thank you. What do you look about for ?
Frank. Nothing, nothing ; but I was thinking, Siſter.
Kat. Dear heart, what ?
Fran. Who but a fool would thus be bound to a bed,
Having this Room to walk in ?
Kat. Why do you talk ſo ? would you were faſt aſleep.
Frank. No, no, I'm not idle :
But here's my meaning : being rob'd as I am,
Why ſhould my Soul, which married was to hers,

Live in divorce, and not flie after her?
Why ſhould not I walk hand in hand with death
To finde my Love out?
Kat. That were well, indeed.
Your time being come, when death is ſent to call you,
No doubt you ſhall meet her.
Frank. Why ſhould not I go without calling?
Kat. Yes, Brother, ſo you might, were there no place
To go to when y'are gone, but onely this.
Frank. Troth, Siſter, thou ſayſt true:
For when a man has been an hundred yeers,
Hard travelling o're the tottering bridge of age,
He's not the thouſand part upon his way.
All life is but a wandring to finde home:
When we are gone, we are there. Happy were man,
Could here his Voyage end; he ſhould not then
Anſwer how well or ill he ſteer'd his Soul,
By Heaven's or by Hell's Compaſs; how he put in
(Looſing bleſs'd Goodneſs ſhore) at ſuch a ſin;
Nor how life's dear proviſion he has ſpent:
Nor how far he in's Navigation went
Beyond Commiſſion. This were a fine Raign,
To do ill, and not hear of it again.
Yet then were Man more wretched then a Beaſt:
For, Siſter our dead pay is ſure the beſt.
Kat. 'Tis ſo; the beſt or worſt. And I wiſh Heaven
To pay (and ſo I know it will) that Traytor,
That Devil *Somerton* (who ſtood in mine eye
Once as an Angel) home to his deſervings.
What Villain but himſelf, once loving me,
With *Warbeck's* Soul would pawn his own to Hell,
To be reveng'd on my poor Siſter?
Frank. Slaves! a pair of mercileſs Slaves!
Speak no more of them.
Kate. I think this talking hurts you.
Frank. Does me no good, I'm ſure,

I pay for't everywhere.

Kat. I have done then.

Eat, if you cannot ſleep: you have theſe two days
Not taſted any food. *Jane*, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kat. I have made ready a roſted Chicken for you.

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty ſtomach on a ſudden—yes—
There's one in the houſe can play upon a Lute:
Good Girl, let's hear him too.

Kat. You ſhall, dear Brother. *Lute plays.*

Would I were a Muſician, you ſhould hear
How I would feaſt your ear.
Stay, mend your Pillow, and raiſe you higher.

Frank. I am up too high: am I not, Siſter, now;

Kat. No, no; 'tis well: fall to, fall to. A Knife: here's never a Knife, Brother, I'll look out yours.

Enter Dog, ſhrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Siſter, O Siſter, I am ill upon a ſudden; and can eat nothing.

Kat. In very deed you ſhall. The want of Food makes you ſo faint. Ha! here's none in your pocket. I'll go fetch a Knife. *Exit.*

Frank. Will you? 'Tis well, all's well.

[*She gone, he ſearches firſt one, then the other Pocket. A Knife found. Dog runs off. He lies on one ſide: the Spirit of* Suſan *his ſecond Wife comes to the Beds-ſide. He ſtares at it; and turning to the other ſide, it's there too. In the mean time,* Winnifride *as a Page comes in, ſtands at his Beds-feet ſadly: he frighted, ſits upright. The Spirit vaniſhes.*

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A loſt Creature.

Frank. So am I too. *Win?* Ah, my She-Page!

Win. For your ſake I put on a ſhape that's falſe; yet do I wear a heart true to you as your own.

Frank. Would mine and thine were Fellows in one houſe. Kneel by me here: on this ſide now? How dar'ſt thou come to mock me on both ſides of my bed?

Win. When?

Frank. But juſt now: out-face me, ſtare upon me with ſtrange poſtures: turn my Soul wilde by a face in which were drawn a thouſand Ghoſts leap'd newly from their Graves, to pluck me into a winding-Sheet.

Win. Believe it, I came no neerer to you then yon place, at your beds-feet; and of the houſe had leave, calling my ſelf your Horſe-boy, in to come, and viſit my ſick Maſter.

Frank. Then 'twas my Fancy. Some Wind-mill in my brains for want of ſleep.

Win. Would I might never ſleep, ſo you could reſt.

But you have pluck'd a Thunder on your head,
Whoſe noiſe cannot ceaſe ſuddainly: why ſhould you
Dance at the wedding of a ſecond wife?
When ſcarce the Muſick which you heard at mine
Had tane a farewel of you. O this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end ſhall want their beſt Limbs.

Frank. *Winnifride*, the Chamber door faſt?

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down;
And when th'aſt heard me ſpeak, melt into tears:
Yet I to ſave thoſe eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a Story of us two,
In ſtead of Ink, dip'd my ſad Pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad.
Onely for Pillage, as a Freebooter,
What Gold ſoere I got, to make it thine.
To pleaſe a Father, I have Heaven diſpleaſ'd.

Striving to caſt two wedding Rings in one,
Through my bad workmanſhip I now have none.
I have loſt her and thee.

Win. I know ſhe's dead: but you have me ſtill.

Frank. Nay, her this hand murdered; and ſo I loſe thee too.

Win. Oh me!

Frank. Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,
Jurie and Judge: ſit quiet, and I'll tell all.

As they whiſper, enter at one end o' th' Stage Old Carter *and* Katharine, Dog *at th' other, pawing ſoftly at* Frank.

Kat. I have run madding up and down to find you, being laden with the heavieſt News that ever poor Daughter carried.

Cart. Why? is the Boy dead?

Kat. Dead, Sir! O Father, we are cozen'd: you are told the Murtherer ſings in Priſon, and he laughs here.
This Villaine kil'd my Siſter: ſee elſe, ſee,
A bloody Knife in's Pocket.

Cart. Bleſs me, patience!

Frank. The Knife, the Knife, the Knife!

Kat. What Knife? *Exit Dog.*

Frank. To cut my Chicken up, my Chicken; be you my Carver, Father.

Cart. That I will.

Kat. How the Devil ſteels our brows after doing ill!

Frank. My ſtomack and my ſight are taken from me; all is not well within me.

Cart. I believe thee, Boy: I that have ſeen ſo many Moons clap their Horns on other mens Foreheads to ſtrike them ſick, yet mine to ſcape, and be well! I that never caſt away a Fee upon Urinals, but am as ſound as an honeſt mans Conſcience when hee's

dying, I ſhould cry out as thou doſt, All is not well within me, felt I but the Bag of thy impoſthumes. Ah poor Villaine! Ah my wounded Raſcal! all my grief is, I have now ſmall hope of thee.

Frank. Do the Surgeons ſay, My wounds are dangerous then?

Cart. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Cart. Ile go to fetch him: Ile make an holiday to ſee thee as I wiſh. *Exit to fetch Officers.*

Frank. A wondrous kinde old man.

Win. Your ſins the blacker, ſo to abuſe his goodneſs.
Maſter, how do you?

Frank. Pretty well now, boy: I have ſuch odd qualms come croſs my ſtomack! Ile fall too: boy, cut me.

Win. You have cut me, I'm ſure, a Leg or Wing, Sir.

Frank. No, no, no: a Wing? would I had Wings but to ſoar up yon Tower: but here's a Clog that hinders me. What's that?

[*Father with her in a Coffin.*]

Cart. That? what? O now I ſee her; 'tis a young Wench, my Daughter, Sirrah, ſick to the death: and hearing thee to be an excellent Raſcal for letting blood, ſhe looks out at a Caſement, and crys, Help, help, ſtay that man; him I muſt have, or none.

Frank. For pities ſake, remove her: ſee, ſhe ſtares with one broad open eye ſtill in my face.

Cart. Thou putteſt both hers out, like a Villaine as thou art; yet ſee, ſhe is willing to lend thee one againe to finde out the Murtherer, and that's thy ſelf.

Frank. Old man, thou lieſt.

Cart. So ſhalt thou i'th' Goal. Run for Officers.

Kat. O thou mercileſs Slave! ſhe was (though yet above ground) in her Grave to me, but thou haſt torn it up againe. Mine eyes too much drown'd, now muſt feel more raine.

Cart. Fetch Officers. *Exit. Katherine.*

Frank. For whom?

Cart. For thee, ſirrah, ſirrah: ſome knives have fooliſh Poſies upon them, but thine has a villanous one; look, Oh! it is enammeld with the Heart-Blood of thy hated Wife, my beloved Daughter. What ſaiſt thou to this evidence? is't not ſharp? does't not ſtrike home? thou canſt not anſwer honeſtly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beſeech you, Sir, ſtrike him no more; you ſee he's dead already.

Caut. O, Sir! you held his Horſes, you are as arrant a Rogue as he: up, go you too.

Frank. As y'are a man, throw not upon that Woman your loads of tyrannie, for ſhe's innocent.

Cart. How? how? a woman? is't grown to a faſhion for women in all Countries to wear the Breeches?

Win. I am not as my diſguiſe ſpeaks me, Sir, his Page; but his firſt onely wife, his lawful wife.

Cart. How? how? more fire i'th' Bed-ſtraw?

Win. The wrongs which ſingly fell on your Daughter, on me are multiplyed: ſhe loſt a life, but I, an Husband and my ſelfe muſt loſe, if you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Cart. He has done it then?

Win. Yes, 'tis confeſſ'd to me.

Frank. Doſt thou betray me?

Win. O pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to loſe thee, and know not what I ſpeak: but if thou didſt, I muſt arraigne this Father for two ſins, Adultery and Murther.

Enter Katherine.

Kat. Sir, they are come.

Cart. Arraigne me for what thou wilt, all *Middlesex* knows me better for an honeſt man, then the middle of a Market place knows thee for an honeſt woman: riſe, Sirrah, and don your Tacklings, rig your ſelf for the Gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your Trull ſhall to th' Goal go with you; there be as fine New-gate birds as ſhe, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds.

Frank. I have ſerv'd thee, and my wages now are paid,
Yet my worſt puniſhment ſhall, I hope, be ſtaid.

Exeunt.

Act. V. Scæn. 1.

Enter Mother Sawyer *alone.*

Sawy. STill wrong'd by every Slave? and not a Dog
Bark in his Dames defence? I am call'd Witch,
Yet am my ſelf bewitched from doing harm.
Have I given up my ſelf to thy black luſt
Thus to be ſcorn'd? not ſee me in three days?
I'm loſt without my *Tomalin*: prithee come,
Revenge to me is ſweeter far then life;
Thou art my Raven, on whoſe cole-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me: O my beſt love!
I am on fire, (even in the midſt of Ice)

Raking my blood up, till my ſhrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my Darling,
If in the Aire thou hover'ſt, fall upon me
In ſome dark Cloud; and as I oft have ſeen
Dragons and Serpents in the Elements,
Appear thou now ſo to me. Art thou i'th' Sea?
Muſter up all the Monſters from the deep,
And be the uglieſt of them: ſo that my bulch
Shew but his ſwarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from Hell, I care not: could I run
Like a ſwift Powder-Mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to finde out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!
I muſt then fall to my old Prayer:
Sanctibiceter nomem tuum.
Not yet come! worrying of Wolves, biting of mad Dogs, the Manges and the——

Enter Dog.

Dog. How now! whom art thou curſing?

Sawy. Thee. Ha! No, 'tis my black Cur I am curſing, for not attending on me.

Dog. I am that Cur.

Sawy. Thou lieſt: hence, come not nigh me.

Dog. Baugh, waugh.

Sawy. Why doſt thou appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the Ghoſt of my dear love?

Dog. I am dogged, liſt not to tell thee, yet to torment thee: my whiteneſs puts thee in minde of thy winding Sheet.

Sawy. Am I near death?

Dog. Yes, if the Dog of Hell be near thee. When the Devil comes to thee as a Lamb, have at thy Throat.

Sawy. Off, Cur.

Dog. He has the back of a Sheep, but the belly of an Otter: devours by Sea and Land. Why am I in white? didſt thou not pray to me?

Sawy. Yes, thou diſſembling Hell-hound: why now in white more then at other times?

Dog. Be blaſted with the News; whiteneſs is days Foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which ſhews thy old rivel'd face: Villaines are ſtrip't naked, the Witch muſt be beaten out of her Cock-pit.

Sawy. Muſt ſhe? ſhe ſhall not; thou art a lying Spirit:
Why to mine eyes art thou a Flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan-paleneſs: glowing Furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame out-right.
If thou my old Dog art, go and bite ſuch as I ſhall ſet thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Sawy. I'll ſell my ſelf to twenty thouſand Fiends, to have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canſt not: thou art ſo ripe to fall into Hell, that no more of my Kennel will ſo much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Sawy. I ſhall run mad.

Dog. Do ſo, thy time is come, to curſe, and rave and die.
The Glaſs of thy ſins is full, and it muſt run out at Gallows.

Sawy. It cannot, ugly Cur, I'll confeſs nothing;
And not confeſſing, who dare come and ſwear
I have bewitched them? I'll not confeſs one mouthful.

Dog. Chuſe, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Sawy. Spight of the Devil and thee, I'll muzzle up my Tongue from telling Tales.

Dog. Spight of thee and the Devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

Sawy. Yes, when?

Dog. And ere the Executioner catch thee full in's Claws, thou'lt confeſs all.

Sawy. Out Dog!

Dog. Out Witch! Thy tryal is at hand:
Our prey being had, the Devil does laughing ſtand.

The Dog *ſtands aloof. Enter Old* Banks, Ratcliff, *and Countrymen.*

O. *Bank.* She's here; attach her: Witch, you muſt go with us.

Sawy. Whither? to Hell?

O. *Bank.* No, no, no, old Crone; your Mittimus ſhall be made thither, but your own Jaylors ſhall receive you. Away with her.

Sawy. My *Tommie!* my ſweet *Tom*-boy! O thou Dog! doſt thou now fly to thy Kennel and forſake me? Plagues and Conſumptions—— *Exeunt.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Let not the World, Witches or Devils condemn;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[*Young* Banks *to the Dog.*

Clown. I would fain meet with mine Ingle once more; he has had a Claw amongſt 'um: my Rival that lov'd my Wench, is like to be hang'd like an innocent; a kinde Cur, where he takes; but where he takes not, a dogged Raſcall. I know the Villaine loves me: no. [*Barks.*] Art thou there? that's *Toms* voice, but 'tis not he; this is a Dog of another hair: this? bark and not ſpeak to me? not *Tom* then: there's as much difference betwixt *Tom* and this, as betwixt white and black.

Dog. Haſt thou forgot me?

Clown. That's *Tom* again: prithee Ningle ſpeak, is thy name *Tom?*

Dog. Whilſt I ſerv'd my old Dame *Sawyer*, 'twas: I'm gone from her now.

Clown. Gone? away with the Witch then too: ſhee'll never thrive if thou leav'ſt her; ſhe knows no more how to kill a Cow, or a Horſe, or a Sow, without thee, then ſhe does to kill a Gooſe.

Dog. No, ſhe has done killing now, but muſt be kill'd for what ſhe has done: ſhe's ſhortly to be hang'd.

Clown. Is ſhe? in my conſcience if ſhe be, 'tis thou haſt brought her to the Gallows, *Tom.*

Dog. Right: I ſerv'd her to that purpoſe, 'twas part of my Wages.

Clown. This was no honeſt Servants part, by your leave *Tom*: this remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a Dog, not as a Devil.

Dog. True; and ſo I us'd thee doggedly, not divelliſhly.
I have deluded thee for ſport to laugh at.
The Wench thou ſeek'ſt after, thou never ſpakeſt with,
But a Spirit in her form, habit and likeness. Ha, ha!

Clown. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into ſhapes of Women too.

Dog. Any ſhape, to blind ſuch ſilly eyes as thine; but chiefly thoſe courſe Creatures, Dog or Cat, Hare, Ferret, Frog, Toad.

Clown. Louſe or Flea?

Dog. Any poor Vermine.

Clown. It ſeems you Devils have poor thin ſouls, that you can beſtow your ſelves in ſuch ſmall bodies: but pray you *Tom*, one queſtion at parting, I think I ſhall never ſee you more; where do you borrow thoſe Bodies that are none of your own? the garment-ſhape you may hire at Brokers.

Dog. Why wouldſt thou know that? fool, it availes thee not.

Clown. Onely for my mindes ſake, *Tom*, and to tell ſome of my Friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: Thou never art ſo diſtant
From an evil Spirit, but that thy Oaths,
Curſes and Blaſphemies pull him to thine Elbow:

Thou never telſt a lie, but that a Devil
Is within hearing it ; thy evil purpoſes
Are ever haunted ; but when they come to act,
As thy Tongue ſlaundering, bearing falſe witneſs,
Thy hand ſtabbing, ſtealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee : thou play'ſt, he bets upon thy part ;
Although thou loſe, yet he will gaine by thee.

Clown. I ? then he comes in the ſhape of a Rook.

Dog. The old Cadaver of ſome ſelfe-ſtrangled wretch
Will ſometimes borrow, and appear humane
The Carcaſe of ſome diſeaſe-ſlain ſtrumpet,
We varniſh freſh, and wear as her firſt Beauty.
Didſt never hear ? if not, it has been done.
An hot luxurious Leacher in his Twines,
When he has thought to clip his Dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming Devil in her place.

Clow. Yes, I am partly a witneſs to this, but I never could embrace her : I thank thee for that, *Tom* ; well, againe I thank thee, *Tom*, for all this counſel, without a Fee too ; there's few Lawyers of thy minde now : certainly *Tom*, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me ? for what ?

Clow. Were it not poſſible for thee to become an honeſt Dog yet ? 'tis a baſe life that you lead, *Tom*, to ſerve Witches, to kill innocent Children, to kill harmleſs Cattle, to ſtroy Corn and Fruit, *&c.*, 'twere better yet to be a Butcher, and kill for your ſelf.

Dog. Why ? theſe are all my delights, my pleaſures, fool.

Clow. Or *Tom*, if you could give your minde to ducking, I know you can ſwim, fetch and carry, ſome Shop-keeper in *London* would take great delight in you, and be a tender maſter over you : or if you have a mind to the Game, either at Bull or Bear, I think I could prefer you to *Mal-Cutpurſe*.

Dog. Ha, ha! I ſhould kill all the Game, Bulls, Bears, Dogs, and all, not a Cub to be left.

Clow. You could do, *Tom*, but you muſt play fair, you ſhould be ſtav'd off elſe: or if your ſtomach did better like to ſerve in ſome Noble Mans, Knights or Gentlemans Kitchin, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the ſpit, your labour could not be much; when they have Roſt-meat, that's but once or twice in the week at moſt, here you might lick your own Toes very well: Or if you could tranſlate your ſelf into a Ladies Arming-puppy, there you might lick ſweet lips, and do many pretty Offices; but to creep under an old Witches Coats, and ſuck like a great Puppy, Fie upon't! I have heard beaſtly things of you, *Tom.*

Dog. Ha, ha! The worſe thou heardſt of me, the better 'tis.

Shall I ſerve thee, Fool, at the ſelf-ſame rate?

Clow. No, I'll ſee thee hang'd, thou ſhalt be damn'd firſt; I know thy qualities too well, Ile give no ſuck to ſuch Whelps; therefore henceforth I defie thee; out and avaunt.

Dog. Nor will I ſerve for ſuch a ſilly Soul.
I am for greatneſs now, corrupted greatneſs;
There I'll ſhug in, and get a noble countenance:
Serve ſome Briarean Footcloth-ſtrider,
That has an hundred hands to catch at Bribes,
But not a Fingers nayl of Charity.
Such, like the Dragons Tayl, ſhall pull down hundreds
To drop and ſink with him: I'll ſtretch my ſelf,
And draw this Bulk ſmall as a Silver-wire,
Enter at the leaſt pore Tobacco fume
Can make a breach for: hence ſilly fool,
I ſcorn to prey on ſuch an Atome ſoul.

Clow. Come out, come out, you Cur; I will beat thee out of the bounds of *Edmonton*, and to morrow we go in Proceſſion, and after thou ſhalt never come in againe: if thou goeſt to *London*, I'll make thee go

about by Tiburn, ſtealing in by Theeving Lane: if thou canſt rub thy Shoulder againſt a Lawyers Gown, as thou paſſeſt by *Weſtminſter*-Hall, do; if not, to the Stayers amongſt the Bandogs, take water, and the Devil go with thee.

Exeunt Y. Banks, Dog *barking.*

Enter Juſtice, *Sir* Arthur, Warbeck, Carter, Kate.

Juſt. Sir *Arthur*, though the Bench hath mildly cenſur'd your Errours, yet you have indeed been the Inſtrument that wrought all their miſ-fortunes: I would wiſh you pay'd down your Fine ſpeedily and willingly.

Sir Art. I'll need no urging to it.

Cart. If you ſhould, 'twere a ſhame to you; for if I ſhould ſpeak my conſcience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things conſidered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad theſe Gentlemen are freed.

Warb. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kat. But I am glad that I have you ſafe.

Noiſe within.

Juſt. How now! what noyſe is that?

Cart. Young *Frank* is going the wrong way: Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Y. Thorney *and Holberts. Enter as to ſee the Execution, O.* Carter, *O.* Thorney, Katharine, Winnifride *weeping.*

O. *Thor.* Here let our ſorrows wait him: to preſs neerer
The place of his ſad death, ſome apprehenſions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already.
Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far ſeparated to be joyn'd

But in eternity. I ſhare too much of him that's going thither.

Cart. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault: I grieve to ſee
Thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was luſt, my puniſhment was ſhame;
Yet I am happy that my ſoul is free
Both from conſent, fore-knowledge, and intent
Of any Murther, but of mine own Honour.
Reſtor'd again by a fair ſatisfaction,
And ſince not to be wounded.

O. *Thor.* Daughter, grieve not for what neceſſity forceth; rather reſolve to conquer it with patience. Alas, ſhe faints!

Win. My griefes are ſtrong upon me: my weakneſs ſcarce can bear them.

Within. Away with her! hang her, Witch!

Enter Sawyer *to Execution, Officers with Holberts, country-people.*

Cart. The Witch, that inſtrument of miſchief! did not ſhe witch the Devil into my Son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor Daughter? do you hear, Mother *Sawyer*?

Sawy. What would you have? cannot a poor old woman have your leave to die without vexation?

Cart. Did not you bewitch *Frank* to kill his wife? he could never have don't without the Devil.

Sawy. Who doubts it? but is every Devil mine?
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces: *Tom* would have don't before he left me.

Cart. Thou did'ſt bewitch *Anne Ratcliff* to kill her ſelf.

Sawy. Churl, thou ly'ſt; I never did her hurt: would you were all as neer your ends as I am, that gave evidence againſt me for it.

Countr. I'll be ſworn, *Mr. Carter*, ſhe bewitched Gammer *Waſhbowls* Sow, to caſt her Pigs a day before ſhe would have farried; yet they were ſent up to *London*, and ſold for as good *Weſtminſter* Dog-Pigs, at *Bartholomew Fair*, as ever great belly'd Ale-wife longed for.

Sawy. Theſe Dogs will mad me: I was well reſolv'd
To die in my repentance; though 'tis true,
I would live longer if I might: yet ſince
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conſcience
Is ſetled as it ſhall be: all take heed
How they believe the Devil, at laſt hee'l cheat you.

Cart. Th'adſt beſt confeſs all truly.

Sawy. Yet again?
Have I ſcarce breath enough to ſay my Prayers?
And would you force me to ſpend that in bawling?
Bear witneſs, I repent all former evil;
There is no damned Conjurer like the Devil.

Omn. Away with her, away!

Enter Frank *to Execution, Officers, Juſtice, Sir* Arthur, Warbeck, Somerton.

O. *Thor.* Here's the ſad object which I yet muſt meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy then miſ-fortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good Sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almoſt kill'd
With my continual ſorrow.

O. *Thor.* *O Frank, Frank!*
Would I had ſunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted.

Frank. To look upon your ſorrows, executes me before my Execution.

Win. Let me pray you, Sir.
Frank. Thou much wrong'd woman, I muſt ſigh for thee,
As he that's onely loath to leave the World,
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more then I can hope; nor to ſay truth,
Have I deſerv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodneſs from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, *Winnifride*;
Be that thy comfort.
O. *Thor.* Let it be thine too.
Untimely loſt young man.
Frank. He is not loſt,
Who bears his peace within him: had I ſpun
My Web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in luſts, in ſurfeits,
Murthers of Reputations, gallant ſins
Commended or approv'd; then though I had
Died eaſily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own Bed, not compell'd by Juſtice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my miſeries
Had been as everlaſting, as remedileſs:
But now the Law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy Fact,
Then I my ſelf have every little ſin
My memory can reckon from my Child hood:
A Court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty; the difference is, my impartial Judge
Is much more gracious then my Faults
Are monſtrous to be nam'd; yet they are monſtrous.
O. *Thor.* Here's comfort in this penitence.
Win. It ſpeaks
How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was neer expiring
With my laſt breath: now this Repentance makes thee

As white as innocence; and my firſt ſin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my ſorrow,
Is clearly cancell'd: might our Souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, Happineſs:
But ſince I muſt ſurvive, and be the monument
Of thy lov'd memory, I will preſerve it
With a Religious care, and pay thy aſhes
A Widows duty, calling that end beſt,
Which though it ſtain the name, makes the ſoul bleſt.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do not weep:
Farewel. Thou doſt forgive me?

Win. 'Tis my part
To uſe that Language.

Frank. Oh that my Example
Might teach the World hereafter what a curſe
Hangs on their heads, who rather chuſe to marry
A goodly Portion, then a Dowr of Vertues!
Are you there, Gentlemen? there is not one
Amongſt you whom I have not wrong'd: you moſt;
I rob'd you of a Daughter; but ſhe is
In Heaven; and I muſt ſuffer for it willingly.

Cart. I, I, ſhe's in Heaven, and I am glad to ſee
Thee ſo well prepared to follow her:
I forgive thee with all my heart; if thou
Had'ſt not had ill counſel, thou would'ſt not have
Done as thou didſt; the more ſhame for them.

Som. Spare your excuſe to me, I do conceive
What you would ſpeak: I would you could as eaſily
Make ſatisfaction to the Law, as to my wrongs.
I am ſorry for you.

Warb. And ſo am I, and heartily forgive you.

Kate. I will pray for you, for her ſake, who, I am ſure, did love you dearly.

Sir Art. Let us part friendly too: I am aſham'd of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful, and ſend me to my Grave in peace. *Sir Arthur*, Heavens ſend you a

new heart. Laſtly to you, Sir; and though I have deſerv'd not to be call'd your Son, yet give me leave upon my knees, to beg a bleſſing.

O. *Thor.* Take it: let me wet thy Cheeks with the laſt
Tears my griefs have left me. O *Frank*, *Frank*, *Frank*!

Frank. Let me beſeech you, Gentlemen, to
Comfort my old Father; keep him with yee;
Love this diſtreſſed Widow; and as often
As you remember what a graceleſs man
I was, remember likewiſe that theſe are
Both free, both worthy of a better Fate,
Then ſuch a Son or Husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on, 'tis juſt
That Law ſhould purge the guilt of blood and luſt. *Exit.*

Cart. Go thy ways: I did not think to have ſhed one tear for thee, but thou haſt made me water my plants ſpight of my heart. M. *Thorney*, chear up, man; whilſt I can ſtand by you, you ſhall not want help to keep you from falling. We have loſt our Children both on's the wrong way, but we cannot help it: better or worſe, 'tis now as 'tis.

O. Thor. I thank you, Sir; you are more kinde then I have cauſe to hope or look for.

Cart. Mr. *Somerton*, is *Kate* yours or no?

Som. We are agreed.

Kat. And, but my Faith is paſſ'd, I ſhould fear to be married, Husbands are ſo cruelly unkind: excuſe me that I am thus troubled.

Som. Thou ſhalt have no cauſe.

Cart. Take comfort Miſtris *Winnifride.* Sir *Arthur*,
For his abuſe to you, and to your Husband,
Is by the Bench enjoyn'd to pay you down
A thouſand Marks.

Sir Art. Which I will ſoon diſcharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a ſum to be imploy'd upon my Funeral.

Cart. Come, come, if luck had ſerv'd, *Sir Arthur*, and every man had his due, ſomebody might have totter'd ere this, without paying Fines: like it as you liſt. Come to me *Winnifride*, ſhalt be welcome: make much of her, *Kate*, I charge you: I do not think but ſhe's a good Wench, and hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to *Edmonton* with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Juſt. Joyn Friends in ſorrow; make of all the beſt:
Harms paſt may be lamented, not redreſt. *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Win. I *Am a Widow ſtill, and muſt not ſort*
A ſecond choice, without a good report;
Which though ſome Widows finde, and few deſerve,
Yet I dare not preſume, but will not ſwerve
From modeſt hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may ſpeak one kinde word for me.

PHEN.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Virgin Martir.

Of this tragedy there are four editions in quarto (1622, 1631, 1651, and 1661); the laſt of which is infinitely the worſt. The plot is founded on the tenth and laſt general perſecution of the Chriſtians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Dioclesian's reign, with a fury hardly to be expreſſed; the Chriſtians being everywhere, without diſtinction of ſex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and ſubjected to the moſt exquiſite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could ſuggeſt.

PAGE 8.

So well hath fleſhd his maiden ſword.

A curious coincidence of expreſſion with Shakeſpeare (Hen. IV.):

> "Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou fleſh'd
> Thy maiden ſword."

PAGE 9.

Send your fair daughters.

Gifford ſuggeſts that we ſhould read "ſend for your fair daughters."

PAGE 13.

In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is uſefull;

There is an alluſion to Virgil in the opening of this Speech:—

Res dura, et novitas regni me talia cogunt
Moliri, &c.

PAGE 13.

And robs him of his victory, as weak Perſeus
Did great Æmilius.

It is ſaid that Perſeus ſent to deſire Paulus Æmilius not to exhibit him as a ſpectacle to the Romans, and to ſpare him the indignity of being led in triumph. Æmilius replied coldly: "The favour he asks of me is in his own power: he can procure it for himſelf."

PAGE 15.

Fair Venus *ſon, draw forth a leaden dart.*

The idea of this double effect is from Ovid :—

Filius huic Veneris; Figat tuus omnia, Phœbe,
Te meus arcus ait :—Parnaſſi conſtitit arce,
Eque ſagittifera promſit duo tela pharetra
Diverſorum operum : fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum eſt, et cuſpide fulget acuta ;
Quod fugat, obtuſum eſt, et habet ſub arundine plumbum.
Met. lib. I. 470.

PAGE 18.

Was almoſt dead *with fear.*

The reading of the firſt quarto is *drad*, which may perhaps be genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an alluſion to the proverb, *Procul a Jove, ſed procul a fulmine.*

PAGE 20.

and wilt not take
A Governors place upon thee.

From the Latin : *ne ſis mihi tutor.*

PAGE 27.

Gladſt *thou in ſuch ſcorn ?*

Theophilus, who is repreſented as a furious zealot for paganiſm, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happineſs he had wiſhed him by his god. Mr. Monck Maſon

reads, "*Gaddeſt* thou in ſuch ſcorn?" He may be right; for Macrinus is evidently anxious to paſs on: the reading of the text, however, is that of all the old copies.

PAGE 29.

This Macrinus
The time *is, upon which love errands run*

Mr. Monck Maſon reads "line" inſtead of *time*. The alluſion is to the rude fire-works of our anceſtors. Gifford had altered the word to "twine" before he ſaw Monck Maſon's emendation.

Ib.

To paſh *your Gods in peeces.*

This word is uſed again in the fourth act. It is now obſolete, which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately ſupply its place. Perhaps the lateſt inſtance of its uſe in a proper ſenſe is in the following paſſage of Dryden:—

"Thy cunning engines have with labour raiſed
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and *paſh* thee."

PAGE 31.

And arm, owing *Cæſarea.*

Gifford reads "awing."

PAGE 34.

Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter, &c.

A *bandog*, as the name imports, was a dog ſo fierce as to require to be chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this play), and always with a reference to their ſavage nature. If the term was appropriated to a ſpecies, it probably meant a large dog, of the maſtiff kind, which, though no longer met with here, is ſtill common in many parts of Germany: it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in moſt of his hunting-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears; and with the decline of bear-baiting, probably, the animal fell into diſuſe, as he was too ferocious for any domeſtic purpoſe. (See alſo *The Witch of Edmonton*, pp. 405, 421.)

PAGE 49.

It is the ancientſt *godling; do not fear him.*

So all the old copies: but Monck Maſon, and after him Gifford, read "patient'ſt."

PAGE 55.

And to bear money to a ſort *of rogues.*

i. e. ſet, parcel, lot. The word occurs ſo frequently in this ſenſe in our old writers that it is unneceſſary to give any examples of it.

Ib.

before that peeviſh Lady
Had to do with you.

"Peeviſh" is *fooliſh.* Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* Mrs. Quickly ſays of her fellow-ſervant: "His worſt fault is that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething *peeviſh* that way." Malone was miſtaken in ſuppoſing this to be one of Dame Quickly's blunders, and that ſhe meant to ſay preciſe. Again, in *God's Revenge againſt Adultery*: "Albemare kept a man-fool of ſome forty years old in his houſe, who indeed was ſo naturally *peeviſh* as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for ſimplicity."

PAGE 61.

O treaſure, &c.

Monck Maſon, and after him Gifford, read "To treaſure," and remove the note of interrogation at the end of the ſecond line.

PAGE 62.

you hitherto
Have ſtill had goodneſs ſpar'd *within your eyes*
Let not that orb be broken.

Sparred is *ſhut up, encloſed.* But the word *orb* in the laſt line ſuggeſts "ſphered" as the more appropriate and probably the correct reading. This emendation was ſuggeſted by Monck Maſon and adopted by Gifford.

PAGE 65.

ANG. *They are come, ſir, at your call.*

Gifford aſſigns this ſpeech to Macrinus.

PAGE 69.

if I were to beat a buck, *I can ſtrike no harder.*

To buck is to waſh clothes by laying them on a ſmooth plank or ſtone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the ſides.

PAGE 71.

Cupid *once more hath chang'd his ſhafts with death,*
And kills inſtead of giving life.

This is a beautiful alluſion to a little poem among the Elegies of Secundus (lib. ii. Eleg. 6). Cupid and Death unite in the deſtruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual miſtake, each plucking out the ſhafts of the other.

PAGE 73.

your fain'd Heſperian Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require Hercules to get it.

See Maſſinger's *Emperor of the Eaſt* (1632), act iv. ſc. 2 :—

"Thoſe golden apples in the Heſperian orchards
So ſtrongly guarded by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them."

PAGE 77.

As a curious Painter
When he has made ſome admirable *piece.*

Inſtead of *admirable*, the later quartos have "honourable," and even Gifford has overlooked the true reading of the firſt edition in this paſſage.

PAGE 80.

Hee's at Barli-break, *and the laſt couple are now in hell.*

To the amuſement of *barley-break* alluſions occur repeatedly in our old writers. (See Dekker's *Honeſt Whore*, vol. ii. p. 85, 374.) This celebrated paſtime was played by ſix people (three of each ſex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then choſen, and divided into three compartments, of which the

middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this diviſion to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which caſe a change of ſituation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places. In this catching, however, there was ſome difficulty, as by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to ſeparate before they had ſucceeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themſelves hard-preſſed. When all had been taken in turn, the laſt couple was ſaid to be "in hell," and the game ended.

Page 84.

Ep. *This happy match*, &c.

Gifford aſſigns this ſpeech to Maximinus. It is, he ſays, evident that the King of Epire cannot be the ſpeaker.

Page 113.

The Feild of Happines.

The name beſtowed upon this pageant, as is remarked by Malcolm (*Londinium Redivivum*, vol. ii.), "is a quibble upon the name of the mayor, Campbell, reverſed into the French words *le bell* or *beau-champ*, a beautiful field or country; to which were invited, and hither came, Titan, Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver, and Eſtas, from their bliſsful fields, to ride through the dirty ſtreets, and a crowd who knew them not." From an examination of the books of the Ironmongers' Company, he adds, "the ſum paid for theſe pageants, including every expenſe, was £180. The ſea-lion and eſtridge were preſerved, and placed in the hall (of the company), and thirty-two trumpeters were employed."

In Strype's Stow we are told that Sir James Campbell was ſon of Sir Thomas Campbell, ironmonger, who was mayor in 1609, to whom Dekker alludes in the dedication to the pageant here reprinted, and who was himſelf "ſon to Robert Campbell, of Fulſam, in Norfolk."

A copy of this rare pageant, with two leaves in manuſcript in the handwriting of Mr. Rhodes, was ſold with the reſt of his library, April, 1825; this copy is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Payne Collier. A perfect copy is in the library of the Duke of Devonſhire.

It ſhould be mentioned that two-thirds of the original title-page is occupied by a large woodcut of the ironmongers' arms, which have ſo encroached upon the uſual ſpace, that no imprint appears in either of the copies above alluded to.

PAGE 118.

Sr. John Shaw.

Lord Mayor in 1501.

PAGE 120.

the wilde boare has tuſked up his vine.

An alluſion to the famous thirty years' war at this time raging on the continent of Europe. It had commenced in 1619, when Frederick, the Elector Palatine, who married the daughter of James the Firſt, accepted the crown of Bohemia. The war was conſidered as a religious one—a ſtruggle between Catholic and Proteſtant intereſts, and was always warmly and favourably advocated in this country, many high-ſpirited young Engliſh-men going to fight at their own expenſe in the cauſe of the Elector and his wife, who was known as the "Queen of hearts," from her engaging manners.

Dekker's ſimile is obtained from Pſalm lxxx., verſes 8 and 13: the vine is the church, or the true faith; the wild boar its enemies.

PAGE 121.

the French Company.

According to Lewis Roberts' *Merchant's Map of Commerce*, 1638, this company traded to France with cloths, kerſeys, and bays of Engliſh manufacture, and galls, ſilks, and cottons, from Turkey; their imports being buckrams, canvas, cards, glaſs, grain, linens, ſalt, claret, and white wines, wood, oils, almonds, pepper, with ſome ſilk ſtuffs, and ſome other petty manufactures. It was an inſignificant commercial intercourſe, and the company does not appear to have been incorporated.

Ib.

this Lyon (*which is cut out of wood to the life*).

This notice, and that on the ſame page of the "eſtridge cut

out of timber to the life," are the only ones I remember to have met with of wooden carved figures uſed in the pageants; but Gerard Chriſtmas, who was employed in the conſtruction of this year's pageants, was an adept in that art, and it is very likely that theſe figures frequently re-appeared in other years.

PAGE 122.

thunder and lightning.

Theſe words ſhow that ſome attention to theatrical effects was occaſionally indulged in.

PAGE 123.

ſparrowbils to cloute Pan's ſhoone.

The modern way of ſpelling the name ſtill given to theſe nails is *ſparables*. Dekker has here given us the true etymology: the name appears to have been derived from their reſemblance to the ſharp bill of the ſparrow.

Ib.

a golden handle make for my wifes fan.

The ladies' feather fans at this period frequently had handles of the moſt coſtly kind, as thoſe who have viſited the Exhibition of Fans at South Kenſington will remember. In the notes to the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, in the variorum edition, will be found much information on this ſubject, and ſome few engravings of coſtly fan handles. Steevens ſays, "mention is made in the *Sydney Papers* of a fan preſented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was ſtudded with diamonds."

PAGE 124.

found, in the laſt line but three, ſhould moſt probably be *bound*.

PAGE 127.

Go on in your full glories.

In the original it is "*Good* in your full glories," but this is evidently wrong.

Page 128.

Gerard Chriſmas.

In Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* (Dallaway's edition), the beſt account of this artiſt occurs. Speaking of Bernard Janſen, who built the greater part of Northumberland Houſe, he ſays :—"Before the portal of that palace was altered by the preſent Earl, there was, in a frieze near the top, in large capitals, C. Æ., an enigma long inexplicable to antiquaries. Vertue found that at the period when the houſe was built lived Chriſmas, an architect and carver of reputation, who gave the deſign of Alderſgate, and cut the bas-relief on it of James the Firſt on horſeback, and thence concluded that thoſe letters ſignified *Chriſmas Ædificavit.* Janſen probably built the houſe, which was of brick, and the frontiſpiece, which was of ſtone, was finiſhed by Chriſmas." In a note is added :—"It may be preſumed that Gerard Chriſmas was as much ſculptor as architect, and, like Nicholas Stone, was equally employed in either art. The front of Northampton Houſe (as it was called when firſt built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in 1614), was profuſely ornamented with rich ſcrolls of architectural carving, and with an open parapet, worked out with letters and other devices."

Brayley (*Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 277) ſays :—"The entrance gateway ſtill exhibits the original work of Gerard Chriſtmas, and is a curious example of his time."

He was very frequently employed by the city in the conſtruction of their yearly pageants, and is always highly complimented by the poets who invented them. As he was undoubtedly a man of much ability, it is fair to infer that the city were indebted to him for great improvements in their ſhows, as is more particularly pointed out by Dekker this year. His ſons ſucceeded him in his office, which he appears to have held until his death with all due honour. He died in 1635, as appears from Heywood's pamphlet deſcribing the great ſhip built at Woolwich.

Page 133.

Lodowick Carlell.

Lodowick Carlell was himſelf a dramatiſt of no inconſiderable merit. A liſt of his plays and ſome account of his life may be found in Langbaine, Gildon, Cibber, and the other dramatic biographers.

PAGE 222.

And all my Pimtoes, *and* Pimtillioes.

i.e. probably "puntos and puntilios." Such a miſtake was very eaſy in printing from a manuſcript. The Hoſteſs in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet* both uſe *punto* as a term in fencing.

Ib.

my ſmoake goes,
Out at my kitchen chimney, not my noſe.

So in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"You keep your chimnies ſmoking there, *your noſtrils.*"

PAGE 224.

Genoway.

i.e. Genoeſe.

PAGE 225.

By caſting of thy water.

This was the phraſe in uſe for finding out diſorders by the inſpection of urine: it occurs again in Act 2. See *Macbeth*:

"If thou couldſt, Doctor, *caſt*
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe."

And *The Puritan*, Act iv. ſc. 1. "There's phyſicians enough there to *caſt his water.*"

PAGE 230.

In ſuch a ſea of troubles.

In all probability borrowed from *Hamlet's* famous ſoliloquy.

PAGE 231.

Commend me to this Angelica.

The Angelica here alluded to, is the renowned princeſs of Cathay, whoſe beauty is celebrated in the poems of Boiardo and Arioſto. She is called by Milton "the faireſt of her ſex;" and the enamoured Vanni compares Alphonſina to her on this account.

PAGE 236.

I know all, but play on none: I am no Barber.

Barbers, in our author's time, were ſuppoſed to be univerſally able to play on the lute or cittern.

PAGE 242.

I'me cut i'th' cockſcombe.

"Cut i' the coxcomb," and "cut i' the back" were common phraſes when ſpeaking of one drunk.

PAGE 255.

any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, *like to a furies.*

i.e. miſſhapen, deformed. In the third part of King Henry VI. the Queen calls Richard

"A foul miſſhapen *ſtigmatic,*
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided."

And in the *Comedy of Errors*, Adriana ſays:

"He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind."

PAGE 267.

A moath that eats up gownes, doublets and hoſe,
One that with Bills, leades ſmocks and ſhirts together
To linnen cloſe adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, ſo ſtrongly, that the owners
Dare never ſmell them after; hee's a broaker.

This affords an explanation of a paſſage in Maſſinger's play, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*:—

"*Over.* I lent you
A thouſand pounds: put me in good ſecurity
And ſuddenly by mortgage, or by ſtatute
Of ſome of your new poſſeſſions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your *lavender robes* to the gaol."

The term denotes that his robes were redeemed from a pawnbroker's.

Ib.

he may be fir'd.

i.e. afflicted with the venereal diſeaſe, which was then called the *brenning*, or burning diſeaſe.

PAGE 275.

What ſayes my moſt moiſt-handed *ſweete Lady.*

A moiſt hand in a woman is ſuppoſed to indicate a luxurious temperament. So in *Othello*:

"This hand is *moiſt*, my lady;
This argues fruitfulneſs and liberal heart."

And in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognoſtication," &c.

PAGE 277.

But not with the manner my Lady.

A thief who is taken with the ſtolen goods about his perſon is in law, ſaid to be "taken with the manner," and is not bailable: Vanni's intention was evident, but the fact was not committed.

PAGE 279.

Hee'le prove a luſtie Larrence.

This would appear to have been a well-known denomination on theſe occaſions. It is found in *The Captain* and *Tamer Tamed* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

PAGE 285.

I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.

So Shakeſpeare in *Richard II.*:—

"Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know
Thus high at leaſt although your knee be low."

PAGE 289.

To the Right Honorable Thomas Wriatheſley, Earle of Southampton.

Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, ſucceeded his father

Henry, third earl, the friend and patron of Shakeſpeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. He was eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for thoſe of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachel Ruſſell. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added that he enjoyed the friendſhip and merited the praiſe of the Earl of Clarendon.

PAGE 290.

Theophilus Bird.

Little more is known of Bird than what is told by the author of the *Hiſtoria Hiſtrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit before the wars." He probably played in *The Lady's Trial* by Ford, to which, as alſo to Dekker and Ford's *Witch of Edmonton*, he wrote a Prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in ſeveral of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, wheh the ſucceſs of the Puritans had enabled them to cloſe the theatres and conſign the great actors of that period to hopeleſs poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ib.

Andrew Penneycuicke.

Andrew Penneycuicke was alſo an actor of ſome celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having reſcued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but alſo Maſſinger's admirable comedy of *The City Madam* from what he calls "the teeth of time."

PAGE 299.

Though I die in totters.

i.e. *tatters*. So the word was uſually written by our old dramatiſts.

PAGE 300.

Farewell 1538, *I might have ſaid five thouſand.*

See *Notes and Queries* (3rd S. xi., June 15, 1867, p. 478).

PAGE 301.

The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Gifford conſidered this an evident miſprint for "beams," which word, he, and Mr. Dyce after him, have ſubſtituted in the text.

PAGE 301.

To grant what ere thou faiſt *for.*

Gifford and Dyce read "fueſt."

PAGE 302.

We muſt deſcend and leav a while our ſphere, &c.

"The 'ſphere,' ſays Gifford, "in which the 'lord of light' appeared, was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the ſtage; from this he deſcended to the raiſed platform. Beſides his robe, *flammas imitante pyropo*, his ſolar majeſty was diſtinguiſhed by a tiara, or rayed coronet; but this is no ſubject for light merriment. Whatever his *ſhape* might be, his addreſs to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the compoſition of Dekker."

PAGE 304.

What bird ſo ſings, yet ſo does wail, &c

This is a variation of the beautiful ſong of Trico in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaſpe*, which runs as follows:—

"What bird ſo ſings, yet ſo does wail?
O, 'tis the raviſh'd nightingale.
'Jug, jug, jug, jug, Teren,' ſhe cries,
And ſtill her woes at midnight riſe.
Brave prick-ſong! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark, ſo ſhrill and clear;
How at heaven's gates ſhe claps her wings,
The morn not waking till ſhe ſings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreaſt tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos ſing
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the ſpring."

PAGE 307.

For ſhooting glames *at her.*

Mr. Dyce reads "glances," which is in all probability correct.

Ib.

FOL. *What bird?*
SOL. *A Ring-tayl.*

So in the quarto; but doubtleſs Humour aſks the queſtion and Folly makes the reply.

PAGE 308.

a Spaniſh pike.

i.e., a needle. Our beſt ſword-blades, ſciſſors, *needles*, &c., were in the poet's days imported from Spain. Thus Greene: "He [the tailor] had no other weapon but a plain Spaniſh needle," &c.

Ib.

What's hee that looks ſo ſmickly?

i.e., ſo *finically*, ſo *effeminately*. Ford has the word in *Fame's Memorial:*

"he forſook
The *ſmicker* uſe of court humanity."

PAGE 310.

not a Lark that calls
The morning up, ſhall build on any turf, &c.

"I attribute," ſays Gifford, "without any ſcruple, all theſe incidental glimpſes of rural nature to Dekker. Ford, rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is juſtly a great favourite with our old poets."

PAGE 311.

take this and travel, tell *the world.*

Gifford and Dyce read, "travel through the world."

PAGE 312.

And in the midle *Orpheus ſhall ſit and weep.*

Qy? *midſt.* The previous Speech of *Humour* is hopeleſſly corrupt.

PAGE 317.

If ever for the Spring you do but ſigh,
I take my bells.

i.e, fly away,—an alluſion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fiſt, a light ſtrap of leather, garniſhed with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the courſe of her erratic flight was diſcovered.

Ib.

Will you be merry than, and jawfand.

Gifford reads "jocund;" and ſuggeſts "joyſome" as an alternative reading nearer the ſound of the word in the old text.

PAGE 318.

I ſweat like a pamper'd jade of Aſia, and drop like a Cob-nut out of Africa—

This bombaſt is from Marlowe, and has run the gauntlet through every dramatic writer from Shakeſpeare to Dekker. The *cobnut* of Africa is leſs familiar to us; literally it means a large nut; but we know of no fruit with that ſpecific name.

PAGE 321.

HU. *He is vex'd to ſee*
That proud ſtar ſhine near you, at whoſe riſing, &c.

Gifford aſſigns this Speech to Delight. The quantity of the ſecond line may be ſet right by the inſertion of "ſo" after the verb.

PAGE 323.

he ſtole from them ſuch ſtore
Of light, ſhe *ſhone more bright then e're before.*

Gifford reads "of *lights*, *he* ſhone:" the miſtake, he conſiders,

was occaſioned by transferring the *s* from the preceding word to that which immediately follows it.

PAGE 326.

With what an earneſtneſs he complies

Mr. Dyce reads "compliments."

PAGE 328.

Theſe are the Peans which we ſing to him,
And ye wear *no baies*, &c.

Weber reads "And *yet we* wear no bays." "I think," says Gifford, "this belongs to Raybright, who, on hearing Autumn expreſs his devotion to the Sun, obſerves that he does not wear the *inſignia* of that deity, 'And yet ye wear,' &c.; to which the other replies with a boaſt of his attachment to Bacchus, 'our cups are only,' &c. I have, however, made no change in the former arrangement of the text." Nor did Mr. Dyce deem it adviſable to do ſo.

Ib.

Whoſe livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd *in.*

There is very little doubt we ſhould read "clad" here inſtead of *call'd.*

PAGE 333.

While we enjoy the bleſſings of our fate:

"Here," ſays Gifford, "the fourth act probably ended in the firſt ſketch of this drama, as what follows ſeems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the firſt appearance of *The Sun's Darling;* and I can think of no more probable cauſe for the inſertion of this *purpureus pannus* than a deſire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying ſome extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his ſucceſſor. On the ſcore of poetry, the ſpeeches of Winter are entitled to praiſe; but they grievouſly offend on the ſide of propriety, and bear no rela-

tion whatever to the previous language and conduct of Raybright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed."

PAGE 334.

What such *murmurings does your gall bring forth.*

Gifford, following Weber, reads "fullen murmurings," and adds "What the genuine word was, it is not easy to say: the former edition reads '*fullen*,' to which I have no other objection than that the dissatisfaction of the clowns is loud and violent. With a different pointing, the old text might stand."

PAGE 337.

and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms.

This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant "augury" is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*;

> "The throat of War be stopp'd within her land,
> And *turtle-footed Peace dance fairy-rings*
> About her court," &c.

Ib.

To feel the ice fal from my crisled *skin*;

"This word," says Gifford, "is familiar to me, though I can give no example of it. In Devonshire, where Ford must have often heard it, it means that roughening, shrivelling effect of severe cold upon the skin known in other counties by the name of *goose-flesh*."

PAGE 338.

The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure.

Between this line and that which follows in the text something is evidently lost.

PAGE 341.

his father me thinks ſhould be one of the Dunce-table.

An inferior table provided in ſome inns of court, it is ſaid, for the poorer or duller ſtudents.—GIFFORD. Probably alſo a play on the word *Dunſtable* (*vide infrà*, p. 448).

PAGE 345.

The Witch of Edmonton: a known true Story Compoſed into a Tragi-Comedy By divers well-eſteemed Poets; William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

This tragi-comedy, though not publiſhed till 1658, appears to have been brought on the ſtage in 1623. There is a rude wooden cut on the original title, with a portrait of the witch, Mother Sawyer,—her familiar, a black dog—and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might ariſe of the likeneſſes, the portraits are reſpectively authenticated by their proper names.

In the title-page of this drama the name of Dekker is placed between thoſe of his coadjutors, Rowley and Ford. It ſeems to have been a trick of the trade, in their diſtreſs, to accumulate a number of names in the title-page, to catch as many readers as poſſible; and Rowley's was deſervedly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add an "&c." With theſe we need not meddle, and we may venture to diſmiſs Rowley with the allowance of an occaſional paſſage, ſince the drama ſeems fairly to divide itſelf between the other two, whoſe ſtyle is well underſtood, and here ſtrongly marked.

PAGE 347.

W. Mago
W. Hamluc } *two Country-men.*

W. Mago and W. Hamluc (or Hamlec) were probably the names of two inferior actors.

PAGE 353.

Frank, I will be a friend, and ſuch a friend.

In the original quarto, the firſt *a* is wanting. Gifford and Dyce inſert "thy" in brackets.

PAGE 354.

But what is that *to quit.*

Gifford and Dyce read "But what is there to quit."

PAGE 355.

Had not my Laundreſs
Given way to your immoderate waſte of Vertue.

For *laundreſs* Mr. Dyce ſuggeſts we ſhould read "lewdneſs;" as in the fifth act (p. 422) Winnifrede ſpeaks of her "luſt." "The 'laundreſs' and the 'immoderate waſte of *virtue*' of Sir Arthur," ſays Gifford, "are either fragments of loſt lines, or ridiculous corruptions of the original." Laundreſſes may have ſometimes had their office to perform in ſuch caſes, but the "waſte" they had to deal with was of a different deſcription. It is curious that the word is uſed correctly in a later paſſage of the ſame play (page 406): "any Temple Bar *Laundreſs*, that waſhes and wrings Lawyers."

PAGE 356.

There freeze in your old *Cloyſter.*

Gifford would read "cold."

PAGE 364.

I am plain Dunſtable.

i. e. blunt and honeſt.

PAGE 365.

In vain he flees, whoſe deſtiny purſues him.

"Thus far," ſays Gifford, "the hand of Ford is viſible in every line. Of the act which follows, much may be ſet down without heſitation to the credit of Dekker."

Ib.

Foreſpeaks *their Cattle.*

A very common term for *bewitch*. Thus Burton:—"They are ſurely *forſpoken*, or bewitched."—*Anatomy of Melancholy*. And Jonſon, in the *Staple of News*:—"Pray God ſome on us be not a *witch*, goſſip, to *forſpeak* the matter thus."

PAGE 367.

Crooked Lane

led from Eaſtcheap to Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, oppoſite the Monument.

PAGE 374.

I'll go neer to make at Eaglet *elſe.*

Gifford and Dyce read "to make a taglet."

PAGE 375.

She'll keep a furer compaſs.

The metaphor is ſtill from archery. Arrows ſhot compaſs-wiſe—that is, with a certain elevation—were generally conſidered as going more ſteadily to the mark.

PAGE 377.

—— *In thy chaſte breſt.*

The break in the line probably indicates that the compoſitor could not make out the word in the manuſcript. "The florid and overſtrained nature of Frank's language," ſays Gifford, "which is evidently aſſumed, to diſguiſe his real feelings, is well contraſted with the pure and affectionate ſimplicity of Suſan. If this part of the act be given to Dekker (as I believe it muſt be), it reflects great credit on his taſte and judgment; for rarely ſhall we find a ſcene more tenderly and skilfully wrought."

PAGE 383.

if ever we be married, it ſhall be at Barking-Church.

Barking Church ſtood at the bottom of Seething-lane. It was deſtroyed in the great fire of 1666.

PAGE 387.

Some door *I think it was.*

i. e. dor, a cockchafer or beetle.

PAGE 391.

I'll not turn from it, if you be earſt, *Sir.*

Qy.—"earneſt?"

PAGE 404.

Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hoſe, *and they break.*

Paned hoſe were compoſed of stripes (panels) of different coloured cloth or ſtuff, occaſionally intermixed with ſtrips of ſilk or velvet ſtitched together, and therefore liable to *break*, or be ſeam-rent.

Ib.

You ſee your work, Mother Bumby.

Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bombie* is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which ſhe is the heroine ; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her needle.

PAGE 405.

this is no Paris-Garden Bandog *neither.*

A fierce kind of maſtiff kept to bait bears. *Paris-garden*, where theſe brutal ſports were regularly exhibited, was ſituated on the Bankſide in Southwark, cloſe to the Globe Theatre, ſo that there was a delectable communion of amuſements. Ben Jonſon adverts to this with great bitterneſs. The *garden* is ſaid to have had its name from one *De Paris*, who built a houſe there in the reign of Richard II.

PAGE 406.

neither is this the black Dog of Newgate.

There is a tract, in proſe and verſe, attributed to Luke Hatton, entitled *The Black Dog of Newgate;* and we learn from Henſlowe's *Diary* that there was a play by Hathway, Day, Smith, &c., with the ſame title.

PAGE 415.

ſo that my bulch
ſhew but his ſwarth cheek to me.

Literally, a calf ; ſometimes uſed, as here, for an expreſſion of kindneſs ; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.

PAGE 420.

Serve ſome Briarean Footcloth-*ſtrider.*

Footcloths were the ornamental houſings or trappings flung over the pads of ſtate-horſes. On theſe the great lawyers then rode to Weſtminſter-hall, and, as our authors intimate, the great courtiers to St. James's. The alluſion to "the Dragons Tayl," in the ſeventh line of the ſpeech, is to Revelation, xii. 4.

THE END.

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